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If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read—to study—not to lend,
But to return to me.

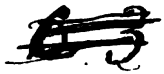
Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish Learning's store;
often lent,
more.

Mrs. Wm. Stuart

with the Authors'

best respects

~~P.G.~~
K4



TRUTH,
LOVE,
VIRTUE.
R. Cobbold del:

VALENTINE' VERSES;

OR,

LINES

OF

TRUTH, LOVE, AND VIRTUE.

BY

THE REVEREND RICHARD COBBOLD, A. M.

"Honor thy Father and thy Mother, that thy days may be long in the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

IPSWICH:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY E. SHALDERS.

1827.

Gardiner pinx. Worthington sculp.

John Cobbold Esq.r

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val

TO

JOHN COBBOLD, Esq.

IN ADMIRATION OF THAT INDUSTRY

AND

PARENTAL AFFECTION,

WHICH, BENEATH A KIND PROVIDENCE,

HAS SUPPORTED AND PLACED INDEPENDANTLY IN THE WORLD,

FIFTEEN CHILDREN,

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED,

BY

HIS AFFECTIONATE FOURTEENTH CHILD,

RICHARD COBBOLD.

SIRE,

You know me too well, to imagine me capable of flattering my Father;—you know me also well enough to feel assured, that I will never through any present fear, be deterred from saying that which I conceive to be justice and truth. I should be sorry however, to lose this opportunity of paying my public respect to the best patron of my past years. Inexpressible is the pleasure afforded a young man, to be enabled to bear testimony to the excellence of his parents, and to dedicate to his Father the first fruits of his labours. Whatever the public may think of this volume, you, I am sure, will only accept it as a proof of gratitude for a liberal education, never sufficiently valued—and for an independence which future industry can alone appreciate.

I am, with sincere filial respect,

Your affectionate Son,

RICHARD COBBOLD.

St. Margaret's Green,
IPSWICH.

PREFACE.

In the family of the Cobbolds, at Ipswich, has existed for many years, a merry and intellectual party, in which, the lively dance kept up with good humour, was only surpassed in the introduction of such proofs of genius as tended to enliven the intellect, as well as to engage the attention. The late Mrs. Cobbold (let a Son be excused for writing that which every body who knew her could bear testimony to) was a woman of most extraordinary talents; with a genius surpassing the bounds of an ordinary comprehension, she was at once the most amiable and lively character, and at the same time instructive without presumption. Kind to the young, respectful to the aged,—she was looked up to by the former, and beloved of the latter. Her benevolent disposition was from the warmth of an excellent heart. She scorned the idea of doing a good act for the sake of public notoriety, and was fearful of nothing more acutely, than that any should imagine she was benevolent from the love of praise. Alive to sensations of respect, she was not indifferent to the approbation of her fellow-creatures; but, if any woman in society deserved to be beloved for the encouragement of every laudable pur-

suit, either in public or private virtue, she most richly merited the reward. An observant youth, who never spake his mind openly when living under his father's roof, but with internal suffering witnessed every thing, knows well the characters of all who were in the habits of intimacy with his Mother. For those who loved her, his very nature feels the most lively and animated sensations, and the best wish he can give them is, that they may have their childrens' blessing to their very latest hour. Often has he found in those moving in the humbler walks of life, that veneration for her, which has caused the tear of gratitude to start, and convinced him, that love is more pure where art has not been too deeply studied, nor the fashions of the world too fully introduced.

To the proper understanding the nature of the present work, this short narrative may be requisite :— About twenty years ago, the late Mrs.Cobbold, (whose genius in writing poetry was of such a varied nature, that scenes of observation or imagination were alike so vivedly depicted on her mind, she could express them in measure, lively or not), accustomed herself to present a few lines to each of her more intimate friends, on the fourteenth of February, or Valentine's day. By degrees, she extended both the design and the party ; till, becoming gradually larger and larger, it increased to the extent of her society. To give an

adequate description of the rise and progress of the work, which actually increased in beauty to the last year of her existence, it is impossible for me as her son to do so,—lest, as I said before, the world might suppose that it was infatuation on my part, and not a simple declaration of consistency. Those who have had the pleasure to spend the evening of the fourteenth of February beneath the roof of Mrs. Cobbold, will speak that truth, upon which at present I must at least curb my fiery pen. Many, many brave fellows, quartered in the town of Ipswich, and now scattered over this island, or perhaps over the continent, should they catch a view of this Introduction, will feel a pleasure in remembering the day. Ah! my kind friends, I was but a boy when your gay trappings caught my eye, and your countenances dwelt with admiration on the productions of my Mother; yet few of your features are forgotten, and many of your expressions remain. She is no more, and if any of you sigh to think of her,—her Son says, God bless you!

For many a son of war, whom the return list of dead and wounded have brought to my recollection, the sigh of regret has past, when I remembered that not long before, he was one of the gay visitors at the Valentine-Party. Amidst all the regret of days past, some moments of virtue will rise superior to sur-

rounding cares, and cast a ray of pleasure inexpressibly delightful to a sensitive mind,—

Hoc est
Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.
MART. EPIG. 23. 10.

Such are the moments of pure gratification which a Son experiences in remembering the smiles of a parent, who endeavoured to promote peace and happiness around her. Such are the pleasures attendant on a reflection upon those days, when the young were encouraged in the ardour of sincere affection, by the fondest and dearest ties of society—love, piety, and friendship.

The plan which Mrs. Cobbold pursued, was this: She cut out some subject, either of invention, art, or nature, in a neat and elegant style, generally upon a folded sheet of paper, so that two designs were executed at the same time. To these, she wrote appropriate lines,—one was to be given away, the other to be preserved; she generally executed from fifty to sixty of these, and sometimes as many as eighty. Previous to the assemblage of the party, the subject to be drawn was neatly enclosed in a half-sheet of blue demy paper; the gentlemen's Valentines were placed in one basket, the ladies' in another; and when music, dancing, or conversation, had contributed for awhile, to the harmony of the evening, and per-

mitted all the party to arrive, the single ladies and gentlemen were called up one by one, and requested to draw them wherever they pleased. The sight of those truly elegant specimens of native genius, generally furnished amusement for the remainder of the evening.

Through all the years in which this memorable party has been continued, no two subjects have been alike; so that the productions presented to her children, (viz: a collection of three years works to each) will ever be a proof of their mother's industry, as well as elegance, ingenuity, and affection.

When Mrs. Cobbold died, the thoughts of many were towards the good she did; amongst such, the remembrance of the enlivening evening of the fourteenth of February, was a subject of considerable feeling, and the thought that with her terminated the virtue of that day, was matter of sincere regret.

One of her children, however inferior in talent, in learning, elegance, and the Ars Poeticæ, with no other encouragement than the daring impulse of his own mind, quietly sat to work a year after his parent's decease, and executed one hundred original drawings; he wrote appropriate lines thereto, but being unable to do two at once, he had the labour of

copying his own works. With a disinclination to imitate any one else, inherent in him from his earliest infancy, he could neither revert to his parent's style nor to her designs; but feeling within him the full force of pleasure, to consist in originality, he pursued the bent of his own inclination. This led him to study life, to consider human nature, to view feeling in the heart as the ground-work of all writing, whether of poetry or prose.

For the present year, he resolved upon etching with his pen the designs of his observation and reflection, in lithography, that a book might be formed, which some beyond his native place might condescend to appreciate. Without any assistance from others he has accomplished the present work, and though well aware of its inferiority, yet being something new, he trusts that it will be looked upon by some at least as a praise-worthy production. No more copies are struck off than will just enable him to defray the expenses of the publication, and assist him to encourage native talent in others. His bread is already earned by the labours of an industrious parent, to whom no words of gratitude, but the feeling alone of his own heart, must speak the sensation of delight. Contented with what he already possesses, why should he seek to add to that which is more than a sufficiency? For this only reason, that though he

possesses enough, and more than enough, for himself and children, yet when he has daily calls upon him to encourage superior talent in others, or to allay the misfortunes of the afflicted,—when looked upon as an admirer of human ingenuity, and the friend of poverty,—he finds that his income, though very ample for the comforts of life, will not in justice enable him to fulfil the wishes of his heart. Such, and such truly, are the main-springs of the present publication, which if it sell and give a moment's pleasure to a good-hearted man, will afford the author every return for his exertion.

He is well aware that he thrusts himself upon the world in the shape of a new and unprecedented work, but those who are men of liberality and discernment, the least acquainted with what are the conceptions of an unfettered soul, will pardon his presumption and appreciate its originality.

That he thinks highly of the female characters of his country, and justly admires the piety and beauty of Englishwomen, can be no flattery, because beneath the guardianship and guidance of one whose breast was full of virtue, he has been nourished with the milk of human kindness, and been taught to honor and defend them. That he feels the loss of her judgment, who knew the world better than himself, he

freely acknowledges ; but having never seen any one else of equal discernment, (and not without more partiality than nature will excuse) of more honesty and justice of decision, than his late mother, he must venture on his own strength, and rise or fall by his own exertion.

O Mother! could that eye of pure regard,
Which shone so lovelily on all thy friends,
Beam but this once to gratify my soul!
Could that dear hand be cherished in my own,
Which often was the token of thine heart,
Extended in affection to thy Son!
O could I see thee look but once again,
And hear thine accents telling me in truth,
The word of thy delight! the rippling stream,
The torrent of the mountains, or the sound
Of distant ocean, dashing on the shore—
The warble of the linnet in the grove,
The song of skylark, or the night-bird's note—
Would all want charm! superior to all
The dear loved accents of thy gentle tongue.
'Tis all in vain! thy spirit is above
The littleness of earth, and gone to dwell
Where quickly must thy children too attend.
Hope I to join thee in the land of rest?
Yea, I do hope it! and I know my hope
Can never be deceived. Beneath that wish,
That purest expectation of delight,
No word of folly, none to court the worst,
The very basest passions of the breast,
Though millions waited on the compliment,
Should stamp a wound of infamy on heart
Which lives alone for life. This hand of mine,
Shall not for present prospect of success,
Write those unholy sentiments of ill,
However pleasant to the ears of men,
Which tally against virtue. No! I vow
This hand should cease to dedicate a line,

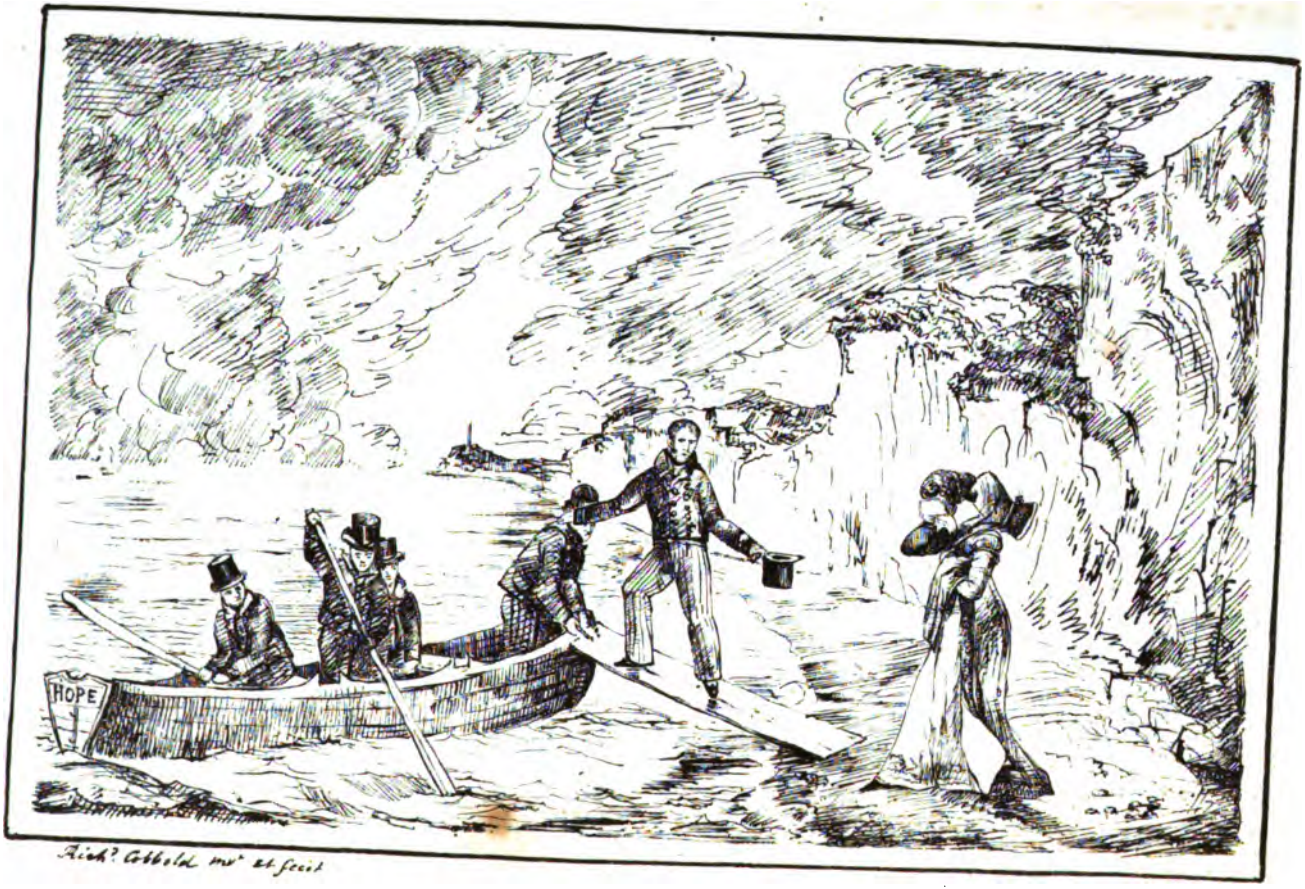
Gardiner pinx. Worthington sculp.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cobbold.

Before such villany shall prosper it.
Tho' none would read, tho' every one condemn,
Tho' name of hypocrite or sycophant
Tortured mine ear, and rankled in my heart,
That conscious thought which bids me look to thee,
Through hope of God, shall keep me in the paths
Of purest feeling,—virtue, love, and truth.

To the public I have little more to say, than that the work, with every sincere apology for its imperfections, is only a specimen of my employment during my hours of recreation from the duties of my profession ;—the work too of a few months, every line of which has been executed within the last year.

Go then my work, my first my op'ning fame,
And say, if COBBOLD may deserve a name.


HOPE
Rich.d Cobbold inv.t et fecit

THE FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to the girl of my heart! ah! farewell!
That pang may be felt, which the tongue cannot tell!
The sailor is leaving Old England once more;
And the girl of his heart must lament on the shore.

Farewell my dear Love, ah! my bosom will burn,
For prosperous voyage and happy return;
The clouds, and the winds, and the waters will rise,
And swell my sad heart with anxieties sighs.

Farewell my dear maiden! O do not despair,
The waters are calm, and the winds they are fair;
My vessel is Hope, and the Pilot above
Will guide me in safety again to my love.

Farewell then Farewell! thou art brave, thou art true,
Dear friend of my heart, my kind sailor adieu!
The boatswain is ready; the parting is o'er;
The maiden is left to lament on the shore.

Richd Cobbold inv^t et lith.

THE HAPPY RETURN.

An welcome the form that I see on the shore,
Dear girl of my heart, thou art welcome once more!
The sailor is leaving his boat on the main,
And touching the shores of Old England again.

O welcome my love! thou art come! thou art come!
My heart is delighted, my lover is home,
'Tis this I have sigh'd for, have pray'd for in fear,
My sailor's return! ah! my sailor is dear.

O welcome dear girl! all my dangers are past,
The waves to Old England have brought me at last;
My Hope has been steady; the Pilot above
Has borne me in safety again to my Love.

O come to my heart then! for ever be dear!
Thou honest brave sailor, my heart says "What cheer!"
He leaps from the boat to the shingle once more,
Ah! happy return for the maid on the shore.

Rich. Cobbold lith.

THE BOAR HUNT.

A monstrous Boar, of savage kind ;
Fierce, wild, and terribly inclin'd
To scour the country, and lay waste
Whatever herbs were good and chaste;
Fatigued with plundering, was seen
To hasten to St. Margaret's Green :
The hunter there, with well-tried hounds
Attack'd him in his pasture grounds.
This Boar was Rapine, had an eye
Replete with keenest treachery,
And ever watchful, look'd around
In search of victim he might wound.

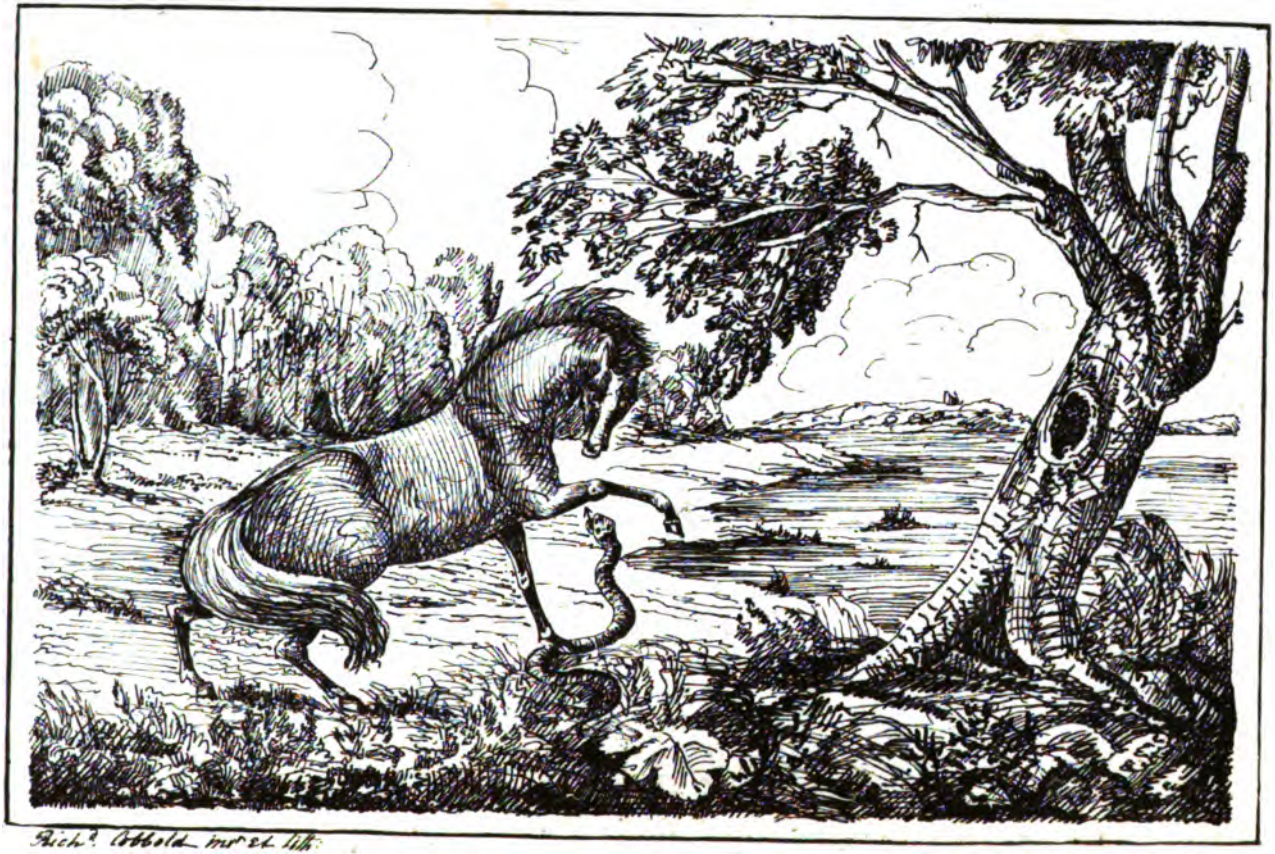
Sir Gilbert Honor blew the horn
To hunt the Boar that happy morn ;
Sir Richard Ardor ran to horse ;
Sir Arthur Onslow came of course ;

Sir Charles Sincerity was there;
Sir William Bland; Sir Peter Fair;
With honest Squires, a noble train
And ever valiant country men:
Forward they went, with huc and cry,
To make the monster Rapine fly.
They soon espied him as he lay,
Fit object for a fierce affray.
The dogs of breed were never known
To turn their tails; but dashing on
They rous'd the monster from his bush,
Who darted forth with horrid rush.
Awhile he stood with bristles high,
With mouth of foam and savage eye,
Intent upon the baying pack,
His jaws prepared to make attack.

Heedless, a dog of noble speed
And famous for his ancient breed,
The first advanced, tho' but a pup;
The boar attack'd him; ript him up.
But Courage calmer bay'd him well,
Yet lost his hold, and down he fell.
Steady and Stoic now essayed
And flew directly at his head;
Bravado too received a wound,
And howling fell upon the ground;

Old Boaster seiz'd him by the tail,
But Rapine turn'd and made him fail;
Holdfast, a dog of well known strength
And never beaten, seiz'd at length
The monster's ear, and keeping tight
The tender part within his bite,
Each turn that Rapine took, he tried
To keep himself along his side;
And so annoy'd him; all the crew
At once upon his shoulders flew:
Candor! Valour! modest Worth!
Virtue! Wisdom! dogs of birth!
Spencer! Milton! Shakspear! Scott!
Dogs of Spirit without spot.
These and others brave and bold,
Deserving merit kept their hold.
At length the cry from huntsmen cheer'd
The noble hounds; the Boar was spear'd.
Sir Gilbert Honor had a thank
From ev'ry fair, of ev'ry rank:—

Thus honor'd He, who tries to prove
Himself the friend of Virtuous Love!


Rich^d. Cobbold inv^t et lith.

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

Snake in the grass,—is he who lies
In wait for innocence his prey;
Who, subtle, artful, treach'rous, wise,
If fond of folly and display;
Who, ever anxious to betray
Waits but the moment of unguarded foot,
To take at Innocence his deadly shoot.

Forgive the satire noble Sir,
'Tis no severity to thee:
True love and honor thou'lt prefer
To all the arts of treachery.
Thou lov'st in truth!—But tremble he
Who lurks as venom'd serpent in the grass,
To catch an innocent confiding lass.

Richd Cobbold invt et lith:

TAKING AN OSTRICH.

THIS Ostrich taken, vainly tries
From chord of Courser to be free ;
She struggles hard, but man defies
Her bold attempt at liberty.
Ah ! Lady take the simile :
As Ostrich caught by twisted chord,
So Woman must obey her Lord.

Awhile, in youth you wander o'er
The golden path of promised joy,
Nor think captivity has store
Of care, life's bitterest alloy :—
You play with love, as child with toy ;
But ah this Ostrich ; it will prove
You cannot 'scape the Chord of Love.

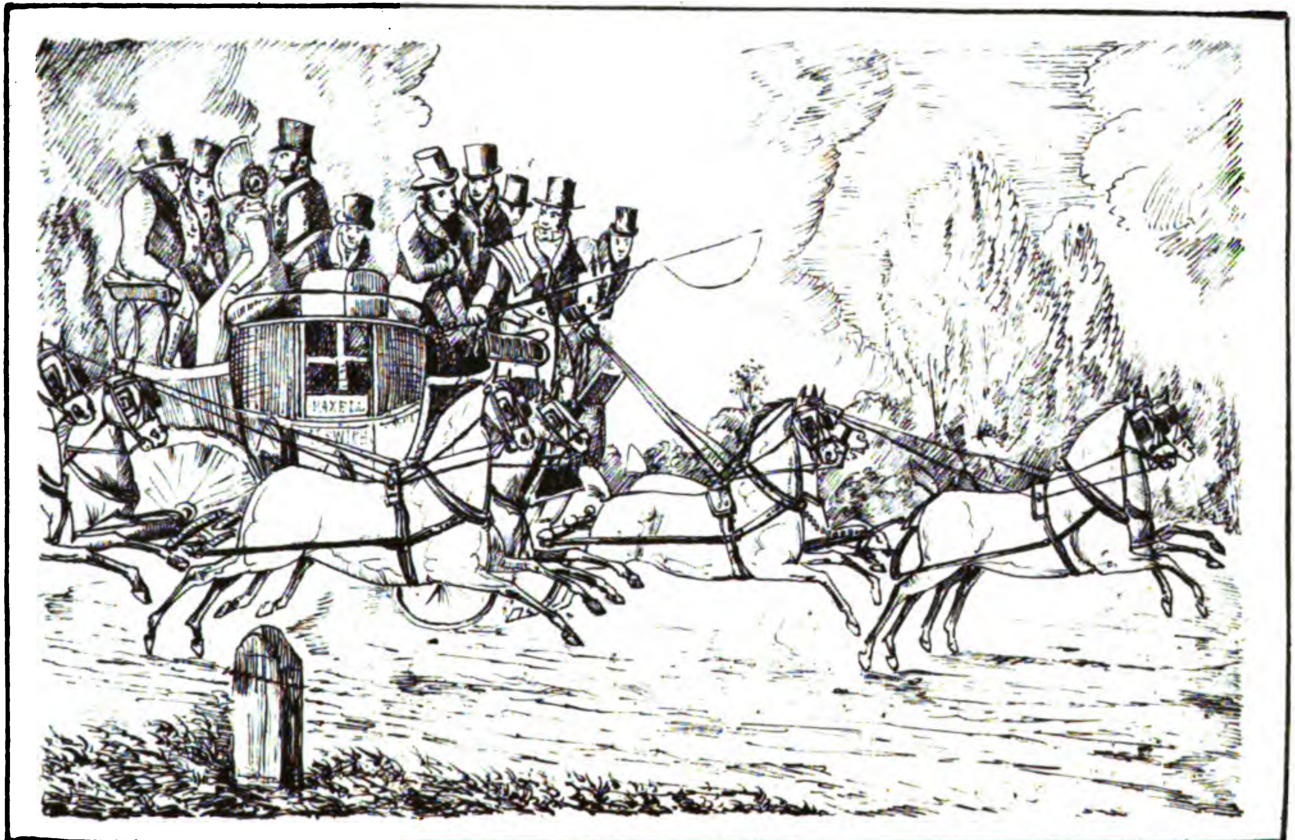
A CAT TORMENTING A MOUSE.

Hast ever seen by lawn or house,
A cat tormenting a poor mouse?
So long he sports and mocks his prey,
The lucky creature gets away.

In life such monster has been seen
Among most fashionable men;
One, who pretends to heart and mind,
And yet makes sport of woman kind.

O never let such counterfeit
Display thy powers of deceit;
But shouldst thou win the heart of fair,
Be faithful, Sir, as women are.

With pure affection never play,
Lest she who loves should get away,
And leave thee, as thou shouldst be left,
Of Love and tenderness bereft.



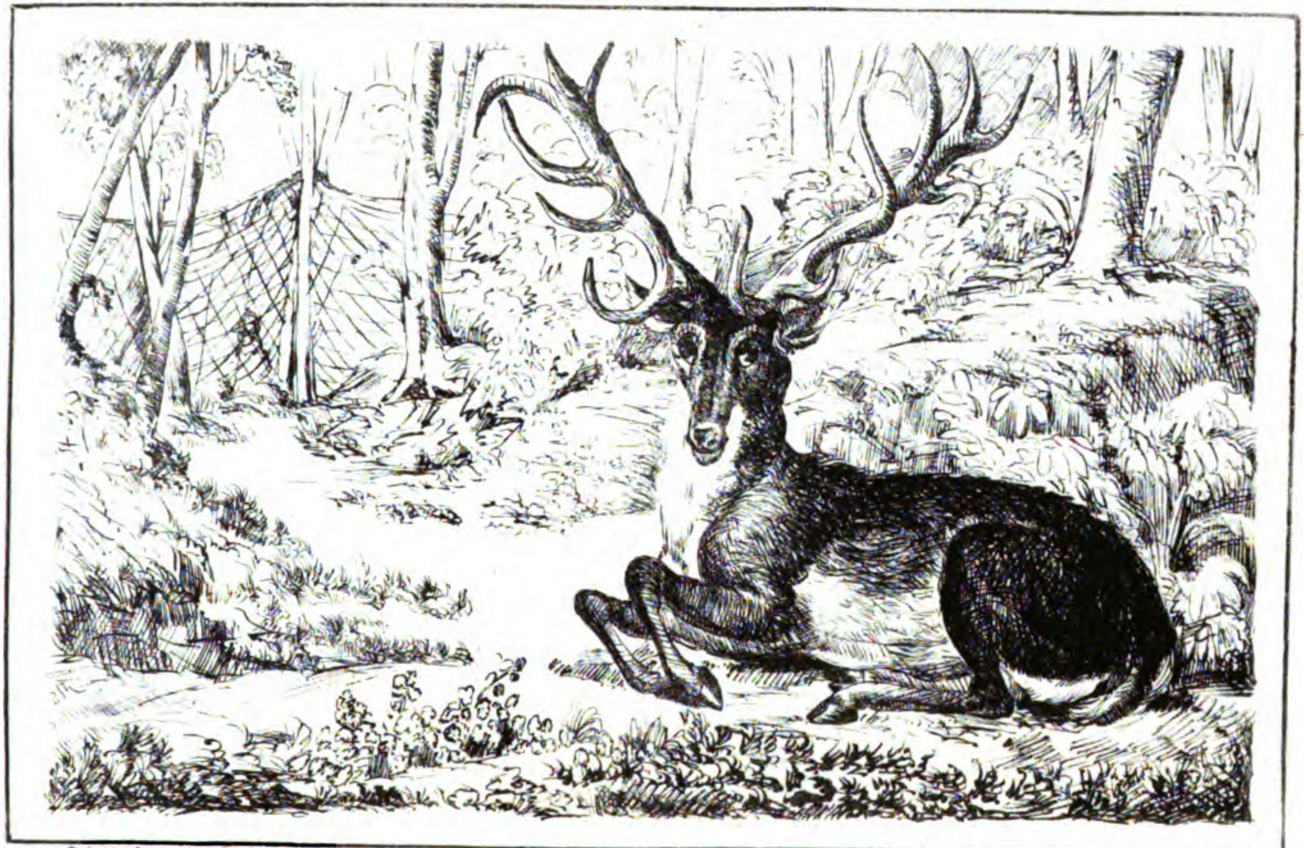
Richd Cobbold inv. et lith.

THE OPPOSITION.

In parliament, as well as love
Is opposition good;
Elicits talent, and will prove
If law be understood.
The laws of Love and Honor stand
Alike the bulwarks of our land.

The ancients lov'd Olympic dust,
Were ardent to excel;
The moderns, into coaches thrust,
May gallop full as well:
The chariot of ancient day,
Could never go it in this way.

Who ever lov'd and would not try
To gain his mistress' love?
Who ever spur'd by rivalry
Would not more ardent prove?
If opposition Sir be thine,
Put forth your speed; Be not supine.



Richd Cobbold invt et fecit

THE MONARCH OF THE GROVE.

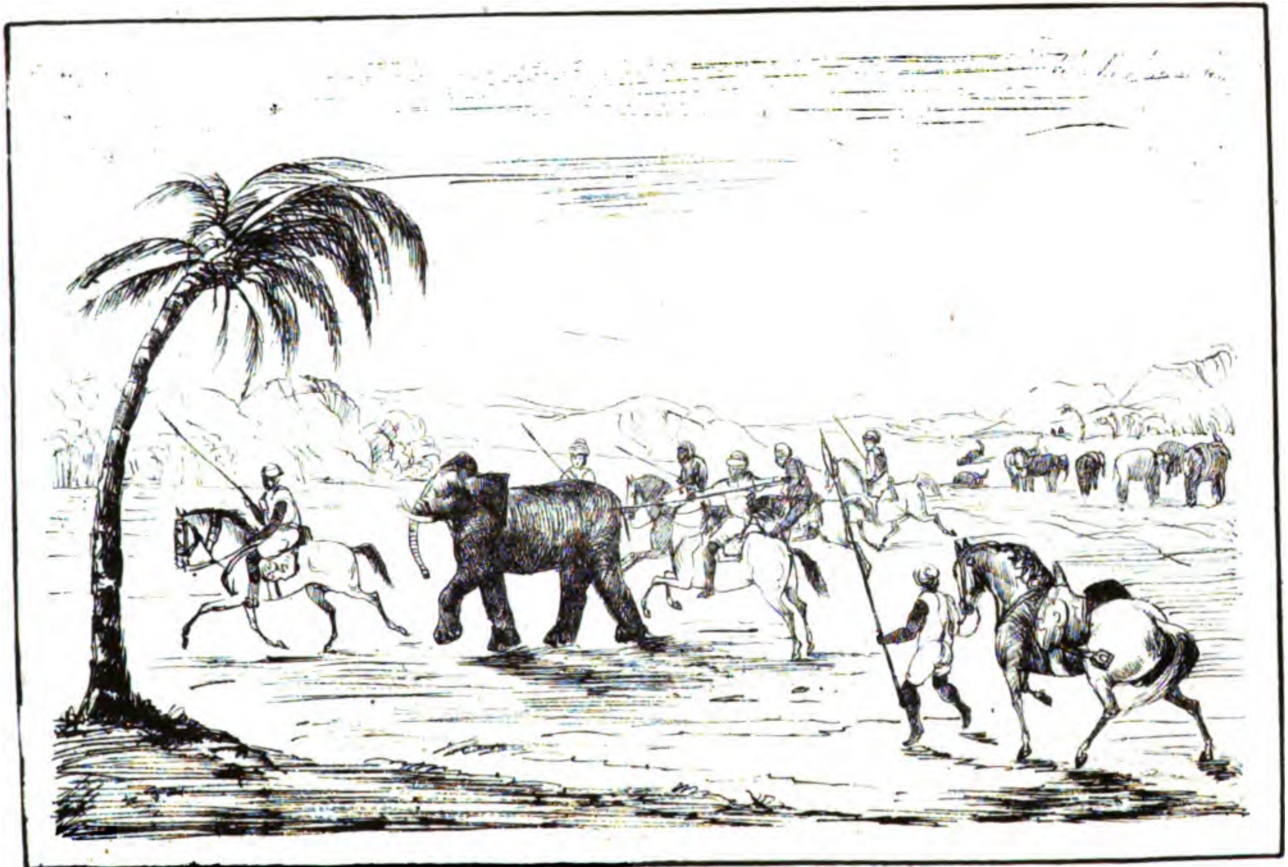
O tell me youths, can aught resemble Love
More faithfully than Monarch of the Grove?
Behold him noble, bold, majestic, grand,
With eye of Spirit, seeming to command
The furthest prospect of the scene around;
Reclined in confidence on native ground,
He knows no horrors; fears have not disturbed
His pure enjoyment; nothing yet has curbed
That lofty spirit which delights to rove,
O'er scenes of grandeur, mountain, plain, or grove,
Unfetter'd, free, undaunted. Thus the youth
In days of early pleasure, feels the truth
Of joyous liberty, and loves to dwell
On scenes of ecstasy, the lover's spell.
He sees the world, and fancies it his own,
'Tis full of beauty, Love without a frown.
'Tis thus the youth, like Monarch of the Grove,
In fancied liberty, resembles Love.

Rich.d Cobbold inv.t et fec.t

THE PLOUGHING MATCH.

Has't ever seen the humble batch
  Of busy ploughmen, when they try
On gala day, at ploughing match
  To gain the prize of Victory?
Whoever cuts the straightest line,
Assuredly that Prize will win.

What heroes starting for a match,
  His talents would improve,
Here, let him from the ploughman catch
  A hint, to win his love.
Who steers the straightest course in life,
Deserves to have a worthy wife.



Richd Cobbold invt et fecit -

TAKING AN ELEPHANT.

Boast not your strength, your liberty is vain,
Your Freedom, power, and independent reign,
Mere empty names, the topics of a day,
Fit for the times, fit subject for the play.
When Denham journey'd to the Bornou land,
He saw the truth, that nothing could withstand
The art of man; no subtilty so great,
No strength so vast, but suffers a defeat.

'Tis almost grief to contemplate the plan
Of cruel victory, obtained by man,
O'er such sagacity. The spearmen run
And part from liberty the fated one;
They drive her on; one spearman leads the way,
Enticing, teasing, seeming to display
The fear of capture; yet, he knows the while
He only leads, intending to beguile;

Whilst in her heart, their spears the others plant,
And kill by subtilty the Elephant.

How oft in life, the artful pride of man
Betrays the Innocent, by such a plan:
How oft he leads, pretending to be caught,
Enticing, teasing, yet intending nought,
But basest villany, the worst deceit,
Most fatal conquest, cruelty complete.

But hold! dear Sir, I know thy noble heart,
I know thou wouldst not glory in such part.
If Afric's sons are driven to display
Their pow'rs of subtilty, in such a way,
Do thou, with honor, Love, and noble Mind,
Protect, and trifle not with womankind.
But win with truth, the Innocent and Fair,
And let her love thee; let her not despair.

Richd Cobbold inv^t et fecit –

WIT AND WISDOM.

Wit and Wisdom chanced to meet
At turn, in corner of the street;
And came so close, in contact round,
That Wit fell sprawling on the ground.
"I wish," said Wit, "you'd keep the road,
"And be more sprightly; you're a load,
"So deadly heavy, that your knock
"Is harder, than the hardest block."

"I knock'd thee down," good Wisdom said;
"But get thee up, and don't upbraid.
"In future, let us if we may,
"Pursue together the same way,
"That all may know, and understand,
"That Wit and Wisdom, hand in hand,
"Are like true lovers who proceed,
"The surest, safest way to speed."

Richd Lobbold inv^t et fecit.

A HEART IN CHAINS.

Ah! why Sir is this heart enchain'd,
And hung upon the mountain's belt?
That all the world may see it feign'd
Affection, it had never felt.
The traveller may truly start,
To see such false and spotted heart.

Go! travel on the road to Love,
There many gibbets thou wilt see,
Where hearts in misery will prove
The recompence of treachery.
Go hasten on, but shouldst thou start,
Let honor, Sir, compose thine heart.

R. Cobbold, del

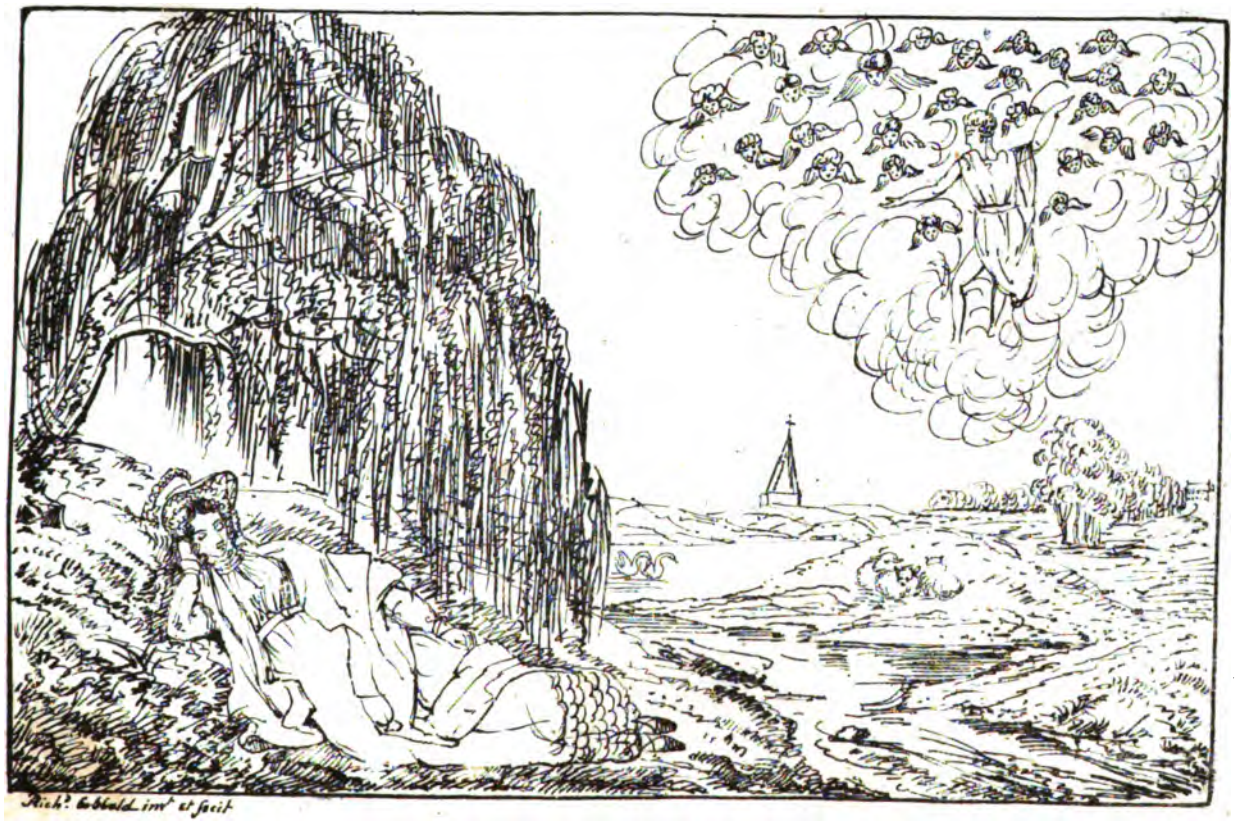
A GENTLEMAN MAKING HIS BOW.

To be in love! ah who would be!
If love be what it seems,
The strangest kind of mystery,
Made up of thoughts and dreams.
Yet strange it seems, we all must prove,
Our best regard for faithful Love.

One proves it thus, by sighs and tears,
Another by his smiles,
Another by his hopes and fears,
Another by his wiles:
But all who love in early youth,
Will prove it best by words of truth.

Some love to write, and some to speak,
Some know not how to feel,
Some will be wise, and some be weak,
And some delight to kneel.
But write, or speak, or kneel at will,
Your word of honor, Sir, fulfil.

This Gentleman it seems has felt,
  And now his love would tell:
O pray Sir have you ever knelt?
  If so, you know it well.
Go hasten then, and make your bow,
But never alter in your vow.


Richd. Cobbold. inv.t et fecit

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

The maiden slept! all nature seem'd to smile,
Ten thousand seraphs whispered softly, Love;
She saw one spirit, cheerfully the while
Walking the air, on canopy above:
He look'd, he lov'd, and gently wav'd his hand,
And bade her follow: She obey'd command.

Awhile they wandered o'er the flow'ry mead,
Talking of loveliness; it seem'd delight;
His words were sweet, and sweeter still indeed,
Enliven'd features to enraptured sight;
So fair, so handsome; in such manly youth:
His words of pleasure too, were words of truth.

"Fair Creature, Spirit of such lovely form,
"What bliss it seems to live and breathe with thee;
"No longer mortal, now, no longer worm,
"We live in life, and loving to be free,
"Are truly happy; happy that we are,
"Enabled thus our liberty to share.

" O look around thee, life is full of light,
" No pain, no torment ; happiness is thine ;
" Worlds are before thee ; present to thy sight ;
" My spirit your's, thy spirit also mine :
" And this for ever ; never shall we part,
" Thou dear Companion of Immortal heart."

The maiden woke ; the vision too was nigh,
It lingered still, she wish'd it still to stay ;
One heav'nly smile, a parting farewell sigh,
It vanished quickly on the air away :
Her heart was heavy. Lady it may seem
A cruel story, 'twas the Maiden's dream.

THE ORWELL.

The morning is bright, as the heart of the good,
The sun in his splendor bespangles the flood,
The river is broad, and the waters are clear;
Ye beauties of Orwell, to me ye are dear.

The Heavens are pure as the Spirit of Love,
No clouds of obscurity, darken above,
The blue vault on high, is transcendently clear;
Ye beauties of Orwell, to me ye are dear.

The tinge of the autumn, on wood in the van,
Now changing its feature like age in a man,
Keeps nature in countenance lovelily clear;
Ye beauties of Orwell, to me ye are dear.

The vessel is sailing as virtue below,
With winds that are fairly propelling the prow,
The waters are dashing before its career;
Ye beauties of Orwell, to me ye are dear.

Ye beauties of Orwell! thou loveliest wave!
Thou River of Rivers, thy comfort I crave;
Thy tide flowing onward for ever will cheer,
The heart of the Poet to whom thou art dear

Ah long when my song can no longer be sung,
Shall thy beauties be told in the classical throng,
The virgin shall smile, and the lover revere,
The beauties of Orwell, to memory dear.

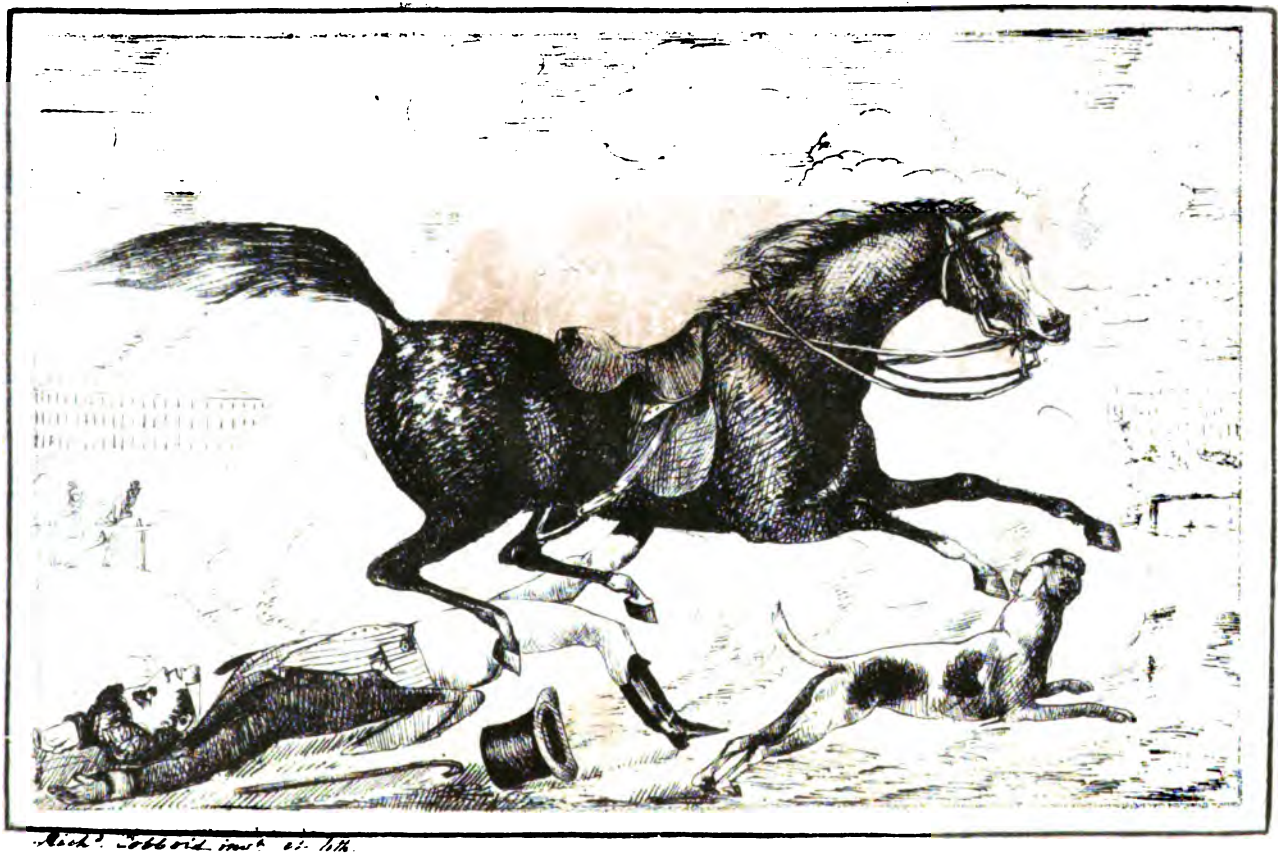
Richd Cobbold inv^t et fecit

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

The field of battle! Hark, what glorious sound!
The noise of cannon shakes the earth around.
The misty volumes roll along the plain
In folds of darkness. Hark! again! again!
The deep mouth'd guns begin the heavy day,
And Havoc hastens on her deadly way.
The clash of swords,—the muskets rapid flash,—
The horses prancing,—or the buildings crash,—
The heavy tread of troopers in advance
With naked sword, or glittering Polish lance.
Hark! midst the roar, the dying shrieks prevail,
The horrid curse,— the heart lamenting wail.—
The frighten'd horse with rider dash'd to earth,
With broken rein, or bursting saddle girth.
Here lie the wounded, there, the happy dead;
Here springs the victor, there, the captive led:
The sound of trumpets, or, the glorious cry
Of onward! onward! Death, or Victory!

And this is glory! horrid, horrid fray!
War, death, and devastation make their way,
And mortals vanish, as a dream of night,
Dispelled and scattered by the morning light.
If this be glory, quickly must it pass,
Fade like a leaf, or wither as the grass.

But Love is Glory; better, better far,
Than all the visions of successful war.
True Love is Liberty; ah! when will cease
The thirst of conquest? when be lasting Peace?
O quickly come, ye days, when Christians prove,
The field of Battle is the field of Love.



THE

MORE HASTE THE WORST SPEED.

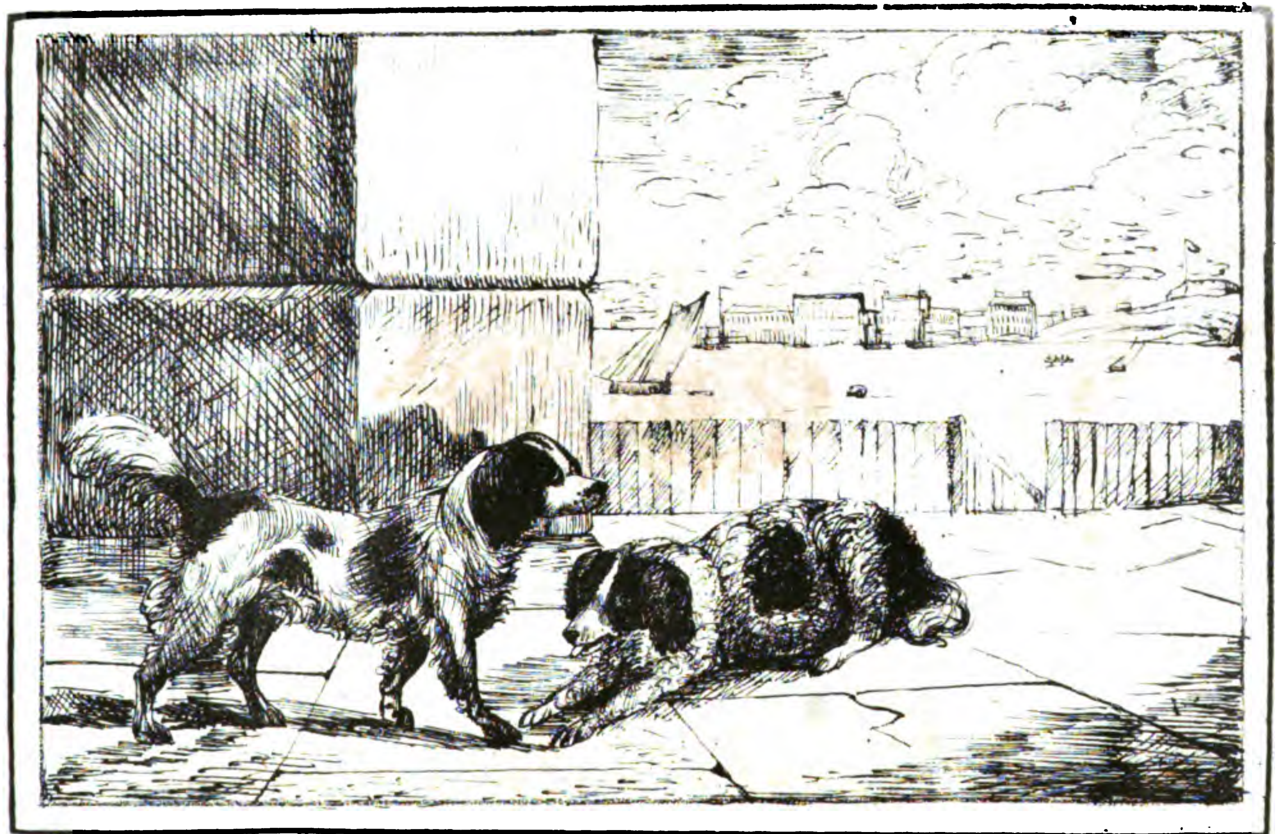
Young Hasty galloped in the Park
For morning turn, a dashing spark,
Well booted, spur'd, and mounted high
On steed of mettle, which, could shy,
Kick, turn or caper, at his will,
And all accomplishments fulfil.—
It chanc'd, through well placed optic glass,
He saw approach the favored lass
His long anxiety had sought
To win and conquer. Quick the thought
Of shewing off his noble steed,
Of gaining from the fair, the meed
Of praise and interest. The spur
Was gently tickling him to stir;
The curb, in curve preserv'd his neck,
And kept his spirit with a check,
Still made him seem impatient too,
As if he wish'd to rear, or go.

As nearer now the damsel came,
And hope inspired the rising flame,
And eyes were meeting in the glance,
His horse in full and perfect prance,
A horrid cur of bull-dog kind,
Ran from the company behind;
And flew at Pegasus. The start
Shot hasty foremost like a dart,
With hat and stick and self to ground,
A tragedy for all around:
The spur in stirrup kept the boot,
And thus suspended by the foot,
Young Hasty dangled in the course,
Beside the much affrighten'd horse.
But luckily the worst to tell,
A bruise or so, and all was well.

Thus spake the man, who stopt the steed,
"The more of Haste the worse of speed!"
Young hasty felt it, own'd the truth,
And well observed it through his youth;
And after, never sought to splash,
For fear of such another dash.

This story told, the moral take,
And keep it for affections sake:—

How oft, when anxious for display
We're sure to take the very way,
Which, unforseen events may turn
To quick disgrace. 'Tis thus we learn
To moderate our passions fire;
And honestly in Love, aspire
To win affection, not by show,
But constant, earnest, faithful vow.
Thus are we likely to succeed,
And keep the pace, the best for speed.



Richd. Cobbold invt. et fecit

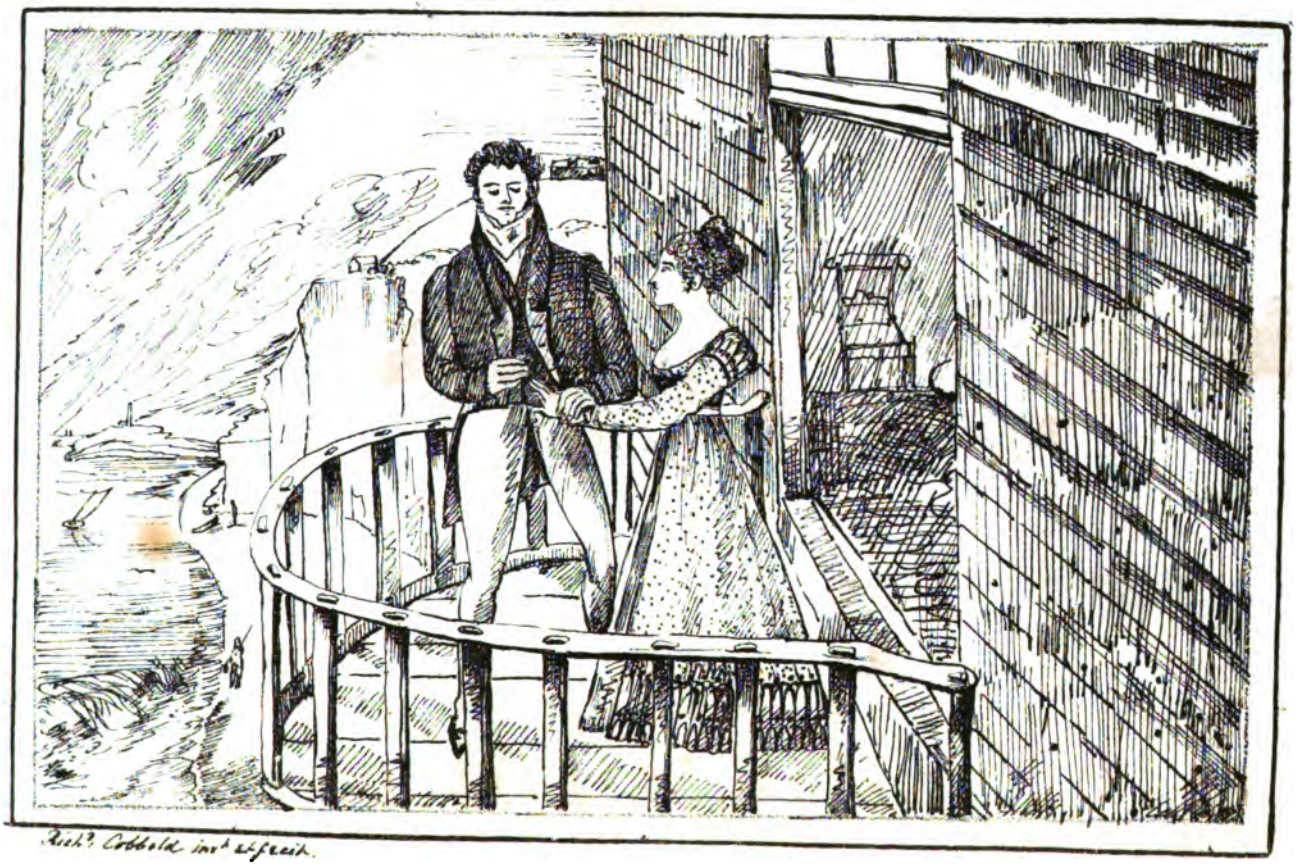
TWO SPANIELS.

Two Spaniels met upon the pier,
With each a word for other's ear;
Flirt, began with sprightly whine,
"Ah! how d'ye do! the day is fine,
"But very hot; prodigious dry;
"The air is sultry, and the sky
"So clear, so bright, without a cloud.—
"What spaniel's that in yonder crowd,
"Hast ever seen him? look again,
"Let us attack with coup de main.
"Come let us see,—haste, let us run!—
"We soon shall meet him, O what fun!
"I love to see the stranger's eye
"Attracted, as we pass him by,
"And hear him follow, see him gaze,
"At once suspended in amaze,
"At our approach; and then perchance,
"To see the fellows ready dance,,
"How, here and there, he flits among
"The busy intermingled throng;
"Still peeping round, with anxious eye
"To see if haply, he descry

" Our forms again ; and, how he wou'd
" Endeavour to be understood.
" O this is fun ! to see and smile,
" And merrily the time beguile,
" Till, fairly sated with the play,
" We leave the rogue, and run away."

Fidele replied :— " And this is fun,
" Pray Flirt be off, go, quickly run,
" But run alone ; for, on my word,
" I cannot foolishly afford
" To take such pains, to be so vain,
" And make it pleasure to give pain.
" If yonder spaniel hither move,
" Attracted, by the force of Love,
" And worthy be, I'd be his bride,
" And never never leave his side,
" Till life should leave me. Go your way,
" And bear in memory I pray,
" The words of one who wishes well,
" The motto of your poor Fidele."

" To win the worthy, let him see
" You do not court in levity ;
" But, being courted, try to prove
" Yourself deserving of his Love."


Richd. Cobbold inv.t et fecit.

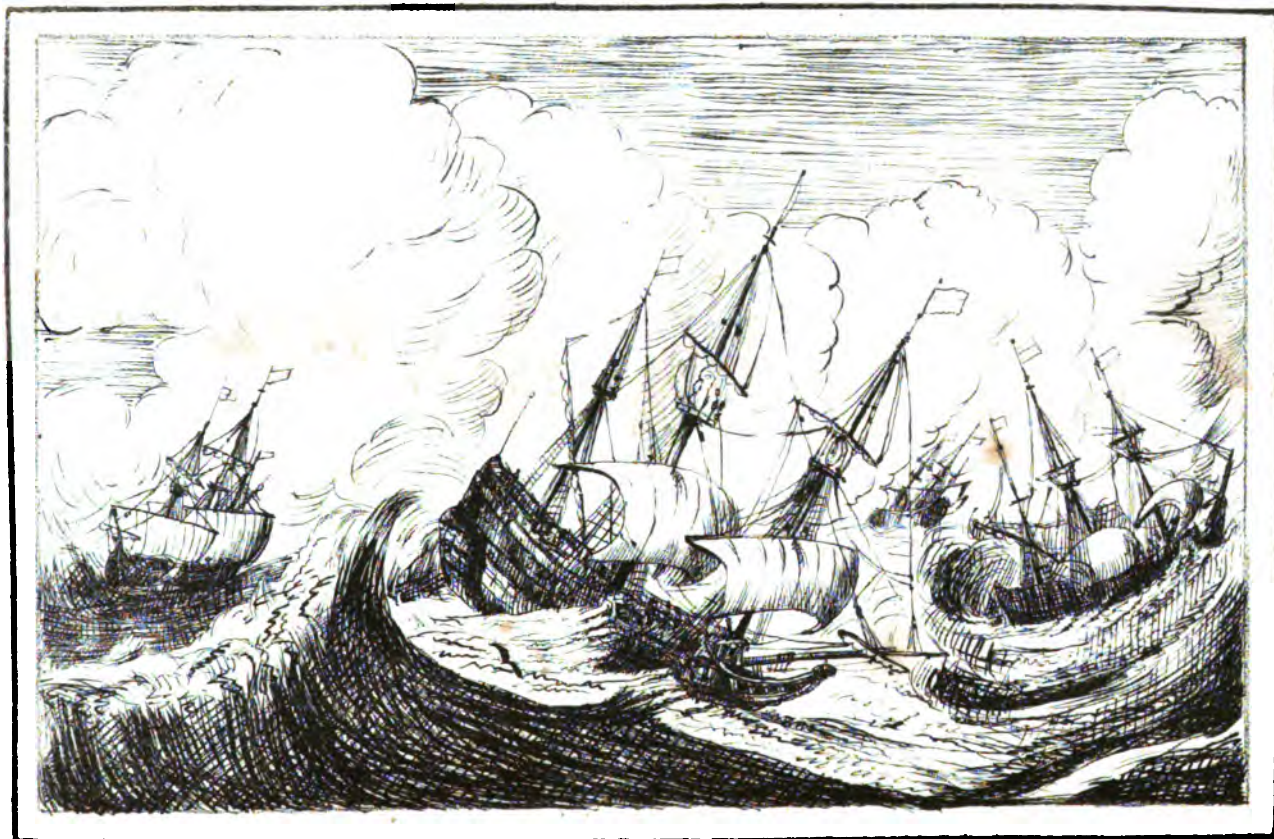
THE PLEDGE OF LOVE.

Quick the pulse of flutt'ring heart,
When the lover we descry,
Fast approaching, to impart
Welcome tale of Constancy.

Slowly beats the fainting heart,
When the lover bids adieu,
Yet, unwilling to depart,
Breaking off the interview.

Lady hast thou ever known,
Honest word of such delight,
Lover, calling thee his own,
Giving thee his sacred plight!

Take, O take the Pledge of Love.
Ever ever faithful boon,
Long may constant Lovers prove
Life is but a Honey Moon.



Richd. Cobbold invt. et fecit

THE FAIR BREEZE.

How stately rides the vessel on the main,
When winds are fair, with breezes stout and strong;
O'er foaming billows, breaking on the plain,
She moves majestically borne along.

If aught on earth resemble such a sail,
'Tis when the Lover, young, and bold, and brave,
Is borne along, o'er troubles to prevail,
And sail triumphantly on Honor's wave.

May prosperous gales through life unceasing blow,
And bear thee safely o'er afflictions tide;
May Love propitious, let thee quickly know,
A faithful, constant, and religious bride.

Wilt. Cobbold inv.t et fecit.

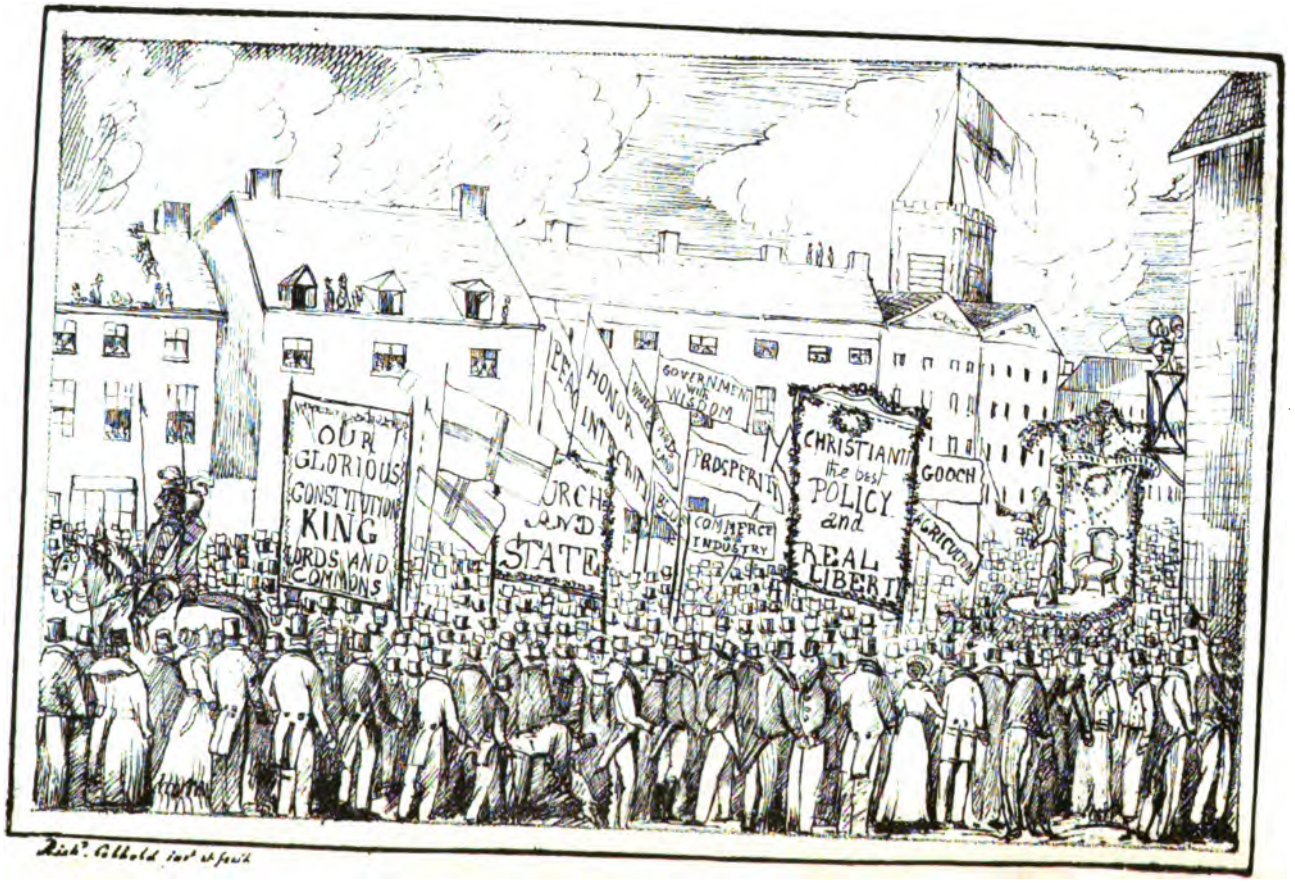
THE HERDSMAN.

HAPPY Herdsman, 'tend thy kine,
On thy grassy couch reclining;
Sweet contentment may be thine,
Thine, be Love without repining.

Nature smiles in Summer's day,
Health and cheerfulness restoring,
Chasing care and grief away;
Bidding vanish vain deploring.

Faithful Tray beside thee lies,
Patient, constant, watchful ever,
Thine be Friendships social ties,
Love which Death alone can sever.

Greet the Herdsman, happy swains,
Greet him all ye faithful yeomen:
Sweet contentment has no pains,
Be content with peaceful omen.

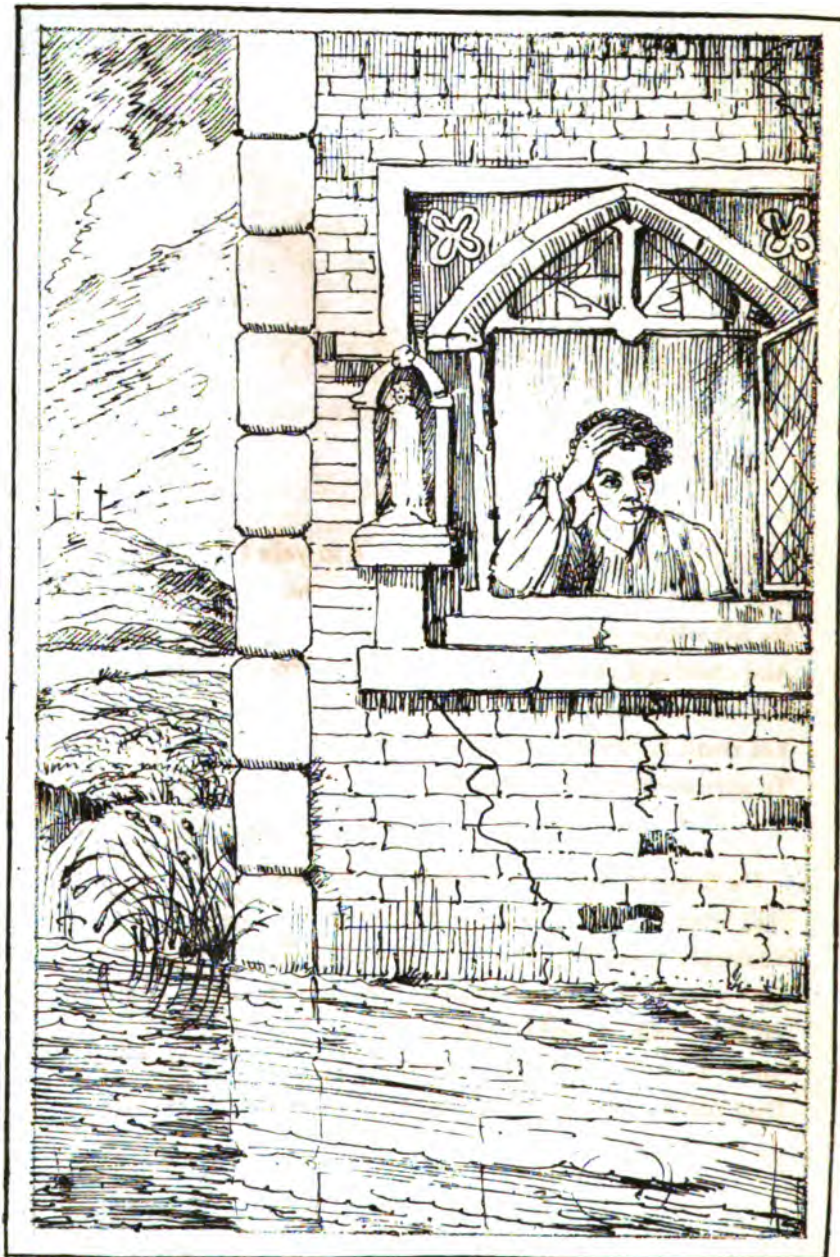

OUR GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION KING LORDS AND COMMONS
HONOR
GOVERNMENT WITH WISDOM
PROSPERITY
COMMERCE & INDUSTRY
CHRISTIANITY the best POLICY and REAL LIBERTY
GOOCH
AGRICULTURE
STATE

THE CHAIRING.

Exalted thus the members ride,
Elected in their Country's cause,
In England's Honor they have pride,
And merit Britain's just applause.

O long may Virtue, Wisdom, Love,
Our noble Senators adorn,
May those elected faithful prove,
And thus be proudly borne.

Fair Lady, may thy Lover live,
Exalted in thine eye,
And feel his best prerogative
Is Women's Love, and Constancy.



Richd. Abbold inv. et fecit

THE FATAL AFFECTION.

YOUNG Herbert lov'd! alas, he lov'd in vain!
A priest of learning, yet he might not woo;
He felt within the slow consuming pain
And cherish'd passion. He was faithful too,
But one affection had he, that was true;
Yet truth to tell, the luckless lot was his,
To give another all his earthly bliss.

He linger'd long, and wasted day by day,
Still tried to rally, but the heart within
So deeply wounded, slowly pined away,
And wore his frame to nothing. Was it sin
To be so pale, so feeble, and so thin?
Alas! he liv'd this fatal truth to prove,
That life was nothing when depriv'd of Love.

In Peter's Priory young Herbert sate,
In cell that look'd upon the Gipping's shore,
In times monastic, when the pride of state
Extended from the Humber to the Nore;
When Wolsey liv'd, so fam'd for classic lore,
And came with mandate mighty in its pow'r,
To quash the Priories at Freston Tower.

That very day, alas! the fated priest,
The niece of Daundy he was doom'd to wed,
But not to call the maiden he lov'd best
His own companion: No, another led
The captive fair one to the chancel's head.
Poor Herbert sad, too often there he sigh'd;
Of broken heart, that very morn he died.

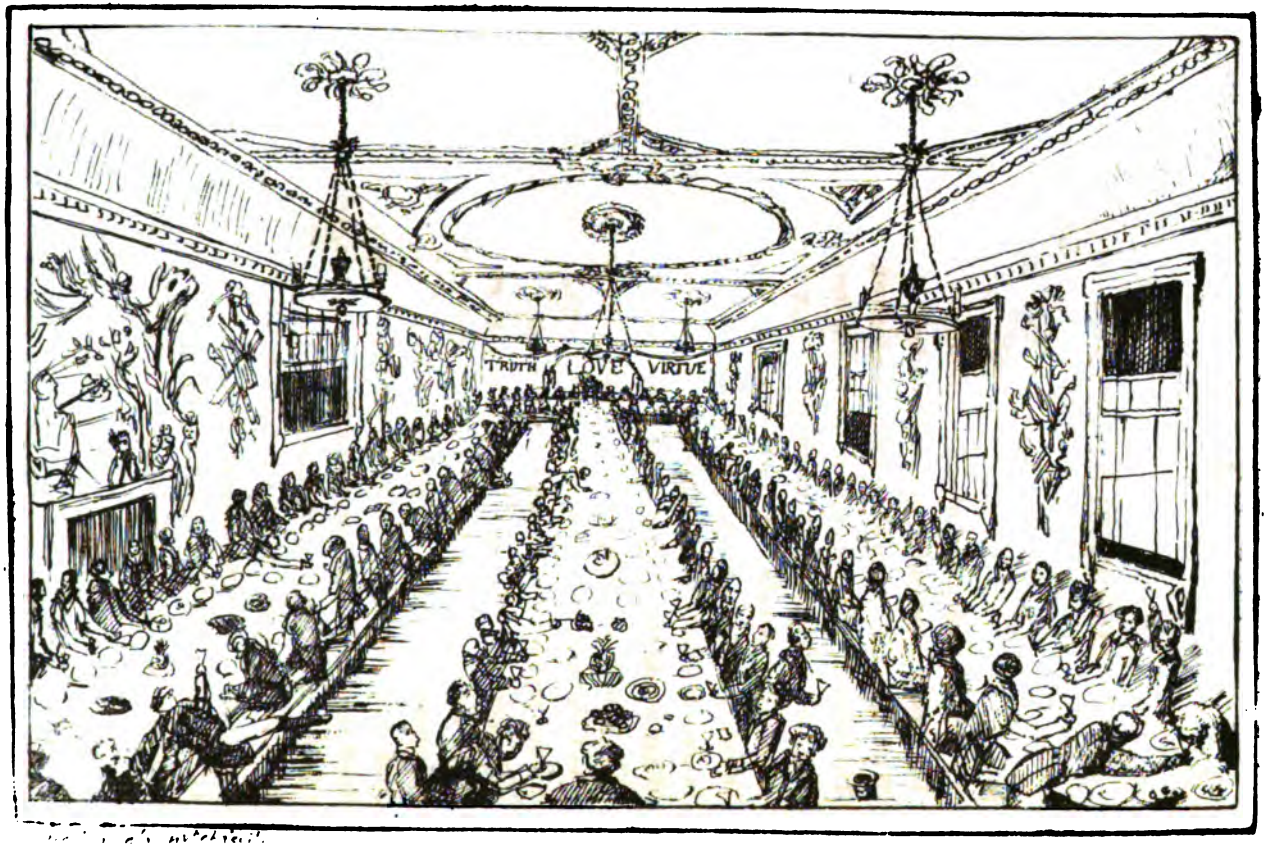
The tale is true. O never be thy lot
To feel affection fatal to thy life;
Mayst thou accept the faithful marriage knot,
And know and cherish a respected wife;
But think, good Sir, what agony of strife
That man endures, who feels a fatal flame
Devour his soul, and devastate his frame.

Richd Cobbold invt et fecit

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

With rapid wing the Pigeon flies,
His pinions stretch'd a lengthen'd pair,
In haste he towers to the skies,
Then darting on divides the air.
The letter tells the news of Love,
Fair maiden greet the Carrier Dove.

Fair Lady, greet the letter borne,
No longer deem thyself forlorn,
For surely Dove may one day tell
The news of Lover wishing well.
And this to night as much may prove,
I wish thee well in Life and Love.


TRUTH
LOVE
VIRTUE

THE PUBLIC DINNER.

Ye men of feeling and of sense combin'd,
Who boast your cultivation of the mind,
Who, long have been the civiliz'd and great,
The pride of England, and of England's state:—
Tell me what think ye? would the savage race,
Admire our Dinner, where the strangest trace,
Of talent, wit, barbarity, and noise,
Is seen so steady in its equipoise?
What would the wildest upon Afric's coast,
Who join in war-hoop, think of English toast?
The Chairman rises, "Gentlemen fill high,
"Your smiling glasses, let no light of sky
"Be seen within them. I shall give with glee,
"The ladies in a bumper, three times three!"
No sooner said, then one and all arise,
And, hip! hip! hip! hurrah! their joy implies,
Such rappings, tappings, screamings, roarings, yells,
One burst of tumult their affection tells.
Who ever sees with contemplative eye,
Such gentle, elegant, festivity,
And does not join it! Sure the ladies must
Be highly flatter'd, with the noise and dust

On such occasions rais'd. But, lady fair,
Some men of state and fashion, true there are,
Who fond of bustle at a dinner shine,
I fear me they will murmur at the line,
And ask what business can such man as I
Have thus to satirize. Now let me try,
To smoothe them down. Great Gentlemen, believe
I do not mock ye; but I sadly grieve
To think how nearly savages, and we
Of Christian countries, in our forms agree.
I say no more, yet very much might say.—
Your pardon then, good Gentlemen, I pray;
Custom and Fashion so retain their force,
A Christian must not, dare not, stop their course.
'Twould not be prudent:—Down to earth that man,
A saint! a hypocrite! a Puritan!
Who dares pretend to censure what the voice
Of England's nation, has proclaim'd her choice.

But Lady tho' this dinner may proclaim,
How much the ladies are respected. Fame
Is not so small, the Poet must not dare,
At other times to celebrate the fair,
In other way. Your health I shall propose,
In quiet measure, tho' it be not prose;—
"The Poet wishes all the English Fair,
"Long life, good husbands, health, and little care."

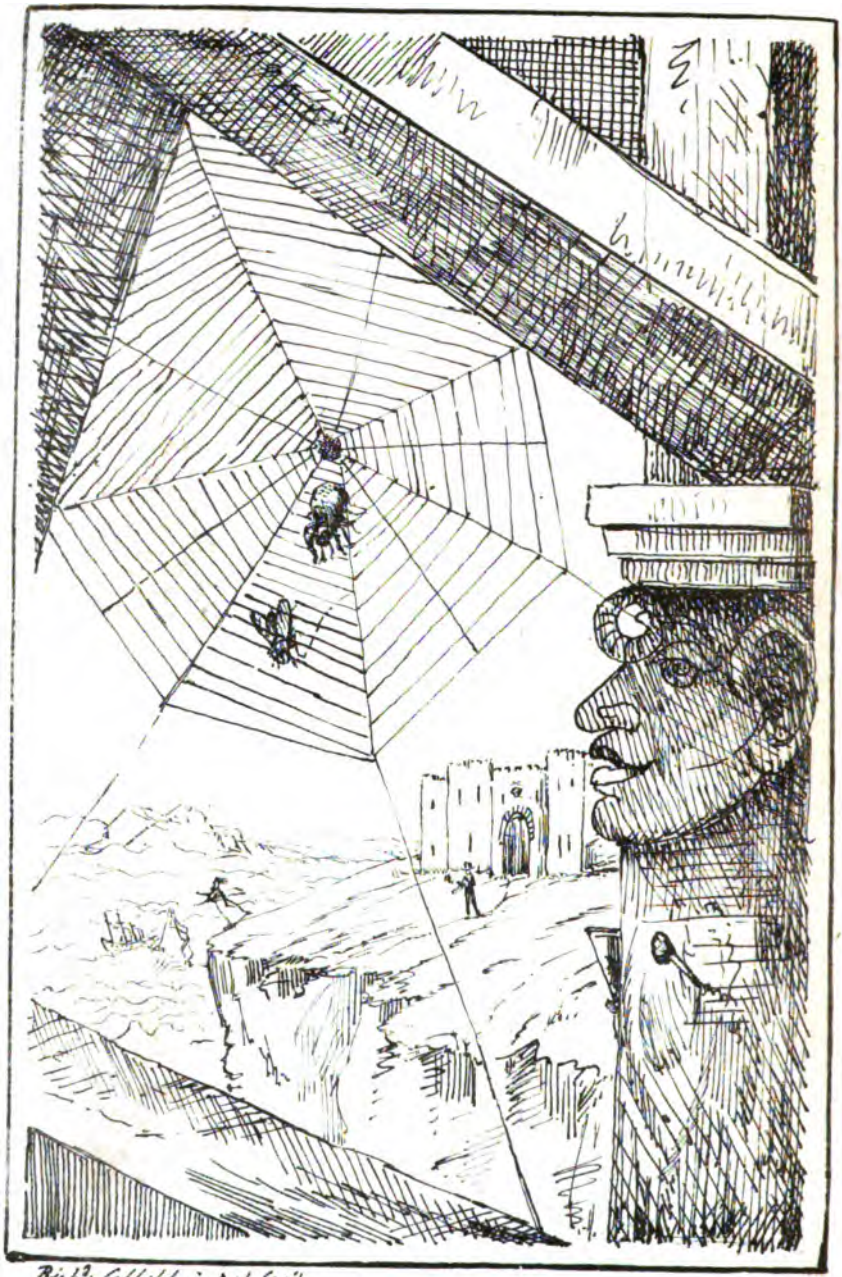
Rich^d. Cobbold lith.^t

THE CHAMOIS.

The Chomois wild from rock to rock,
  Bound lightly o'er the pass;
With certain foot, the nimble flock
  High seek the mountain grass.
Undaunted, active, bold and free,
These creatures love their liberty.

The youth of ardent fiery brain,
  Ambitious, virtuous, brave,
Like chamois, would the height attain,
  The highest honors crave:
They seek the summit of renown,
And thus on indolence look down.

The highest point that man can find,
  In life's uneven road,
Is Love of learning, wisdom, mind,
  A knowledge of his God.
For Love and Truth make Christians free,
The surest safest liberty.—



Richd. Cobbold inv. et fecit.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

THE spider spies a sprightly fly
Now flitting near, and heedlesly;
His web is spread with subtle care,
To catch his victim in the snare.

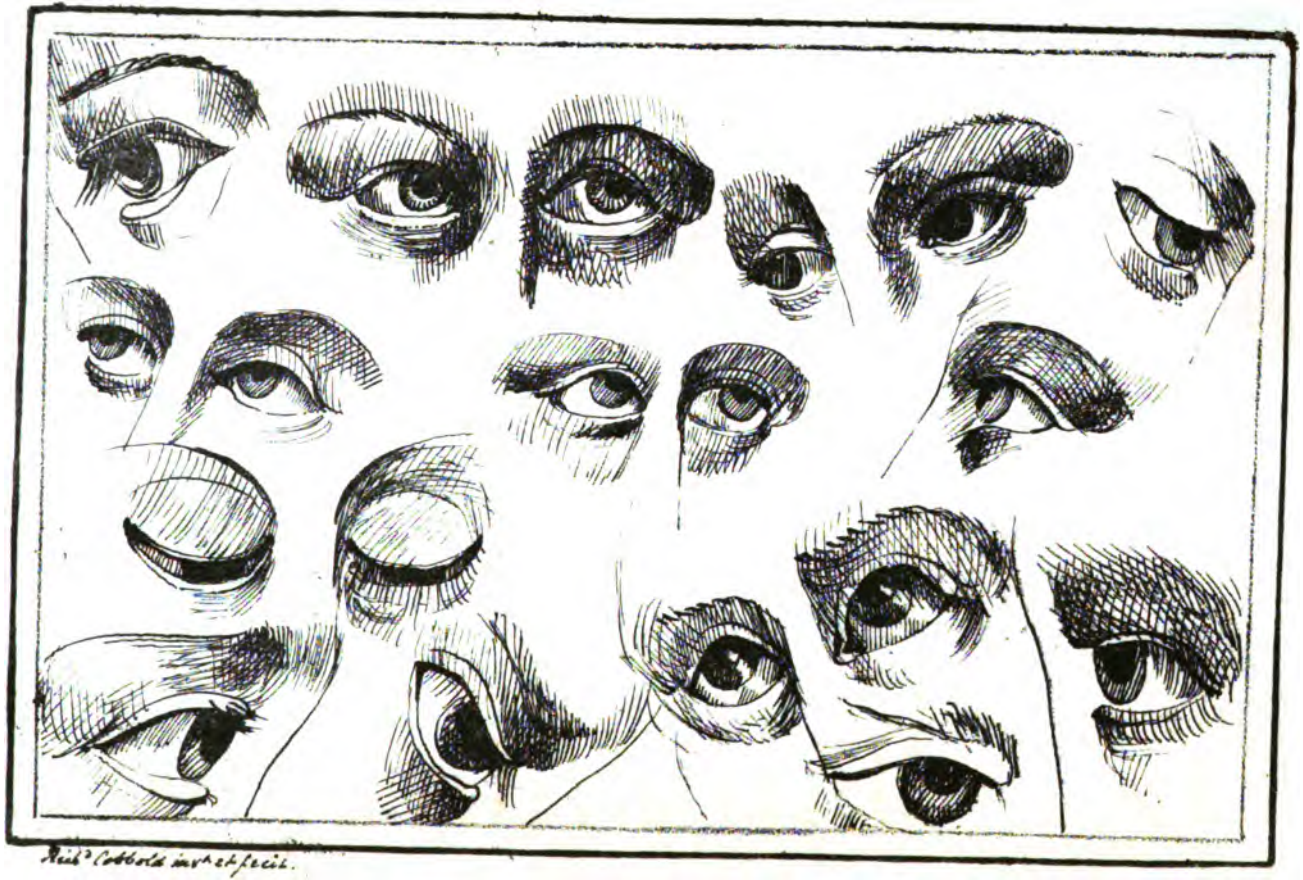
Too soon the little creature ta'en,
Entangled, tortur'd, tries in vain
To make escape; she sees too late,
The horror of her coming fate.

Ah! then she thinks of happy day,
When sporting in the sunny ray,
True liberty was her's, to rove,
O'er plains of Innocence and Love.

She sees around her other flies
Enjoying liberty, and tries
Her strength once more to gain the air,
But finds herself involv'd too far.

How many men delight to vex,
And torture thus the female sex;
How many fair ones fall a prey,
To vanity in suoh a way!

Ye maidens, think not I reprove,
O no, I wish ye well in Love;
And would that Honor always might
Protect ye, as I do to night.


Reich^d Cobbold inv^t et fecit.

THE EYES.

So many looks, so many diff'rent eyes,
Express variety; that Love defies
The ablest Poets, to proclaim what pair,
Do best adorn or beautify the fair.
Some see expression in the darkest blue;
Some like the color of a lighter hue;
Some pleas'd with hazel, some with darker brown;
Some like them looking up, and others down;
The large black eye, this vision will delight,
Small, sharp, and piercing, suits another's sight.
But various beauties various mortals spy,
In shape, in colour, or in flash of eye.
But those shine clearest in the Poets sight,
Which speak the spirit fervent. Such, are bright,
Pure, whole, entire, entranc d, extatic, seen,
In virtue lovely, and in wisdom keen;
In kindness glist'ning, and in pity clear,
Fill'd with affection, or Compassion's tear.
No woman's eye e'er shines with sweeter grace,
Than when expression lightens up her face
Call'd forth by feeling, pious, tender, kind,
The surest proof of Virtue and of Mind.

Richd Cobbold invt et fecit.

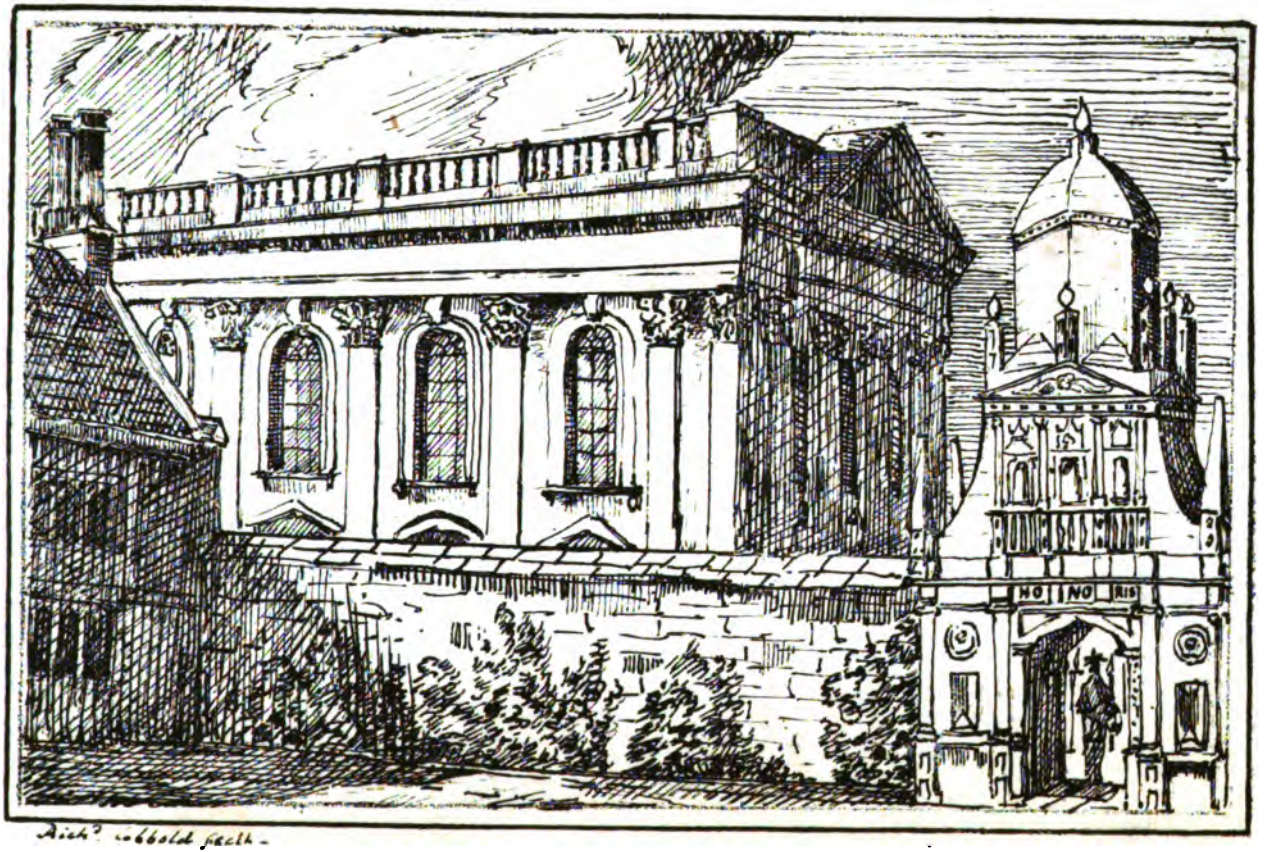
THE MASQUERADE.

In life how oft are human beings doom'd
To act a character, or part assum'd.
Nature and art oppose each other here,
Man makes the contrast in his odd career;
Ah! strange to say, not speaking to upbraid,
Life seems with many but a Masquerade.

Beneath the form or fashion of the wise,
How oft are hid the foolish in disguise;
Beneath the garb of sanctity, sometimes
A monster covers his audacious crimes.
Here laughs the sorrowful; there, sighs the glad;
Fools would be wise; and wise men must be mad;
This man will promise, and will ne'er perform;
In rage one smiles, another calm, will storm;
Behold my friend, my inmost bosom friend,
Would borrow money, yet will never lend;
To-day exalted in my kinsman's eye,
To-morrow hated in my poverty.
O see the world! see vice become a trade!
And tell me, is it not a Masquerade?

In love how many seek by art, not heart,
To act a seemingly straight forward part.
Vows made and broken, smiles dispersed with frowns,
The conquest gain'd affection one disowns;
Another glories in attentions paid,
And feigns attachment to deceive the maid;
One courts for beauty, which he does not see,
Another for attractions not to be;
The world depicted surely must be made,
A scene of Folly and of Masquerade.

But Lady fear not, think me not so rude,
To write this piece of Wisdom to delude:
Believe me, many real in their Love,
By unaffected manners often prove
Their characters no fiction can compose;
Their honest hearts affection must disclose;
Who seek by industry to gain the high
Distinguished honor of sufficiency,
Not that of self, or pelf,—enough to make
A female happy, for affections sake:
May such a man wherever he may grade,
Escape the Folly of a Masquerade.



Rich^d. Cobbold fecit.

THE SENATE HOUSE.

O! for the time to come again,
With cap, and gown, and college,
That pleasing time to fill the brain,
With books of solid knowledge.
O come again! ye days now gone;
I'd do exactly what I've done!—

Oft did the sigh escape my heart,
The secret wish to read;—
Sage mathematics had their part,
But Love had greater need;
Ah! vain the struggle to apply,
Love seem'd the best philosophy.

Was there no wish to combat then,
For high deserving merit;
To exercise the head and pen,
With proper youthful spirit?
In truth there was; but ah! this brain
Was busy in another train.

Newton, Paley, Woodhouse, Locke,
Vince and Wood, Equation Bland,
Great senators of Cambridge stock,
Your books were often in my hand;
But far away my thoughts had flown,
To one who wore a different gown.

But never idle, day by day,
Some knowledge was attain'd,
I read, I wrote, I worked away,
But Love was all I gain'd.
O deep regret! the Wrangler's boon
Perchance were mine, or Wooden-Spoon.

Well, well! contented with my name,
I'll be content, the time is gone,—
The Senate House, the seat of fame,
It pleases me to look upon.
Ah! some who read, will look on Thee,
And surely will remember me.

I say remember, why forsooth?
Because they ask'd in play,
A drawing from a careless youth,
To bear in mind that day!
Ye strangers now where'er ye be,
Have ye those sketches? think of me.

O call to mind the glorious fun
To make the problem plain,
To write away, and cry out "done"!
And then to write again:—
A lion, dog, cat, wolf, or mouse,
I sketch'd them in the Senate House!

Between the Questions, such the sport,
That entertain'd my hand;—
Forgive me, Senators, my fort,
Ye could not understand;
Or, if ye could, accept the puff,
'Twould seem to you, but idle stuff.—

Think not howe'er I want respect,
But Envy I have none,
I write with pen and heart erect,
I'd do, now, as I've done.
Ye do not doubt me, come and see,
I take in Love a great Degree.

But youths of spirit work away,
Advance in wisdom daily,
Improve the time without delay,
Mortality works frailly;
In days of Life your spirits rouse,
And think ye of the Senate House.

Richt. Cobbold inv.t et fecit

WOLVES PULLING DOWN A DEER.

This timid deer, pursued, and ta'en,
Is victim of a treach'rous crew,
These wolves are like a sland'rous train
Who've nothing else to do,
But ever hungry, growl and snap, and sneer,
Both hunt and persecute a timid deer.

The first and basest is Pretence,
A wolf of subtle form,
Who, 'neath the garb of Innocence,
Creeps slowly like a worm:
The first howe'er to tell with horrid smile,
The wicked tale of treachery and guile.

Envy, comes next, so glad to see
The prospect of some prey,
She shows her teeth, and seems in glee,
Delighted to betray.
Pride, Hate, Revenge, and Folly follow after,
With hope of sport, in roars of savage laughter.

O can it be! that women share
In sport of such a kind?
It cannot be, for women are
So famed for heart and mind;
It cannot be, the Poet must be wrong!
Sure Women, never to such crew belong?

Fair Lady, pardon me, but I have seen,
I do not tell thee where,
Not here to night, upon the Green,
Such pulling down a deer!
Where'er we see it, let us, then defy
And justly satirize such infamy.

Dich.s Cobbold inv.t et fecit

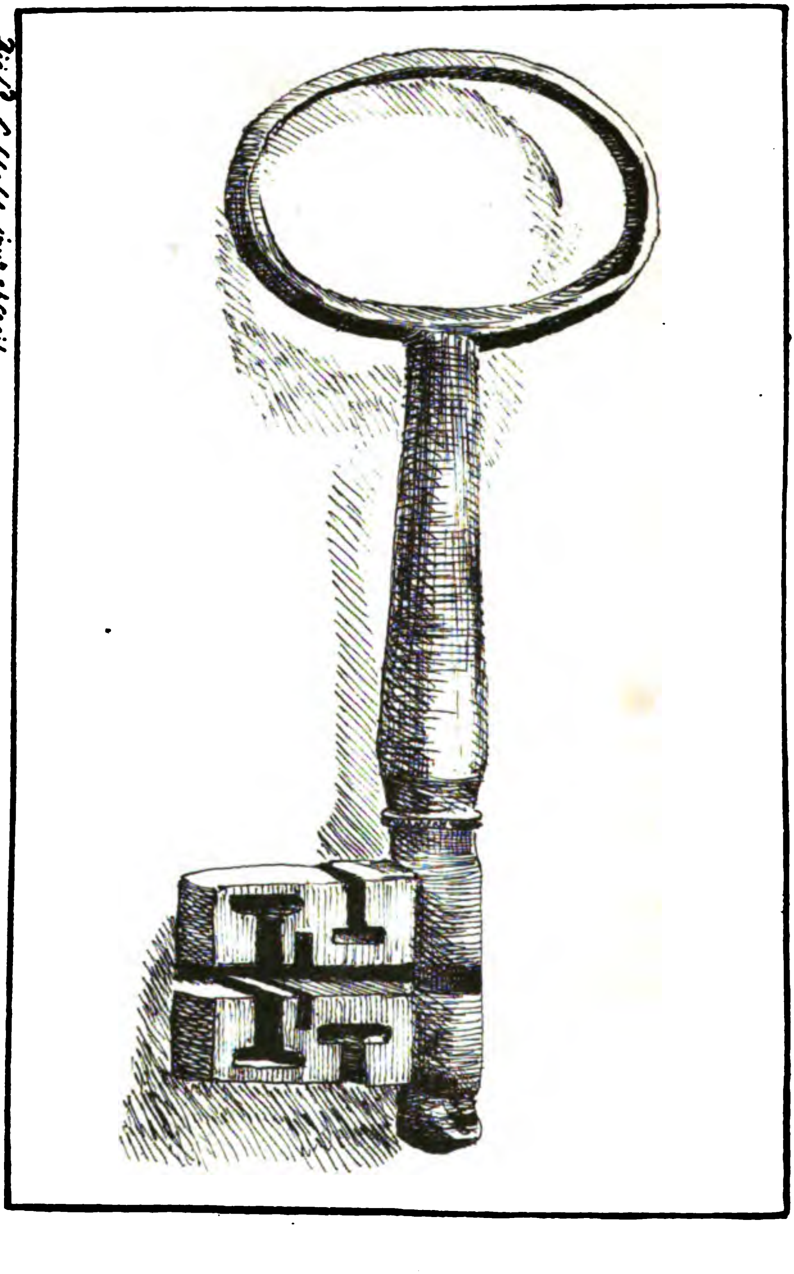
THE ANT HEAP.

To watch the ants on summer day,
To see them wind their toilsome way,
O'er grass and stone, to see them stray,
Say is not this delight?—
The little creatures seem to play,
One moment run, the next delay,
Now one by one, so blithe and gay,
They gratify the sight.

The world so large, is like a heap
Where busy ants have burrowed deep,
And rais'd a dome so high and steep,
It seems 'twould never fall;
But ah! the world, it will not keep,
I hold it fragile, weak and cheap,
In time will come the fatal sweep,
Will devastate it all.

Hast ever in the ant heap thrust
A stick or stone, if so, thou must
Have seen the creatures of the dust,
In myriads pouring forth:
Ah! such will be the like, I trust,
When earth dissolves, and beings must
Arise at summons of the just,
And estimate true worth.

Then thou and I! O let us toil
On this our native verdant soil,
Avoid the bustle and the broil,
And gather what we want;
That love so ready to recoil
At art, or subtlety, or foil,
Which would not injure, rob, or spoil,
Yet imitate the ant.



Rich.d Cooke inv. et fecit.

THE KEY.

The key of Love, by virtuous hand,
  Preserv'd with due regard,
Will keep the heart in safe command,
  In lock of strongest ward.

The key of Love, is Virtue's self,
  The lock the human heart,
The riches stor'd, no sordid pelf,
  No mass of pride or art.

The mind is wealth, preserv'd by Love:
  Ah! go Sir to thy store!
Unlock thy heart, and so improve,
  Affection more and more.—

THE MIDNIGHT TALE.

Young Allan wandered by the Orwell's wave :—
'Twas night, the moon was breaking from the bound
Of white clouds, sweeping o'er the sky concave,
And shed her lustre o'er the scene around ;
The stars were twinkling, and the croaking sound
Of frogs saluting, and the owlet's cry,
And here and there was sparkling on the ground
The glow-worm's light, but something else was nigh ;—
He saw a female seated near and mournfully.

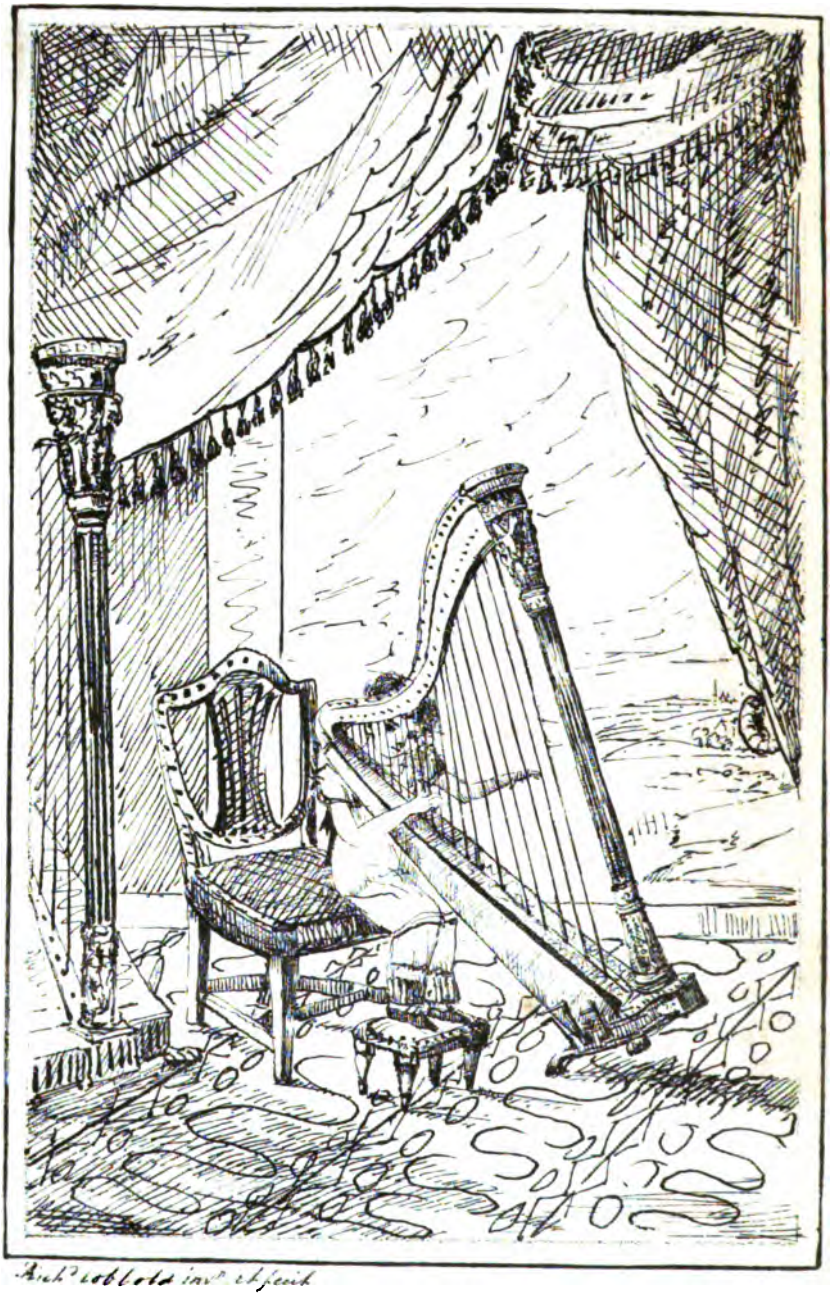
She did not start,—she neither moved nor wept,
Her hand no token of dismay exprest;
She saw and heeded not, but silence kept,
A sigh alone escaping from her breast,
Bespake a spirit heavily deprest;
She sat regardless, seeming to be lost
In maze of wonder, whilst her simple vest,
By passing gale, flapt lightly as it tost.
Her did young Allan thus in feeling words accost.

"O maiden, why thus sadly dost thou sit,
In mood of sorrow, on the Orwell's shore?
Hast aught afflicted thee? O tell me it,
Alike our troubles we may both deplore.
O maiden tell me!—We shall meet no more,—
To-morrow's dawn will see me far away
From this my birth-place, swiftly passing o'er,
To land less lov'd, the vast America:
Why this distress? O lovely maiden, confidently say."

She turn'd her dark eyes from the sparkling wave,
And look'd on Allan. "Can the world possess,
Or sorrow, such another victim have
As her thou look'st upon? O yes! O yes!
The world has many. Yet the world's distress
On me sits heavy. Seest thou yonder Town!
How sleeps the being, I can hardly guess,
Who won my heart, yet never gave his own,
False is he now, unfeeling, cruel, haughty, grown.

"Whene'er he saw me, he would look and smile,
Attentive be, and try ten thousands ways
To make me feel an interest the while
In all he did; no words of mortal praise
Could speak such pleasure, as his anxious gaze;
Where'er he saw me, ah! no matter where,
His countenance would brighten with amaze,
And tell a secret:—But he passes there!
And takes no notice, leaves me, drives me to despair."

"O leave me, leave me, never mind my lot!"
"I cannot leave thee till thou tell his name!"
"His name! O no, a traitor I am not,
I would not sully his increasing fame."
Yet here she sigh'd, unwilling to proclaim,
And yet breathed softly as the Poet's spell;
"His name!—his name!—his name! O why for shame!
His name is *******! yet, I wish him well!"
Young Allan told me who it was.—I must not tell.

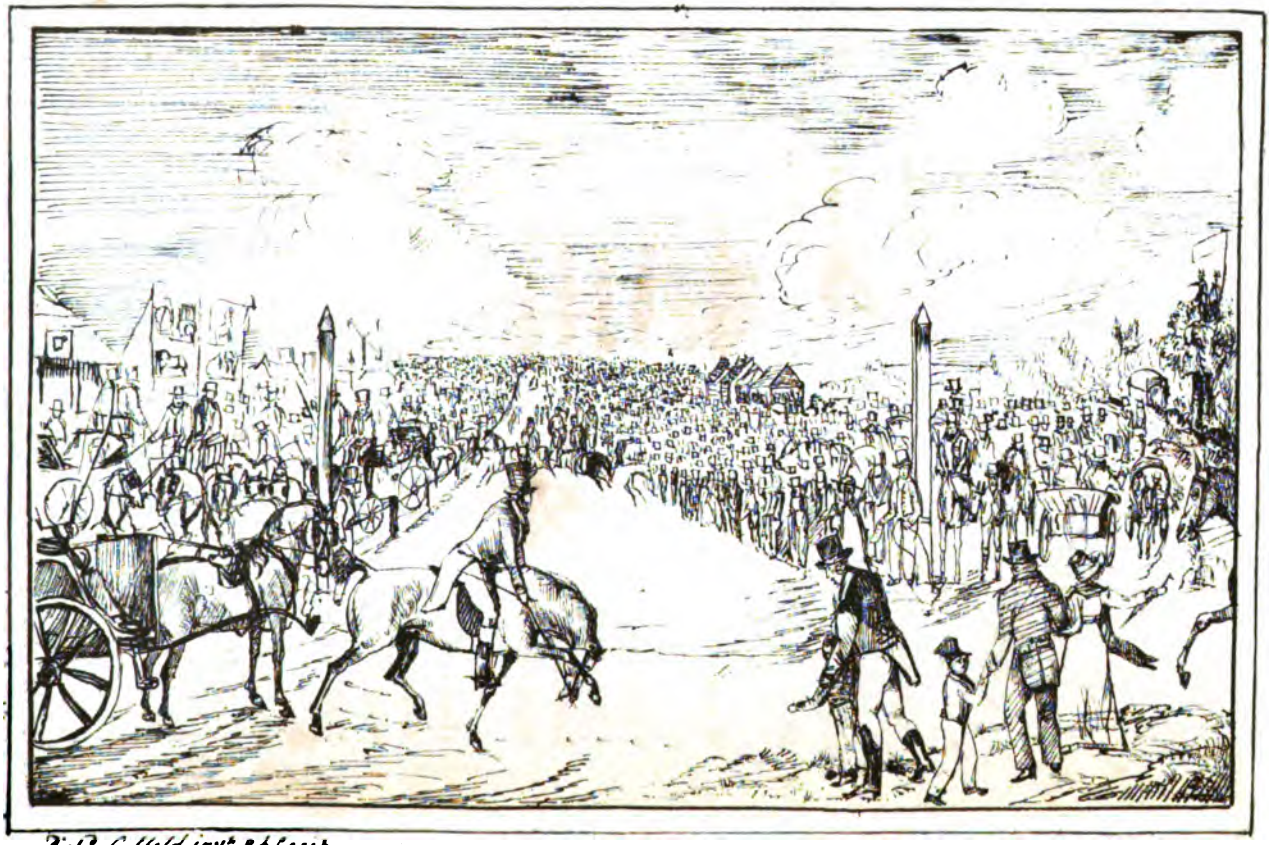


Richd Cobbold inv.t et fecit

THE INFANT LYRA.

Thou lovely Infant! ne'er in life have I
Thine equal seen; thy soul is harmony!
How sweet thy smile, thy glist'ning eye so sharp,
As, peeping through the spaces of the harp,
Thou lookst around to catch the welcome meed
Of praise and interest. Thou art indeed
A wonder, not a great one, since so small,
Yet wonderful in Music above all.
My Spirit rose, to see thy little hand
Sweep o'er the chords; in spirit-like command,
Call forth the tones of innocent delight;
O! I shall dream of thee this very night!
I think I see thee with thy look so wild,
So sweet, so simple, nature's favored child;
Once strike the lyre, and childhood seems to fly;
Thy soul inspires thee; and in vain I try,
To think thee as thou art. Can music move
The soul of man to harmony and love?

This infant Innocence may well display,
O'er nature's feeling, nature's mighty sway.
Perhaps o'er Thee such influence was gain'd;
O'er me such interest was once obtain'd,
I wrote these verses, at the moment's spur,
And now, present them to thy notice, Sir;
So well assur'd that Innocence must be,
At any time, sweet offering to thee.



Rich^d. Cobbold inv^t et fecit

THE RACE GROUND.

Come and haste to the race ground, come hasten to-day;
See the horses are off, they are coming this way;
All the people are shouting, now blue! pink! now green!
Was there ever a sight more appropriate seen.

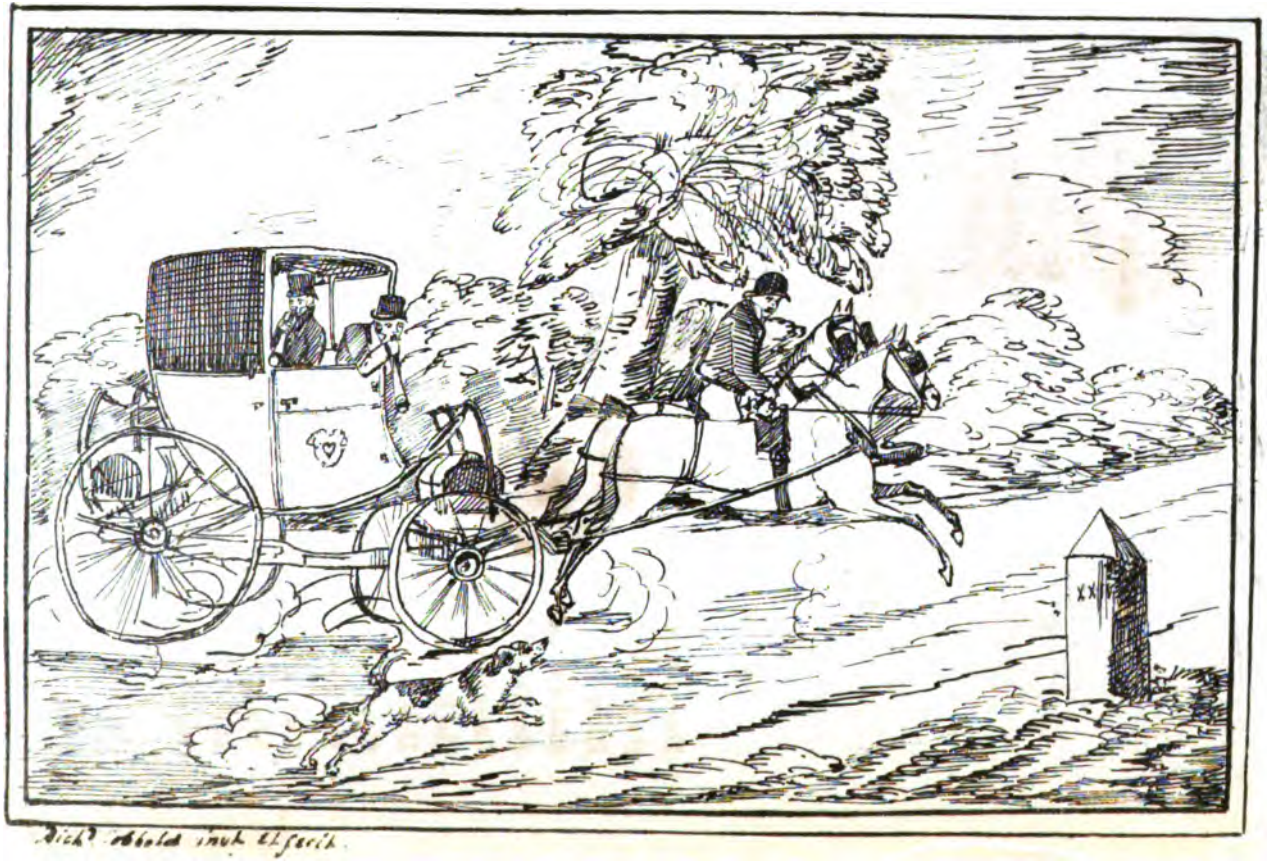
"Ten to one on Lord Jersey; come, ten Sir to one,"
"Ten to one are great odds, I will take you Sir, done."
See the horsemen and whipmen, and footmen all stir,
Hark! the clack of the throng, see the stick of the spur.

How intent are the people! the corner is turn'd,
And the race will be won, but will dearly be earn'd;
Now the horse is a head, now the filly makes play,
Neck and neck, see them coming; Boys! bowl it away.

Is the Poet a sportsman? O yes! 'tis his forte—
Not to bet nor to run to be drawing such sport;
If a racer, howe'er, he would certainly yawn,
To be forced to stand still, to be stopt and be drawn.

But before him the world, is the race ground of life,
He is off for his start, he must struggle in strife;
For the course is Religion, the prize he may win,
Should he keep his full speed, and at length should
come in.

Then go forward, my friends, like the racer proceed,
Shew your courage, your mettle, your good Christian
speed;
When provoked unto Love, O be foremost and strive,
If ye wish to be happy, to prosper and live.


XX

GOING FROM SCHOOL.

Drive on coachee! drive away!—
Now begins our Holiday!
Blow the horn, my hearty boys;
Make a happy merry noise,
Books and Tutors, Rod and Bell;
Cæsar, Virgil, fare ye well.
Go it coachee!—Horace writes,
Dust Olympic has delights;
Ovid tells as many lies;
Martial loves to satirize;
Cicero and Terence make,
Many words for wisdom's sake;
Go it coachee! drive away!
Now begins our Holiday.

Homer tells us how to fight,
Pliny, how a man should write;
Xenophon, the ancient wars;
Xenocrates, the happy stars;
Plays to act, and plays to please,
Writes the fam'd Euripides;
Go it coachee! drive away!
Now begins our Holiday.

Bowl along the British road,
Ne'er by lazy spirits trod;
The stones are all Mac Adamized,
In other words are pulverized;
Horses soon may not be wanted,
Steam their usage has supplanted;
Coaches, soon in many places,
Go it may, without your traces;
Drive on coachee, drive away!
Now begins our Holiday!

Many books of ancient schools
Make their readers stupid fools,
Blind the eyes of British youth,
Shut their senses, from the truth;
Make them think that any man
May be good Barbarian;

Christian youth ! it matters not ;—
Brutus, was a man, I wot ;
Cæsar wise ; and Cataline,
No better than our Libertine ;
Horace, when a little mellow,
Like a modern merry fellow ;
Go it coachee, drive away,
Now begins our Holiday.

With song of such like sentiment,
How oft have you and I, Sir, bent
Our course of pleasure to our home,
In time, ah ! never more to come !
Yet Christian now, or Lover true,
To schools of Folly bid adieu,
Come let us hasten on our way,
And now begin our holiday ;
In love and life, for time to come,
O let us find our happy home.

Richd Cobbold inv.t et fecit

GOING TO SCHOOL.

No song to-day,—the heart has pain;—
The horses trot.—The pelting rain,
Like tears of sorrow, sad alas!
Rolls heavily adown the glass!
The youngsters think of home and play,
Of joyous moments gone away.—
The fishing-rod, or poney's back;—
They startle at the postboy's crack,
As onward urging steeds along,
He lifts the far resounding thong.
A secret shudder, call it dread
Of sleeping in the school-boy's bed;
No dear mamma, to say "good night"!
Or tender sister to delight;
No gentle servant to awake
With merry call, at morning's break:—
To-morrow's dawn, the ringing bell,
Which sounds as heavily as knell,

Will bid them rise, and hasten down,
To see the Doctor in his gown ;
Books and ushers, rod and cane,
O ye terrors, ye have pain !—

The youngster's sit, and scarcely break
The weary silence—none can speak ;
Perchance to count their money o'er,
They search again the purse's store,
And hope to find in midst of grief,
That shining shillings give relief.
But hold my pen, enough ! enough !
My heart is not so strangely tough,
That even now, that sense of pain,
Does not as forcibly remain.
O yes ! deny it can I not,
Nor thou Sir, if thou'st not forgot,
The days of boyhood's former rule
When, journeying from home to school,
The thoughts of pleasures would arise,
And all the school-boy's cruelties.
But now advanced in years of youth,
Come tell me truly, if forsooth,
There can be greater grief than this,
To leave, the home of Lover's bliss ;
To bid farewell to days of pleasure,
Woman's heart, the human treasure.

O should Life engage thine eye,
Inviting thee, the world to try,
Believe it true, that vice will never
Make thee sensible or clever;—
The school-boy feels not half the pain,
A man of conscience does in stain;
Nor half the grief his senses know,
As he who feels for others woe.
Believe it true!—a constant rule!
That Love is ever the best school;
For never need'st thou leave thy home,
In search of Happiness to come,
Since every Christian youth may prove,
The heart is school and Home of Love.

Rich^d. Cobbold pinxit et fecit.

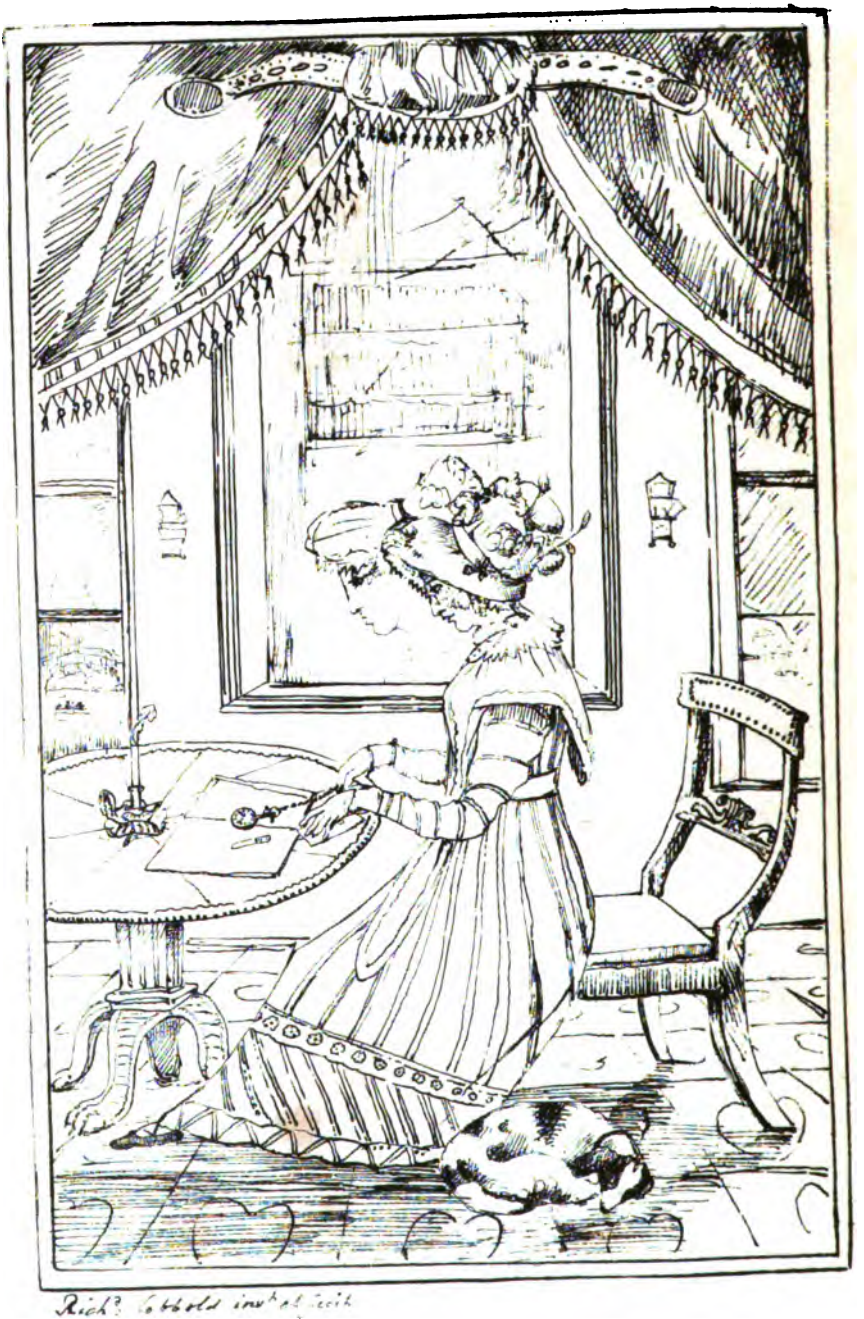
THE POINT.

Toho, Ponto! Toho! steady Carlo, toho!
Pray walk up Sir! walk up, or the game will be gone,
The old Dog will not move Sir, pray speedily go,
Or you'll not get a shot; or, if any, but one.

Old Ponto's in earnest; no wag of his tail,
No doubt of the game, Sir, he's not at a lark;—
He never deceives me, he never can fail;—
Take aim with precision, consider your mark.

Now see the keen Sportsman in breathless suspense,
Moves forward in haste, stirring every joint;
He looks for the game—Has it got to the fence?
Still Ponto's in earnest—he's come to the Point.

But the Point I must come to, ye Sportsmen, is this,
If ye seek but affection with half as much zeal,
Ye will certainly find matrimonial bliss,
Is the best point to come to, the best for your weal.



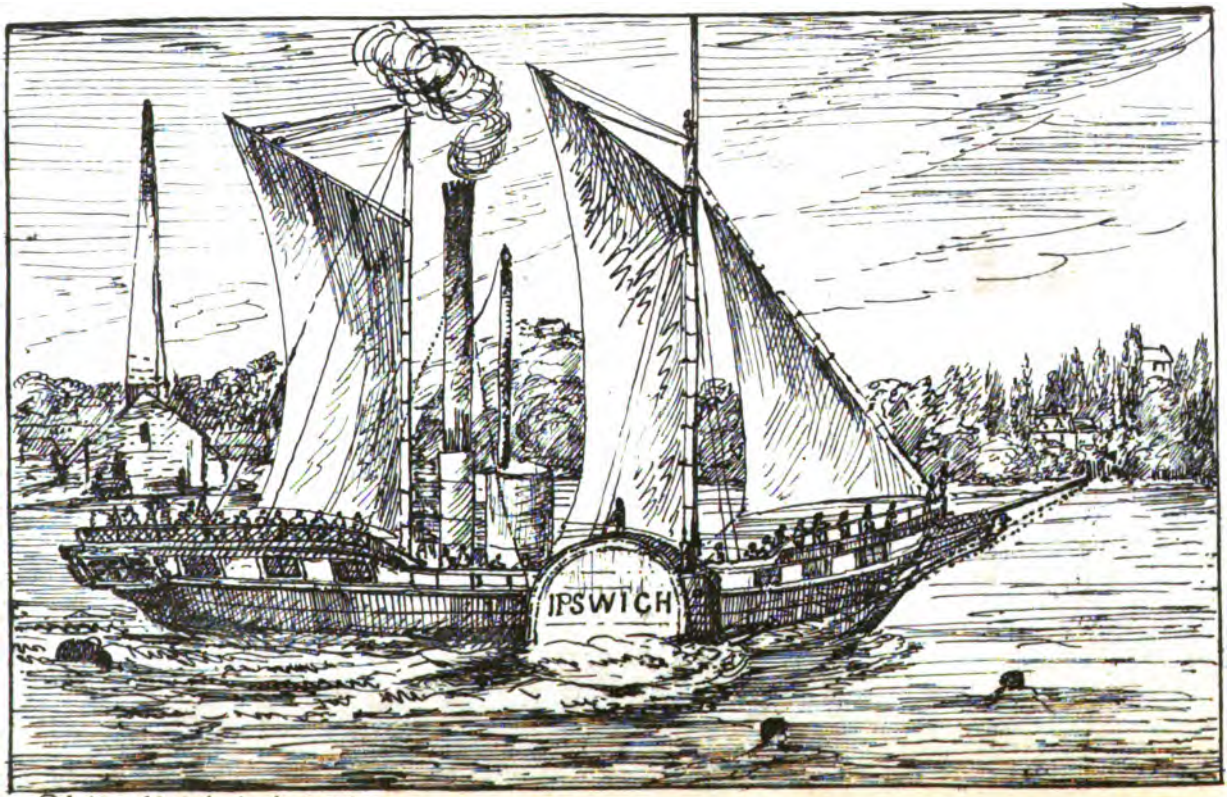
Rich^d. Cobbold inv^t. et fecit

A LADY MAKING AN IMPRESSION.

Pray wouldst thou make impression good,
  Let not the wax grow cold;
For, Lady, be it understood,
  Impressions cannot hold,
When once the chilling mould
  Applied to wax grown old,
Be not adapted as it should.

But, Lady, when the flame
  Has soften'd down the same,
Ere chilling blasts have blown,
  And made it hard as stone,
Impressions stampt by virtuous Love,
Will ever lasting, ever constant prove.

Fair maiden, take thy seal,
  And make impression good:—
May faithfulness reveal
  The truth, affection should;
Thy hand bestow'd where honest worth is shewn,
May such impression every where be known.



Richd. Cobbold invt et fecit.

THE STEAM PACKET.

The steamer moving on the stream,
By force compulsive driven,
Perhaps, an argument may seem
Against affection given.

But pray Sir, why? because if art,
Can thus o'er nature steer;
Wilt thou infer, the human heart,
May conquer, insincere?

The argument, will not apply;—
Man's art may much subdue!
'Tis Love, in pure sincerity,
Can conquer and keep true.—

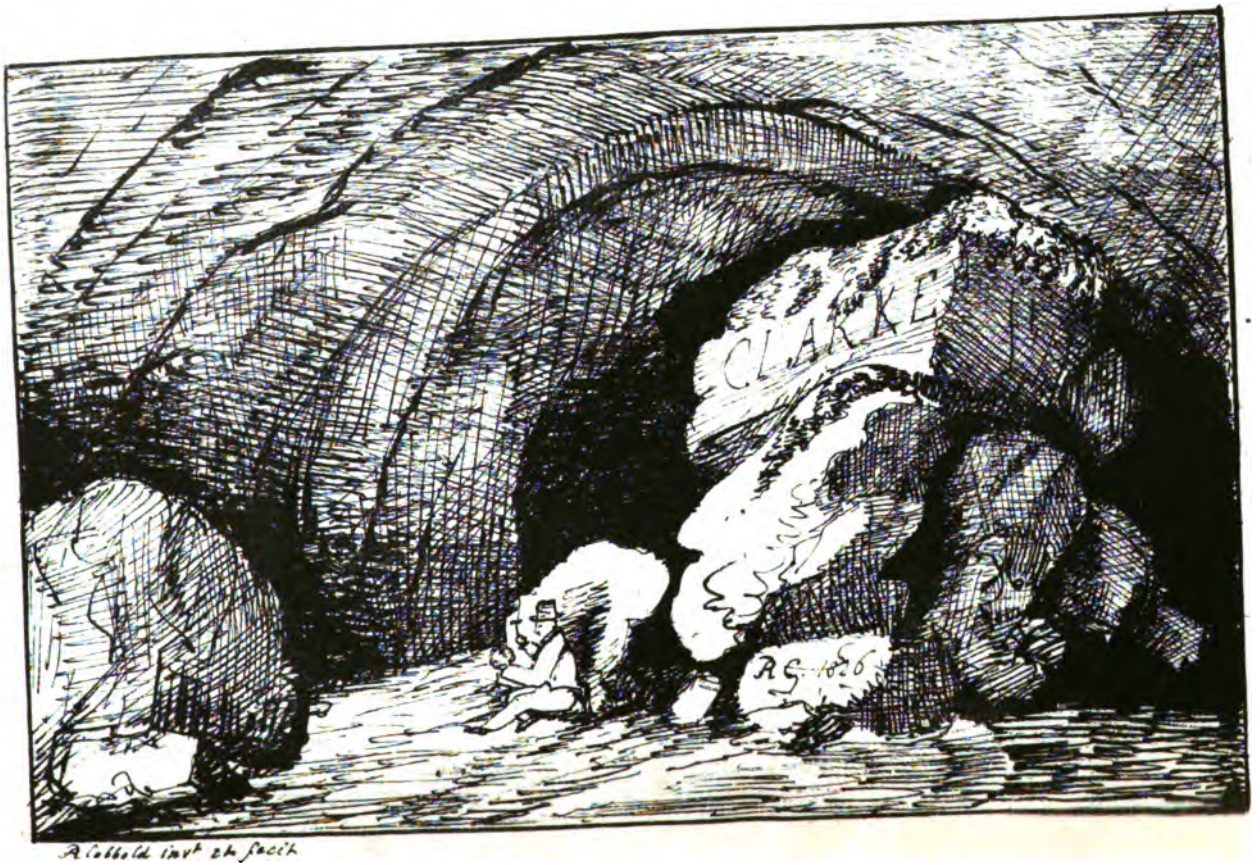
O'er nature, art may so prevail,
The bark 'gainst wind and tide,
May move without the help of sail,
But will it safely glide?

Who keeps the storm! who governs all!
  Who smiles at human art?
Who bids the ocean at his call,
  From deepest fathom start?

'Tis nature's God, and God is Love,
  Then pray Sir tell me plainly,
If all our efforts would not prove,
  Without him, we work vainly?

Go hasten to the "Ipswich" bark,
  O'er sweetest river glide!
The Orwell, and its beauties mark,
  At morn, or even-tide!

The packet waits, and hast thou love,
  Of truth with heart and mind,
In safety thou wilt surely move,
  And pure affection find.

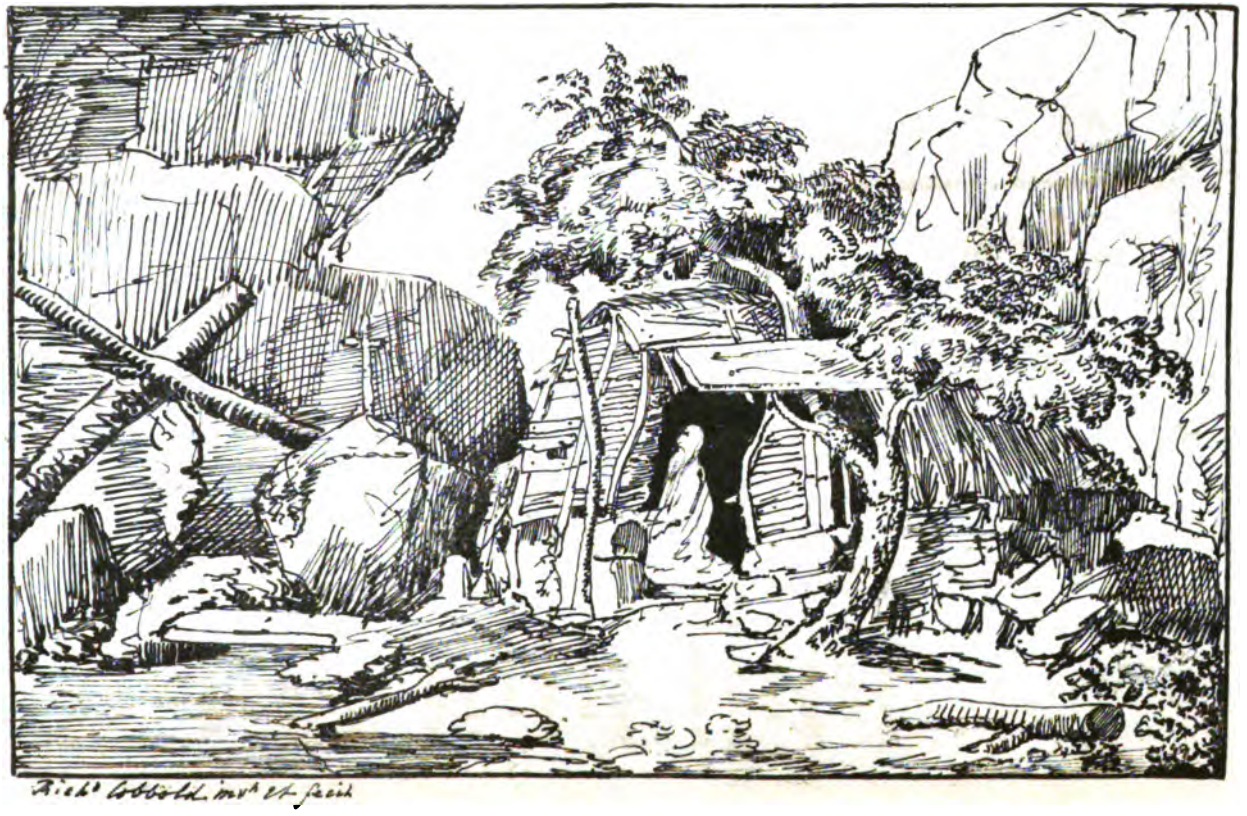


A Cobbold invt et fecit

THE GEOLOGIST.

What deep afflictions entertain the mind
Of curious Geologists, inclin'd
To search midst nature's hidden store,
For minerals, for specimens of ore;
For secret properties enclosed in earth,
To see what causes can produce the birth
Of such and such effects.—How oft my sight,
Has seen the searcher, with no mean delight,
Breaking the mass of silex, or of clay;
My ears have heard his descant on his prey,
With much of interest; I've seen his eye
Glisten in midst of a discovery.
Methought me often, could the same intent
On man's improvement of the heart, be bent,
What great discoveries would mortals find,
In making scientific, human kind.
But man is clay;—his properties you'll own,
Require deep study to proclaim them known;

His composition is so strangely full
Of varied matter, that no common rule,—
Except this one, that from his very birth
He is the most inexplicable earth,—
Will serve for guidance. Yet there is a way
By which he may be known; and science may
Be greatly benefitted by this plan,
If every man would study, each, his man.
For surely thus, Geologists would prove,
The matrix of all matter must be Love.


Richd Cobbold. inv.t et fecit

THE HERMIT.

Deep in the shade, obscured from life,
The pious Hermit kneels,
Disgusted with the world and strife,
Devotion all he feels;
From morn to eve, the fervent prayer,
Is all his pleasure and his care.

Say, has the Hermit charms for thee?
In solitude and peace,
Wouldst thou consent the world to flee,
And live in such recess?
O Lady, let the world's wide stage,
Be but to thee a Hermitage.

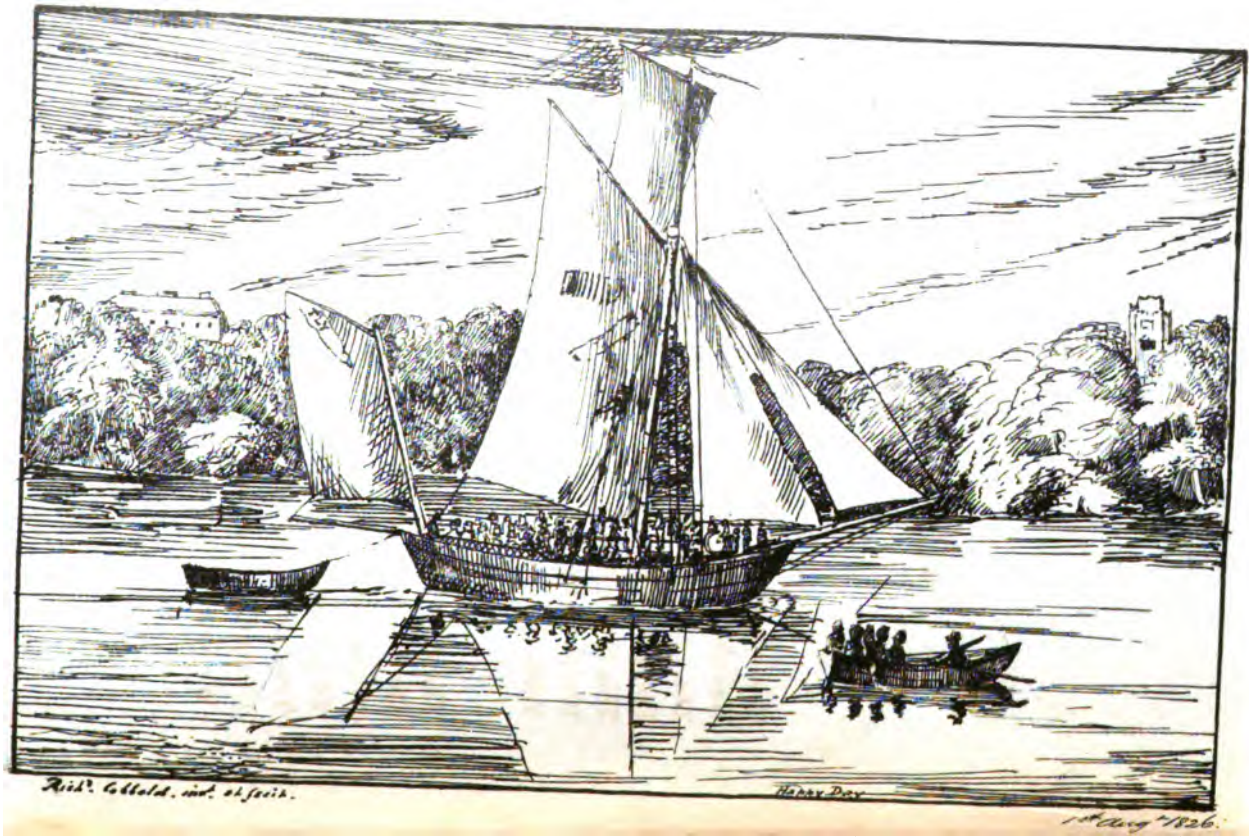
For life may be as truly sweet,
And piety as warm,
In midst of hall, or crowded street,
If love but give the charm:
Misanthrophy, can never be
A proof of Love or Piety.

Richd Cobbold fecit

THE TORRENT.

The torrent foaming, bursts along,
Like Hero's love, or Poet's song,
No obstacle can stop its speed,
No force compelling force, impede;
It dashes far and wide the spray,
Midst rocks and passes finds a way.

A noble spirit, bold and free,
May live to find its liberty;
And torrent-like, may speed along,
O'er vice and folly's gilded throng;
From Crystal Font, of purest source,
May steer a new and noble course;
May spurn the obstacles of pride,
And reach the Ocean's flowing tide;
But stream pursuing such a course,
In Rock of Love, must take its source.


Richd. Cobbold. invt. et fecit.
Happy Day
1st Augt 1826.

THE WATER PARTY.

O lovely day! the River's flowing tide,
Has shone so brightly in the Poet's eye;
The sun in splendor, o'er the Heaven's wide,
Display'd his beams upon our revelry;
This lovely day, in vessel named the Fly,
We've flown delightfully o'er Orwell's stream,
With cheerful hearts, in midst of lively dream.

The dream is o'er,—yet fancy still retains
The sweet remembrance of the pleasant hours,
Nor ought of care, or ought of pain remains,
To sully our delight. Sweet peaceful pow'rs,
True mortal pleasure, has indeed been our's;
If happiness the cheerful heart can have,
We found it with us, on the Orwell's wave.

The morn was bright, the breezes fairly blew,
The sail swell'd gently with the fav'ring wind,
As from the port of Ipswich we withdrew,
And left our homes, and kindred far behind :
The treat was great, for friendship, heart, and mind ;
We felt enchanted with the Orwell's tide,
With lovely nature, and with love beside.

Beneath the battlements of Landguard-Fort,
We wandered playfully the time away,
And found that pleasure of a cheering sort,
Which says, be thankful and enjoy the day :
Good hearts of gratitude may truly say,
To-day we've seen that Orwell's wave delights
The hearts of virtuous and happy wights.

Returning home, declining evening brown,
Midst floating clouds reflected on the stream ;
The misty shadows spreading o'er the Town
Made darkness visible. Phosphoric gleam,
Of vessel moving in the twilight beam,
Ran here and there, a sparkling vivid light,
O'er Orwell's waters, at the approach of night.

A band of music, playing "Home sweet Home"!
With friends and townsmen meeting on the tide;
Some came in boats to welcome us, and some
In varied parties on the River's side;
I write with pleasure, far away false pride,
With hearts of thankfulness we joy'd to sing
The Briton's anthem, 'twas "God save the King"!

O long, dear Ipswich, may thy cheerful smile,
Greet friends and faithful fair ones on the wave;—
May those be happy, who, avoiding guile,
Steer the straight course, and would not think to crave
A moment's pleasure others cannot have.
Dear Ipswich! Orwell! banks! my native place!
Dear friends, and Christians, thus my Love I trace.

CÆSAR PASSING THE RUBICON.

Pause! dread Ambition! Pause thou horrid fiend
Of civil discord! Cæsar paus'd awhile;
O not to think, but urge his soldiers on.
Stung with offended honor, Pompey's pride,
Cabals at home, and jealousies within;
The Hero's wrongs were magnified to crime
Resentment, rage, and passion had inflam'd
His noble Spirit. He but saw in Rome
The object of his aim. To conquer worlds,
And yet be subject to the will of one,
No more, and not so much a conquerer!
To conquer Worlds, and be in Rome denied;
O no! it was not Cæsar! He, or nought,
The first, or last! or Victory, or Death!
Cæsar was Cæsar, at the Rubicon.

'Tis mighty well: let Cæsar be a king,
And those who like it, imitate his step;
Hadst thou, or I, been leader of the host
That Cæsar was, and seen as Roman did,

The only Virtue in the art of war,
We should have foremost past the boundary;
And bade defiance to the foe, who stood
'Twixt us and Honor.
Glory, Sir, is chang'd.—
Our Spirits are within us, to subdue
Those deadly passions, which engender strife.
England has heroes! may she ever have,
Such faithful soldiers as obey the word
Commanded them by leader from above.

'Twixt us and Love, the Rubicon of Pride
Flows seemingly a quiet placid stream.
What thousands sailing shamelessly along,
Steer o'er its waters, and pretend to pass;
Yet never care, or ever dare, to stem
This torrent of the World. 'Tis well! 'tis well!
Our Leader has advanced, a mightier One
Than ever Cæsar could be; He has gone,
And shown us, how the river may be past.

Be brave! be faithful! Conquer, Sir, thyself.—
Forgive, and be not angry with the line;
But onward, onward, o'er the world pass on,
Be more than Cæsar, at the Rubicon.

Rich.d Cobbold inv.t et fecit

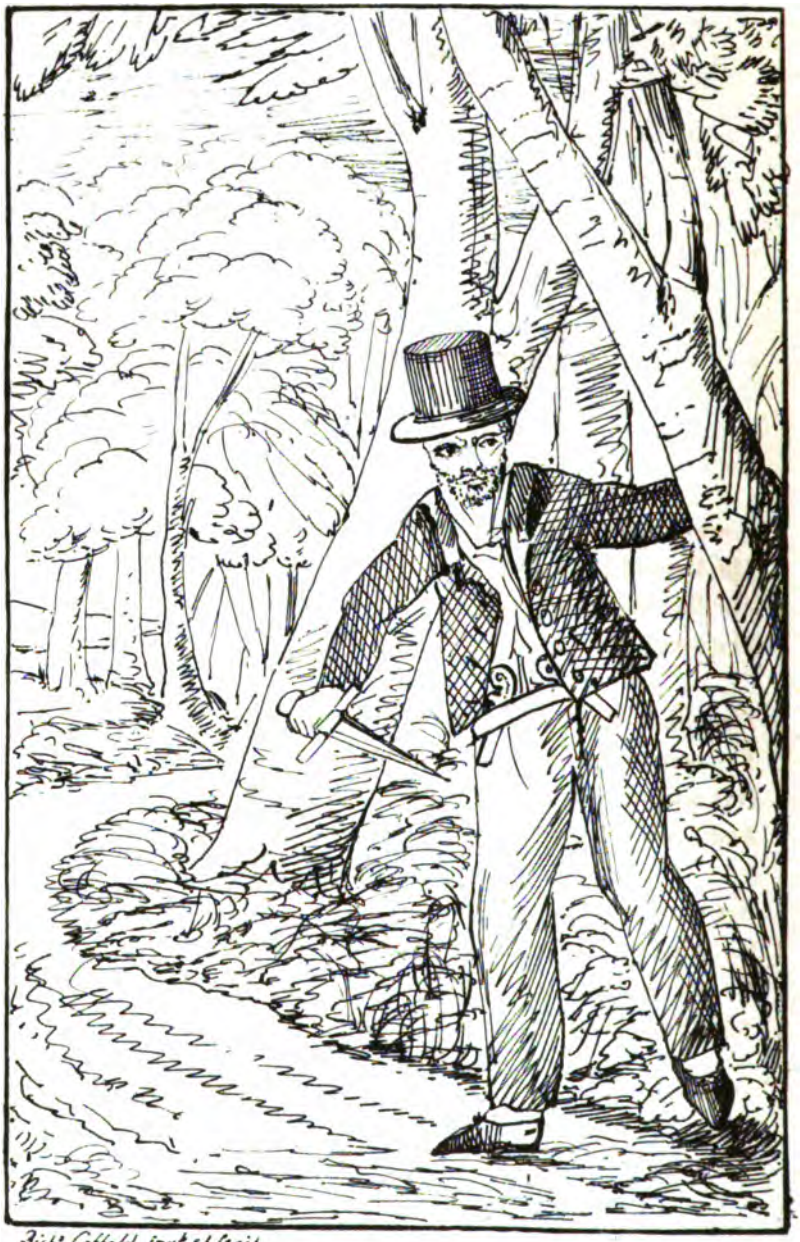
THE SPECTRE.

Ghosts, goblins, spectres, shades, & shapeless forms,
Terrific visitors of midnight hour,
Come hither! come, ye, harbingers of storms,
And show your faces, and reveal your pow'r.
Run Ladies! run, for hither comes I ween,
The horrid Spectre of St. Margaret's Green,

With arms extended see it moves along,
Its eye-ball flashing with the burst of fire,
It looks at once o'er all the busy throng,
Intent on none. Dear Ladies, don't respire,
For fear it hear ye; and conceive your sigh,
A certain proof of insincerity.

It moves with caution, slowly paces round,
With step so solemn, all are fill'd with fear;
It looks in vain, no lady can be found,
Of fickle heart of folly, seated near;
Now gliding on, it passes in the dark,
And leaves the Green, to wander in the Park.

All Ghosts and goblins, are but silly things,
  Like this invention of the busy brain,—
But Lady, Spectre of Coquetry, springs
  From conscious pride of beauty, giving pain;
May no such Spectre ever wait on thee
Disturb thy slumbers, or thy harmony.



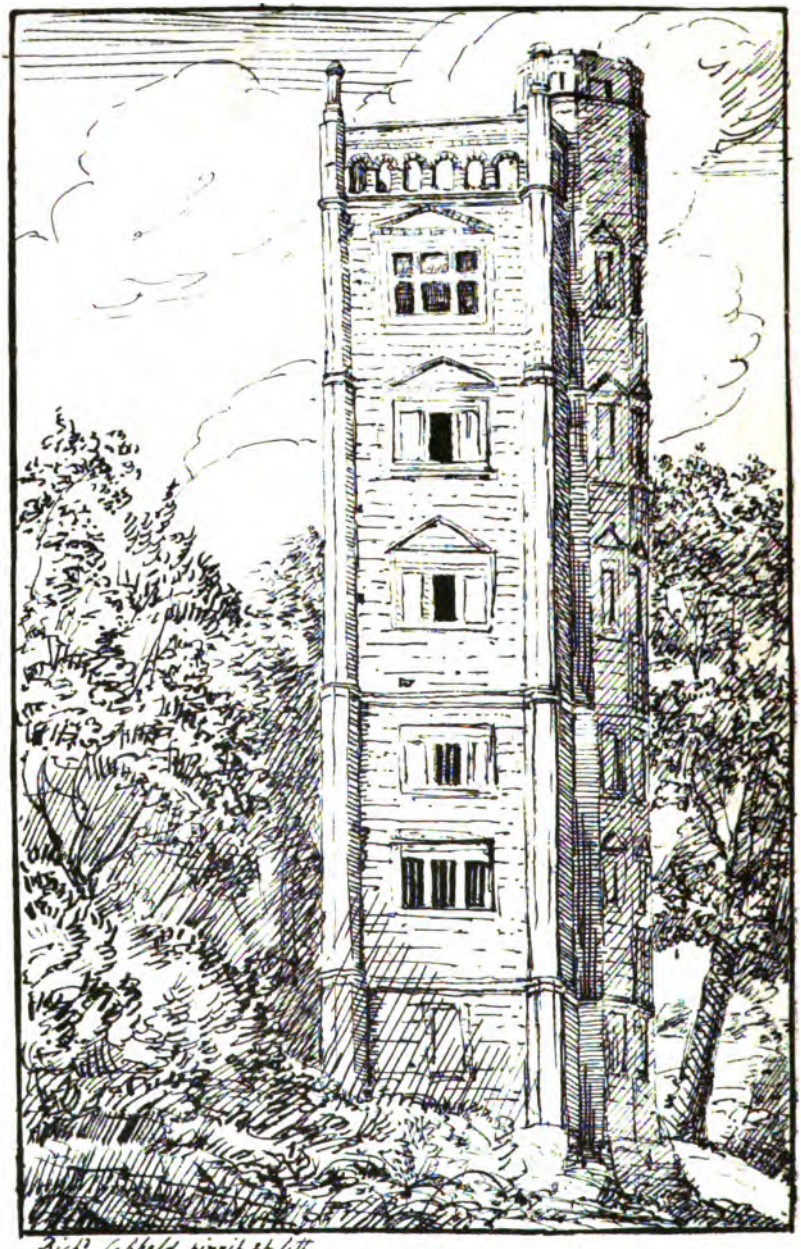
Rich.d Cobbold inv.t et fecit.

THE ROBBER.

Good laws do terrify the evil mind;
The laws of Love do pacify and bind;—
The Robber trembles, when to rob inclin'd;
The lover feels, when lover is unkind.

The villain steals, and coward-like would kill;
The man of Treachery will do his will;—
But man of Honor will his word fulfil,
And Love, be Love, and Lover, Lover still.

Art thou a Robber of a lady's heart?
Go, give thine own, an honest counterpart;
Or laws of Love will make thy conscience smart,
And thou a Robber, at this Robber start.

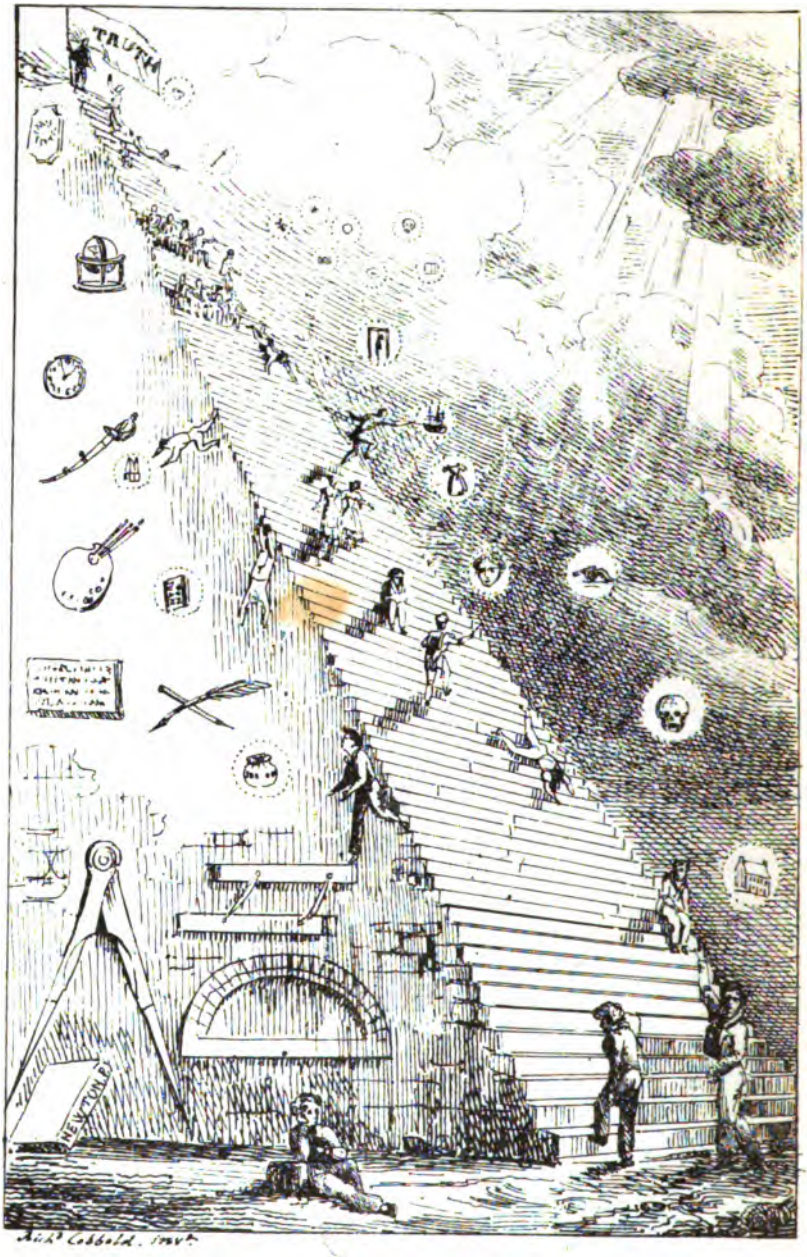

Richd. Cobbold pinxit et lith.

FRESTON TOWER.

Fair Lady, this Tower, by the Orwell is standing,
A fine view of land, wood, and water commanding;
But soon will the maidens of Ipswich discover,
It commanded a view of a desperate Lover.

O'er History's page let the curious wander,
And dwell on the feats of the far fam'd Leander;
A braver than he, from the Alveshborne side,
Swam to conquer, and merit the loveliest bride.

But soon if my time and my talents have power,
Thou Lady shalt learn, the strange tale of this Tower;
In the mean time behold it, a building of pleasure,
Go and visit the turret, and con it at leisure.


TRUTH
NEWTON
Richd Cobbold. Invt.

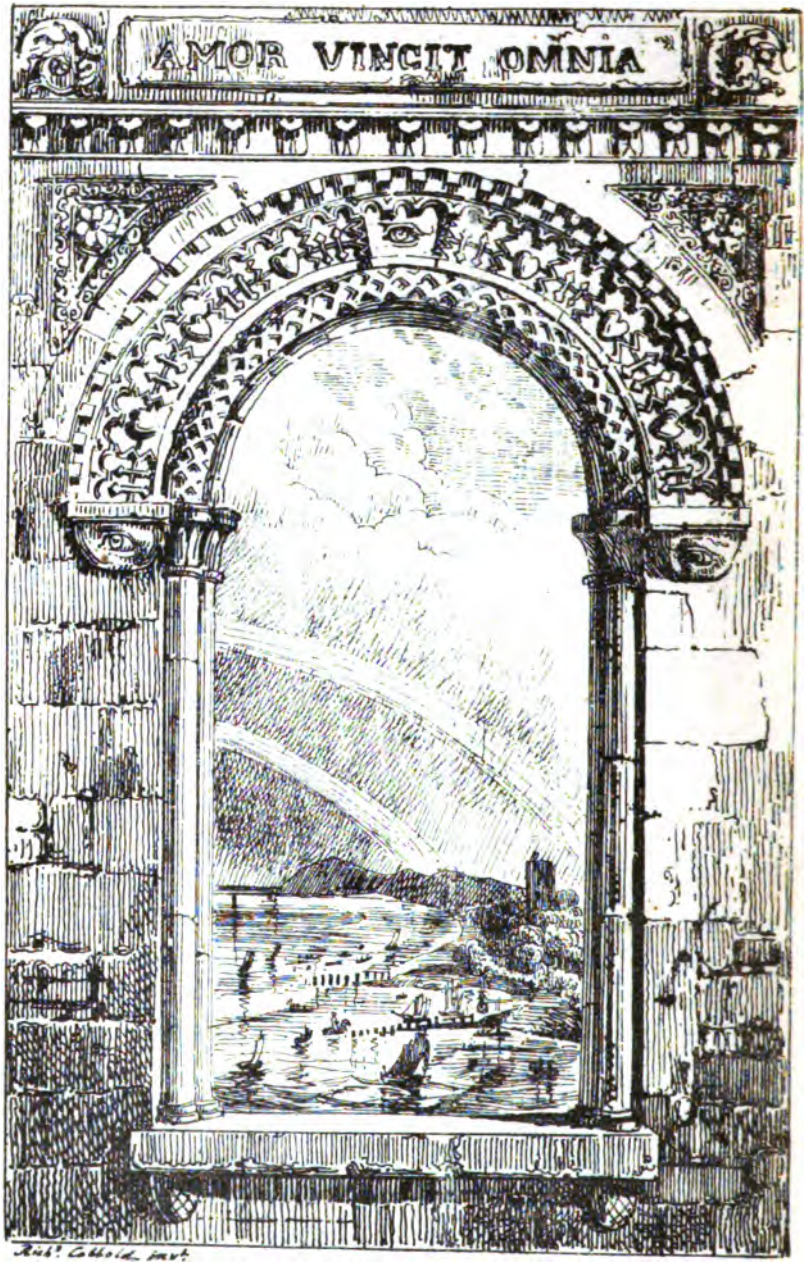
THE TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

Genius Triumphant must have courted Truth,
Through toil and trouble. Men may dare the steep,
And start in boy-hood up the long ascent,
But few will reach the summit of renown.
How many try, but go not heart and soul,
Undaunted, fearless; more encouraged far
By frequent opposition, than by praise.
How many, at the onset, lift the hand,
And point to honor, and courageous seem,
Not thinking of the steps they have to take.
At first advancing, see the youths begin,
The toilsome journey. One with quiet mien,
Another with a hasty awkward gait;
One but few steps advanc'd, bethinks himself,
How foolish to proceed, when house and home,
Heriditary mansion, and estate,
Await his coming at the age of man:—

Honor is pleasant, but it seems to him,
That all who seek it, aim at present good—
Possession of the competence he has—
And so content, he seats himself at ease,
In promise of the title in his view.
One farther goes: by unexpected gift,
A legacy, a wind-fall by a will,
A hundred thousand, or, as much as seems
Sufficient for the purposes of pride,
To make him parallel with magnitude;
He soon grows giddy, and descends again
To base beneath him. See, another falls!
O not unpitied, but beloved by all;—
In midst of honorable, steady course,
Cut off by death, when parents, friends, and kin,
Were watching his ascent. Too anxious they,
Too ardent he, beyond the strength of youth.
The soldier spirit, genius of war,
With sword uplift, aspiring to the height
Of conquest and conceit; in cannon's roar,
Conceives the victory gain'd. Alas! how soon
His triumph passes; though his hand be stain'd
With blood of enemies; he falls to earth,
A victim to the chance, and ills of war.
Another sits, with jealously cast down,
Disturb'd at other's merit. Not one step

In firm pursuit of industry, he takes;
But low and sullen, broods upon his lot,
Dissatisfied, disgusted, and deceived.
An author, lawyer, orator, or one
Who acts for praise, and cannot brook the Truth.
Pass on:—The libertine, who cares for nought
But selfish fame, no matter how attain'd,
With no regard for rectitude, falls down
With books, pens, pencils, pallet, and his works,
His genius unable to proceed
Beyond deception. Ladies too of fame,
Fine talents, promising, accomplish'd, fair,
Aspirant, seeking to oustep their Lords,
By splendor dazzled, or the pride of dress,
Too confident in midst of their career,
Fall victims to their vanity.—The tar
Leaps from the pier, but taking step too short,
Falls to the ocean; Priest at mitre aims
And finds himself mistaken.—Swindler too,
Of talents most uncommon; had but truth
And strict integrity preserv'd his feet,
Instead of gibbet, might have found a height
Most honourable, creditable, just,
A rich reward of industry. Alas!
What numbers fall, when almost every eye
Is watching their success.—What numbers sit,

In contemplative eminence, content ;
As if the world were all to be desired.
But truth, above them, fix'd upon the height,
Has no such votaries.—Go higher thou,
Who fond of eminence in perfect Love,
Art ardent, indefatigable, firm,
Regarding truth more brilliant than the world ;
More bright than Human Wisdom. There Sir, pause,
And breathe most freely, and behold the past,
The dangers, and the distance thou hast gone :
Thence looking out, the promis'd land of bliss,
May happily be seen :—Be thine with eyes
Of Genius Triumphant, to behold the Prize.


AMOR VINCIT OMNIA

THE ARCH.

Lady, thou canst tell me why,
This arch resembles love;
Lady! solve the mystery,
Thine own affection prove.

Love is an arch, in ev'ry sense,
Except in fiend-like view;
Connected with the present tense,
Angelic, firm and true.

The arch of Heaven is bright and clear,
Extended far and wide,
The arch of Love, is no less dear,
No less than constant bride;—

'Twill never break, 'twill never fall,
Its beauty ne'er decay,
May such an arch, extend o'er all,
And all their Love display.

THE RESCUE.

The flame around a female spread,
Consuming like the burning lead,
No hope appear'd, all chance afar,
Her only prospect seem'd despair.

A villain to the mansion came,
And lit the fire, and fann'd the flame;
Then, like a fiend, beheld the pile,
Beheld it burning, with a smile.

A noble youth who saw the fair,
And ever for distress, would dare
The danger of a gallant deed,
Did brave the moment and succeed.

But how? In midst of all alarms,
He took the maiden to his arms;
He sav'd her at the risk of life,
And made her his, a happy wife!

The Rescue, in a moral sense,
Was Virtue's richest recompence.
Accept with pleasure then the line,
May such reward be ever thine.

Rich.d Cobbold inv.t et fecit.

THE SOLDIER'S LEAVE.

Is there a bliss when Lovers meet?
Is there a word to Friendship sweet?
Is there on earth a bitter knell?
'Tis when the tongue must say farewell!

Is there a sound can reach the heart?
Is it a pang to meet and part?
Is it delight, the truth to tell?
'Tis misery to say—farewell!

Is it a woe, and is it sorrow,
To come to-day, depart to-morrow?
To feel in nature bound by spell,
And yet to breathe the word farewell?

Go to the world, and look around,
Try this and that enchanting sound;
Thou wilt not find in tongue of bell,
So sad a sound as that farewell!

Farewell! the word is truly spoken,
Though the heart be almost broken;
Time must now my tongue compel,
To speak the word,—farewell! farewell!

So spake the Soldier to the maid,
'Twas the last word he ever said;
Except in battle, as he fell,
"My dearest girl! farewell! farewell!"

He took his leave! perhaps, Sir, thou
Mayst one day such a feeling know;
If so, thine heart like mine must swell,
To write or speak the word,—Farewell.

Richd Cobbold. inv. et fecit.

THE TREE OF JAVA.

'Tis a fiction, Sir, be sure,
Though some may deem it true;
I do not wish, Sir, to allure
Your senses from the view;
If you believe the simple tale,
Pray let the moral then prevail.—

'Tis said, the Tree of Java, stands
A lonely loathsome tree,
In midst of dreary trackless sands,
From vegetation free;
That not a bird, or beast, can bear,
For four miles round it, earth or air.

The poison'd gum, with rapid knife,
Is cut from off the tree,
By slaves condemn'd, who lose their life,
Or gain their liberty.
The arrow with the poison round,
Is sure to give a mortal wound.

The tree of Pride within our isle,
  Grows just as deadly too;
You do not think it by your smile,
  Believe me, it is true!
We slaves of men, the poison take,
'Tis Love alone, the ill can slake.

I've seen the tree! within its range
  I wandered once myself,
And caught infection; passing strange
  The consequence of pelf;
But have I 'scap'd it?—Time will prove,
The good effects of healing Love.

The Tree of Java, on the other side,
May fairly picture to you Human Pride.
I need but add,—Pray do not disapprove,
Of tree so fatal, being fell'd by Love.

Rich. Cobbold inv. et fecit

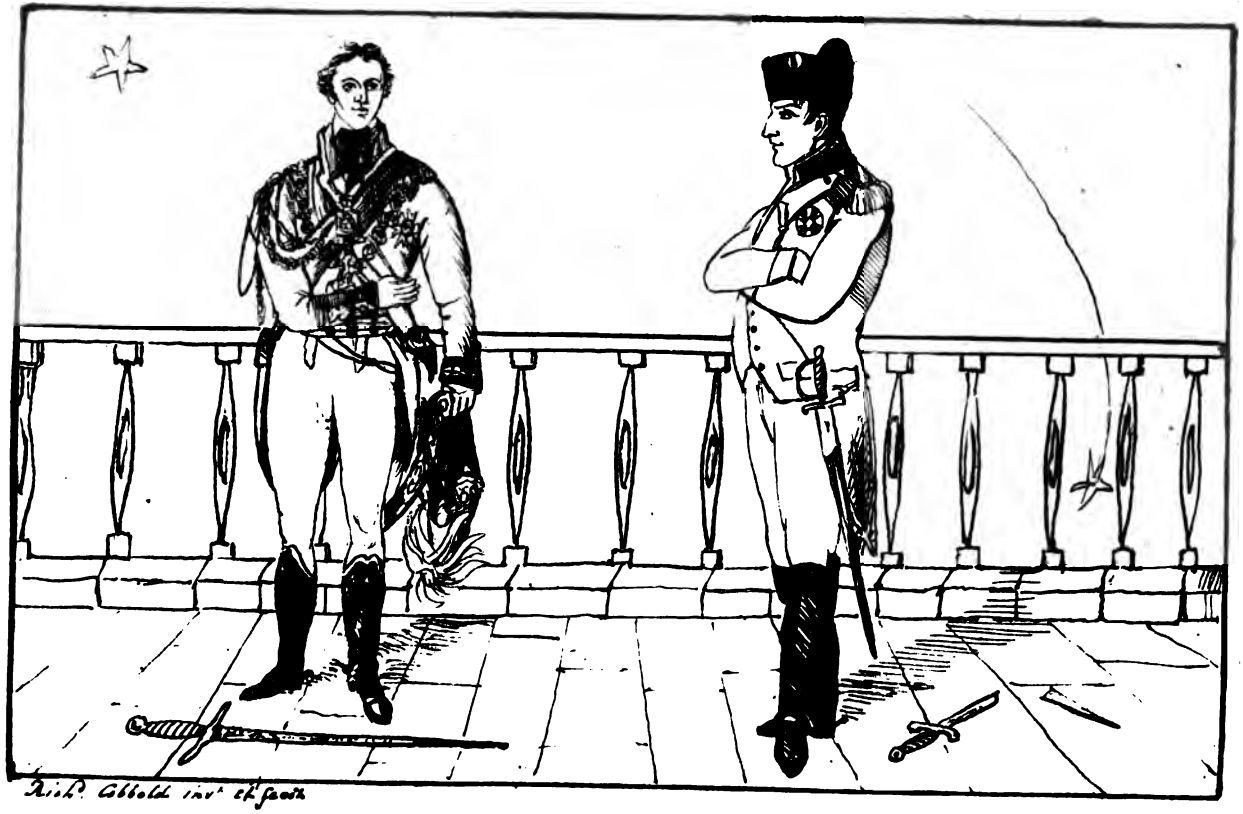
THE MINE.

Deep in the caverns of the hollow earth,
  Are hid those riches which the world calls wealth;
The dark dull mine, to pageantry gives birth,
  To Pride, to hate, to envy, and to stealth;
  To Love destructive, and the same to health;
Affection, Lady, is the richest mine,
May some one take the greatest share in Thine.

I do not flatter; but believe the truth,
  A woman's love, is better far than gold;
I would not sell it in my day of youth,
  No, not though millions were before me told;
  I would not sell it, were I growing old.
But some will smile, and utter this is fine!
So let them smile, they know not what is mine.

But this is thine: Fair lady, know ye this,
To love in truth the richest will incline;
The poorest beggar may partake of bliss,
And find in Love, the treasure of a mine
So inexhausted, that the Poet's line
Might run for ever, and yet still run on
Relating truth,—till time itself were gone.

If such a mine Affection can afford,
O Lady! mayst thou find it in thy Lord!


Richd. Gibbold. inv.t et fec.t

WELLINGTON AND BONAPARTE.

Ye Youths of Britain mark the contrast here,
Betwixt two Heroes,—mark their strange career:
See one exalted in his country's eye,
The other humbled for his treachery.
Think ye no Pow'r superior to all,
Commanded this to rise, and that to fall?
Think ye the Hero, who so highly stands,
Admir'd in this, and fear'd in other lands,
Could ever to such pitch of honor rise,
Unless protected from his enemies?
Who gave that eye, the rapid glance to see,
Where best was shewn, the chance of victory?
Who gave that firmness in the battle's hour?
Who made that Spirit mighty with his Power?
Who rais'd thee up for purposes unknown,
And gave thee talents, which have now been shown?
O Wellington! though mighty be thy fame,
I know, thou know'st, a mightier Victor's name!
I do not flatter, 'tis enough for me,
To say I like thee for fidelity!

And ev'ry man (though war oppress my heart,)
Has my esteem, who acts a faithful part.
But who am I! Proud boaster, of what clan?
A humble Christian, and an Englishman;
Nor would I ever for the widest range,
Condition upon earth with any change;
Be sure of this, thou hast the honest truth,
From hand and heart of independent youth.

Observe the contrast, youths of any clime,
See Bonaparte humbled in his prime;
With talents keen, a hero in his day,
Without fidelity. Ah! who shall stay,
On lofty pinnacle of this world's fame,
Unless consistency support his name?
Who, who shall dare, to think himself so grand
He's fit to conquer, and the world command?
To mortal man, such strength was never given;
'Tis His alone, who governs Earth and Heaven.
All, all who rule, must own His mighty sway,
And ruling best, His precepts will obey:
Napoleon fell; his advocates will own,
His God was Pride, Ambition was his throne!
How both were humbled, St. Helena shows;
So fall the faithless, to the faithful foes!
Youths, ye have seen how Virtue can abide;
Be sure of this, so falls the dæmon Pride.

THE RACK.

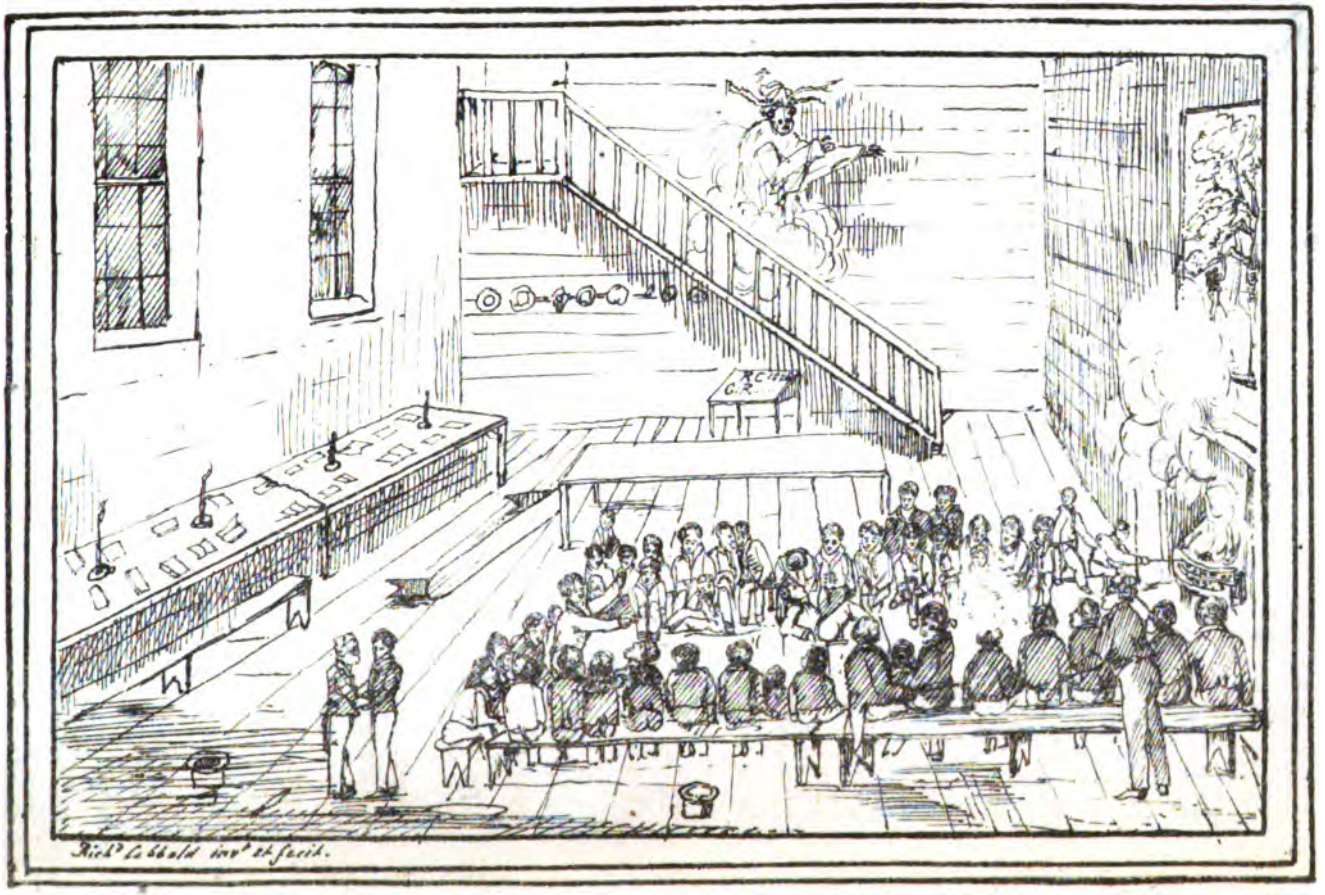
Torment me not! O pray relent!
Cease, cease the pang,—I will confess;—
Cease to inflict, to rack, torment,
And I'll confess, O yes, O yes!

My heavy heart is torn within,
Distracted with my cruel sin;
I own I loved, but not thyself,
I loved thine affluence, thy pelf,
But ah not thee; another had
My best affections. O I'm mad!

Torment me not!—Such pangs oppress,
They break my heart; they cut my soul.
Torment me not, and I'll confess
The perfect truth—the whole, the whole.

O pity, Lady, pity not,
The wretch in such a wretched lot;
For fault, for crime, he suffers now,
For making false a lover's vow;
He said he lov'd in day of youth,
And knew he spake not love in truth.
Thou wretched man, on looking back,
Who findst thy life a living rack.

Such be the fate of every one,
Who loves for aught but love alone,
And finds it out in after life,
He loves a woman, not his wife.
The rack of conscience makes us all,
For Love and pity, Lady, call.


Richd Cobbold inv.t et fecit.

THE STORY.

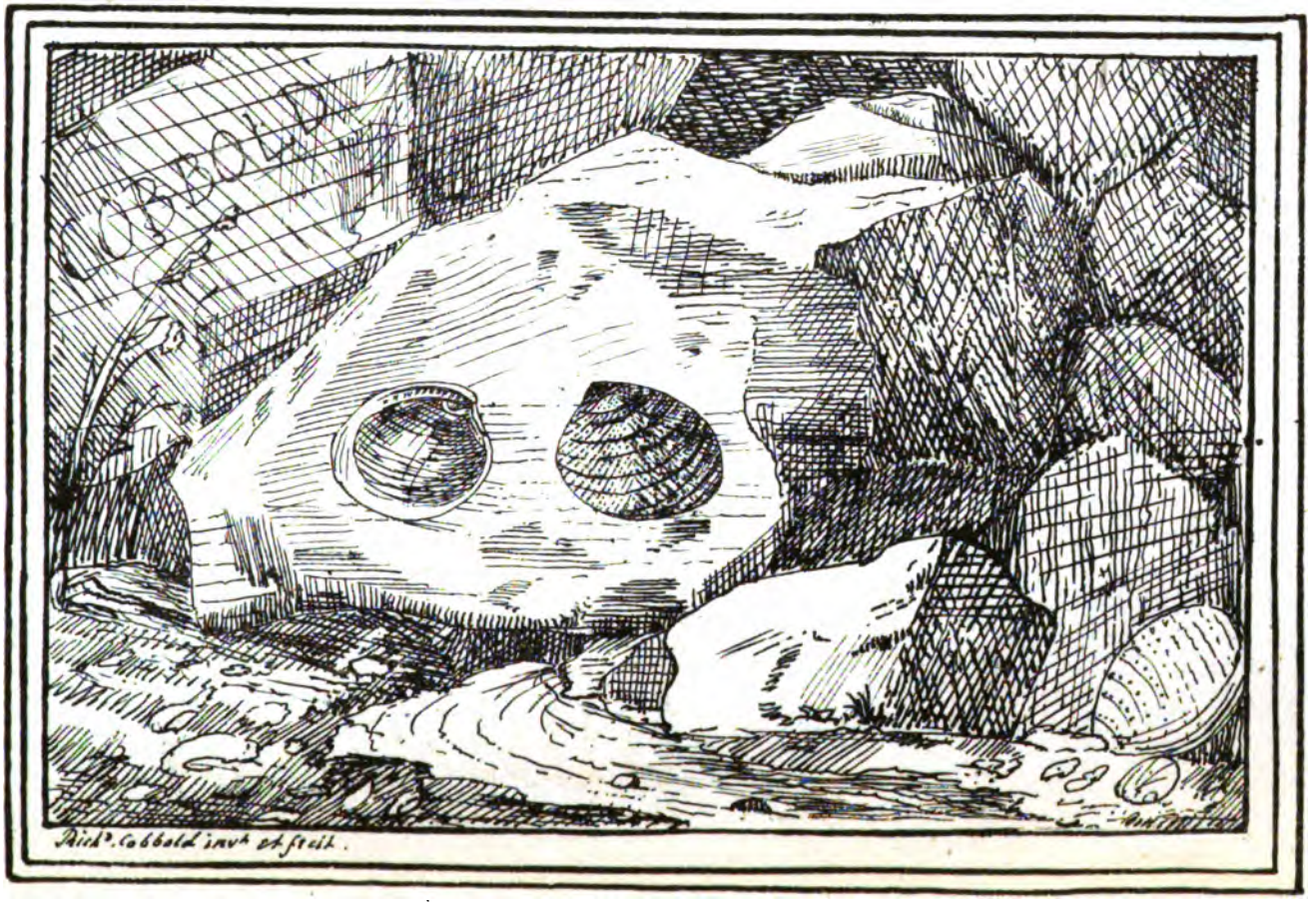
List to the tale. 'Twas thus, Sir, I
In early life, the school annoy'd,
When scarce a boy durst turn his eye,
So horrified, so overjoy'd,
To hear the ghost or goblin tread,
Or see some phantom of the dead.

In after life, when manhood came,
Believe me, Sir, 'twas just the same;—
And even now, as ardent youth,
I'd tell a story with some truth,
Would make you shudder and conceal,
The deep emotion you would feel.
But shall I venture on the song,
O no, I fear 'twould be too long;
Besides, I cannot, Sir, compose
So well in numbers as in prose.—

'Twas just the hour when owlets scream,
When faithless husbands roam abroad;
When cats are mewing, and the stream
Of fashionables tread the road,
To revel at the evening rout,
Or through the street to sculk about:—
'Twas just the hour, but where the man,
To see such things, such scene to scan;
No matter where, not far from hence,
I write, Sir, in that man's defence.

A wandering stranger all alone,
Was walking by the light of moon;
As down he sat upon the ground,
To contemplate the scene around,
He saw advancing by the light,
A figure drest in robe of white;—
A female form. As nearer now,
She past beneath the hanging bough,
He saw her weep, and heard her sigh,
And wring her hands so mournfully,
Her spirit seem'd to die within her;
And thus began the plantive sinner:—
"O had I led an upright life,
"I might have been a happy wife;
"For one who lov'd me, loves me still,
"Yet make me his, he never will,

"Nor can I hope it. Ah, poor me!
"Mine is a life of misery!"
No more, no more; her scarf was flung
Across the bough, and there she hung;
The stranger, be it briefly known,
Sans ceremonie, cut her down,
And soon convinc'd her, One above
Compassion had in purest Love.
A happy woman, if not wife,
She lives in hope of better life.
And now, Sir, whether whig or tory,
Here the Poet ends his story.—


Richd. Cobbold inv.t et fecit.

NUCULA COBBOLDIÆ.

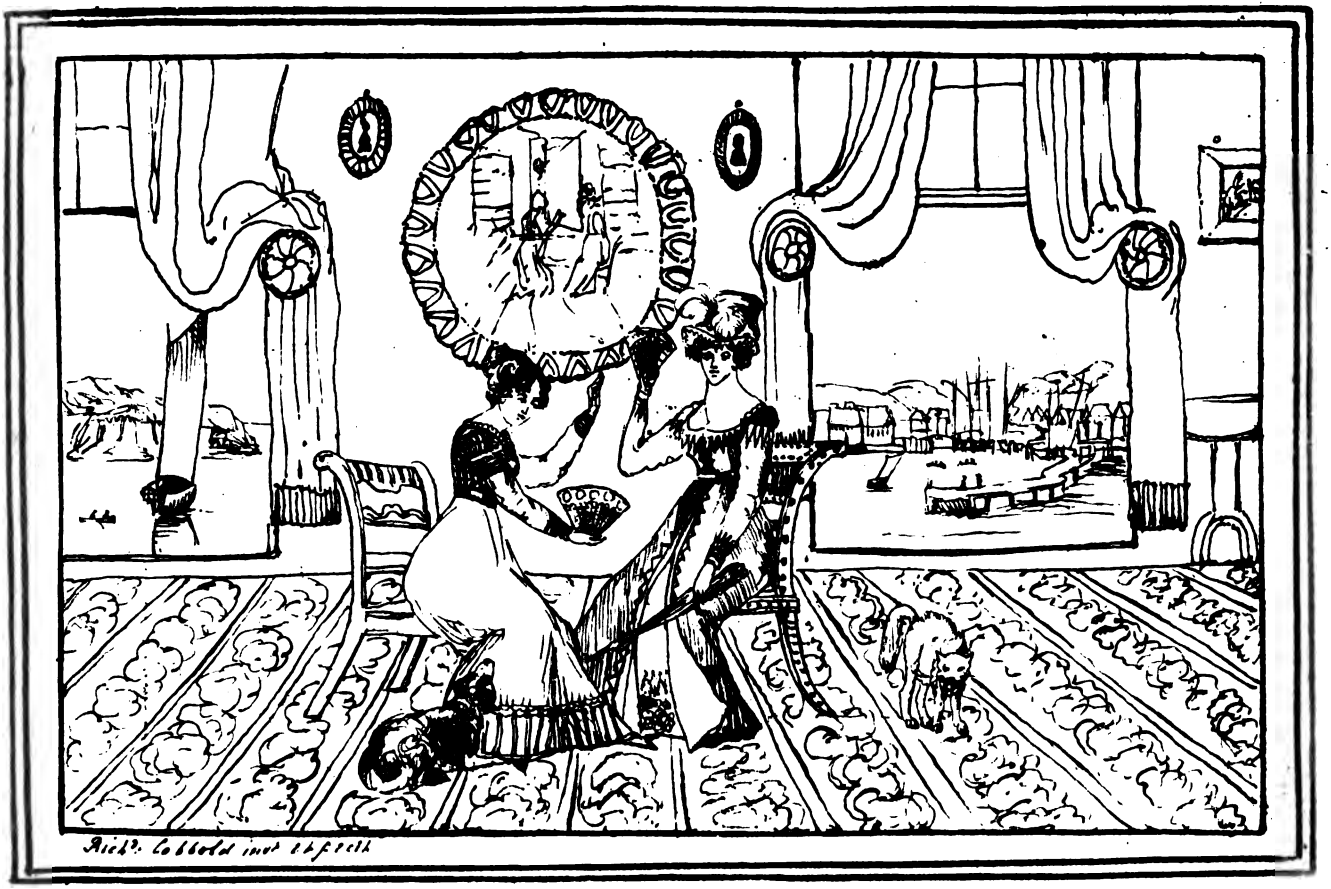
Hail Lady! sacred to the Poet's eye,
This Nucula Cobboldiæ; but why?
Because it speaks what never spake another,
The praise and honor of a tender Mother!
Well has conchologist in note below,
Recorded worth! that worth 'twas thine to know.
Forgive the feeling, let a Poet's song,
Express his gratitude? Ah, long! long! long!
Whilst son can feel, shall tenderness relate
A mother's worth; that worth 'tis mine to state.
Lady, has nature ever charm to wake,
Thy soul from slumber, at the morning's break?
Has sun a beam can glitter in thine eye?
Has diamond lustre? Didst thou ever spy

The secret glance from lover breaking forth?
If so, thou'lt estimate a parent's worth.
First sound of pleasure, in our infant day,
That being's name, who taught our lips to pray.
First sight of rapture, when the mother's head
Peeps in the cot, above the baby's bed!
Say, hast thou seen the pure extatic smile,
The start of Innocence? can love beguile
At any moment, care, or toil, or woe?
The infant's joyful leap, such pow'r must show.
When first essaying in the youthful throng,
A mother's smile has cheer'd our feeble song;
When first our years advancing with our height,
Her eye beheld, the gratifying sight.
Say, Lady, canst thou e'er behold another
So truly fond and faithful as thy mother?
Think thou with him who dedicates this line,
In purest transport of respect! of thine!
Was she a kind, affectionate, good friend;
Encouraged virtue; taught thee to attend
To moral precepts, and religion's voice?
To study nature? to be firm in choice?
To fear no mortal, but to love, obey;
Thy betters envy not; nor turn away
When aught of good, or honorable deed,
Remain'd for duty, to enforce with speed?

Say, has she prompted thee to seek and find,
In nature virtue, and in science mind;
Applauded good, reproved, in wisdom sound,
That vice too apt to kindle, and abound?
O Lady, such a mother was to me,
The dearest Nucula Cobboldiæ!

Hail thou this emblem of a Mother's Fame,
The richest Prize of merit;—A Good Name.—

NOTE. "Being desirous of commemorating MRS. COBBOLD, whose copious collection obtained with great industry, in company with several of the junior branches of her family, whom she delighted to inspire with a love for the works of Nature, from the Crag-pits of her own estate, evinces a degree of taste and zeal seldom met with; I have named this rare, and withal elegant shell, after her." *Vide Sowerby's Mineral Conchology, Vol. 2. page 177. plate 180.*


Richd. Cobbold inv. et fecit

THE SECRET.

Upon my word the tale is true,
  But mind you keep it well,
Or else, for ever in your view,
  No secret I shall tell.
She told me so; 'tis fact indeed,
And verily, 'tis all agreed.

You do not say so; hush, pray hush!
  Perchance the walls may hear!
I'm all astonishment; I blush,
  If any one be near!
Well, only think it; what a shame!
What pass 'tis come to, who's to blame?

Hush, hush! I heard my servant say
  She knew it long ago;
She told me cautiously to day,
  I soon should find it so;
My Marg'ret told me, Marg'ret knew
The whole transaction; so 'tis true.

Well, really now I think awhile,
I do not wonder much,
I always thought him full of guile,
And capable of such ;
But sure the world to pretty pass,
Is come at length ! Alas ! alas !

Now, what's the secret ! Shall I tell,—
The ladies may discover,
The fault is understood quite well,
'Tis said of Sarah's lover,—
Pray what is said ?—I wont distress !
Those who don't know, must try and guess.

THE CUP.

'Tis fashion in old England still,
Let no one e'er deter it,
A cup, in token of good will,
To give to Man of merit:
This was presented, Sir, last year,
Now represented boldly here.

May he receive the cup of bliss,
Who loves and never falters,
A cup more beautiful than this,
Whose value never alters;
One worth the price of richest gem,
More brilliant than a diadem.

The line is written, mark it well;
  This cup of merit shows,
The heart of yeomenry can tell
  How pure attachment glows.
In thus, presenting it to thee,
Accept the line of purity.

May Love be thine, for ever, ever pure,
A cup of bliss, most likely to endure.

DEAD GAME.

Time was, but ne'er will be again,
When I have made "dead game!"
A cruel shot; I've given pain,
Hast thou, Sir, done the same?

Time was, time is, and may be still,
For Sportsmen full of game,
But mark me, Sir, the present will
Increase the Poet's fame.

In love, O never, Sir, make sport,
Let honor keep thy name;
And never let the fair report,
That thou hast made dead Game.

Herb^t Cobbold inv^t et Fecit

THE FAIR FACE.

Thou'lt own, Sir, if ever thou chance to espy
In the face of affection, thy love;
The spirit seems speaking in flash of that eye,
Which can only behold and approve.

Come then tell me in truth,
If you love in your youth,
And you do not dissemble to-day;
Was there ever a sight
So replete with delight?
Was there ever! I pray you, Sir, say?

In face of the fair one, the maiden so dear,
O tell me, if summer has sky
So full of expression, so cloudless and clear
As the flash of that dear maiden's eye?

Then behold that fair face,
Which has nature's rich grace,
And the charm which affection can give;
Behold it with love;
Be ye constant, and prove
You would keep it as long as you live.

Richd Cobbold invt et fecit.

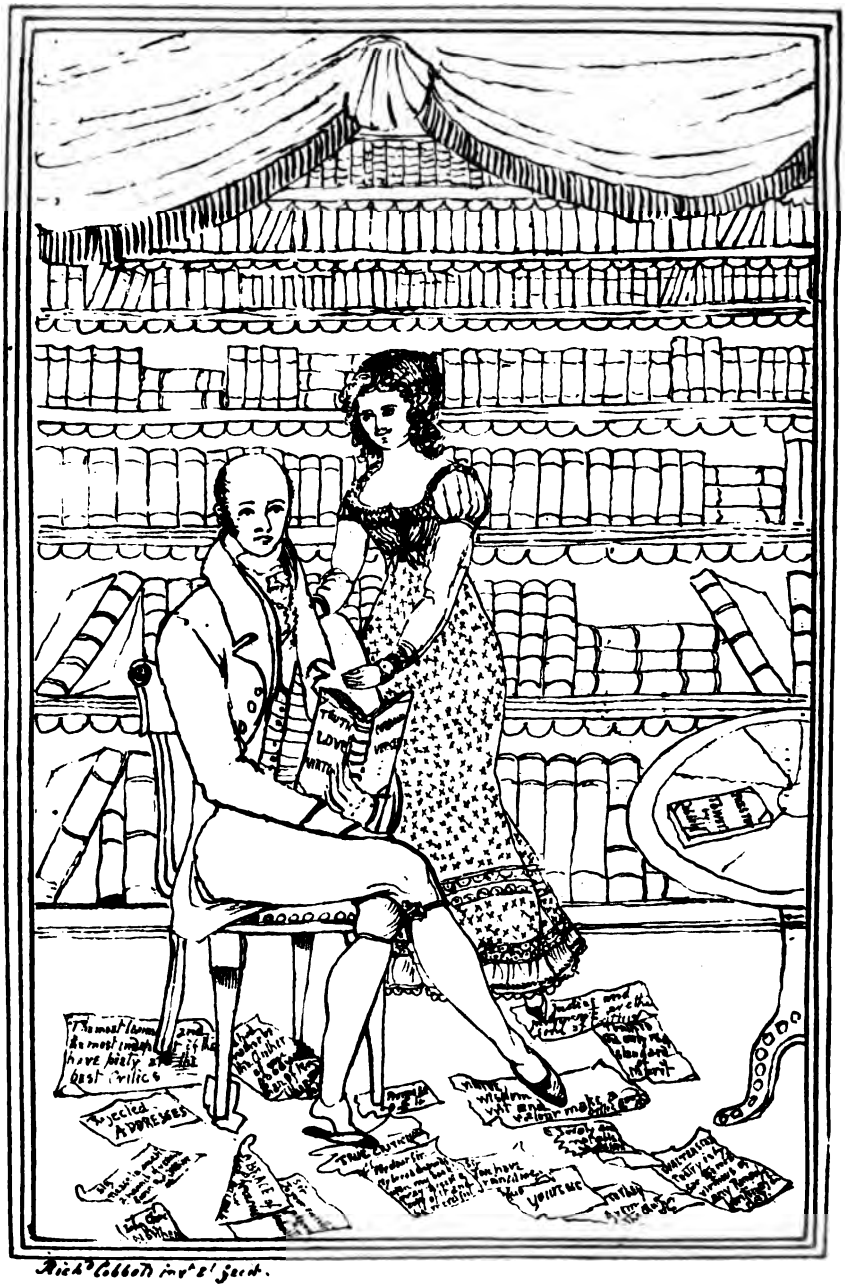
THE TAX GATHERER.

If a tax upon Love, would increase the demand,
Do you think that the country would suffer?
Believe me, Old England, my dear native Land,
(Though she wants not my spirit to puff her,)
Would fall to the level of nations not free,
Depress'd in her Love: But may such never be!

True Love! is the spirit of Honor, not Pride;
'Tis the freedom of Virtue, not art;
'Tis the soul of the bravest; 'tis nature's pure guide;
'Tis the proof of an excellent heart.
For Love would I suffer, but none should controul;
No pride, power, wealth, should enchain my free soul!

To my Country her dues; to my King due esteem;
To the peers, commons, people, regard;
To the girl of my heart like a King I would seem,
Like a king her true love would reward;
'Tis the province of man, who has Nature's pure sway,
To protect, love, and cherish,—but not to obey.

Forgive me, ye maidens, I mean none offence,
For no tax would I place upon Love,
Unless to read this, if ye think it good sense,
The few lines which are written above.
Such a Gath'rer of Taxes, indeed might complain;
He might rap at my door! I should say, rap again!



Richd Cobbold inv^t et sculp.

THE CRITIC.

Is the critic in Love? well, I think if he's blind,
I shall chance to escape in the dark;
If he's not, woe betide me! I'll warrant he'll find,
Enough for his sombre remark:—

But my line is before him! Methinks I espy,
The significant glance of his critical eye!
"These Cobboldian Verses, what pride and what stuff;
"Sure the man must be mad! I have read quite enough!
"Neither metre nor wit, neither wisdom nor rhyme!
"To pursue the perusal is losing my time!
"All the drawing's are bad! the designs for their parts,
"Prove the Poet no Artist, if Master of Arts!"

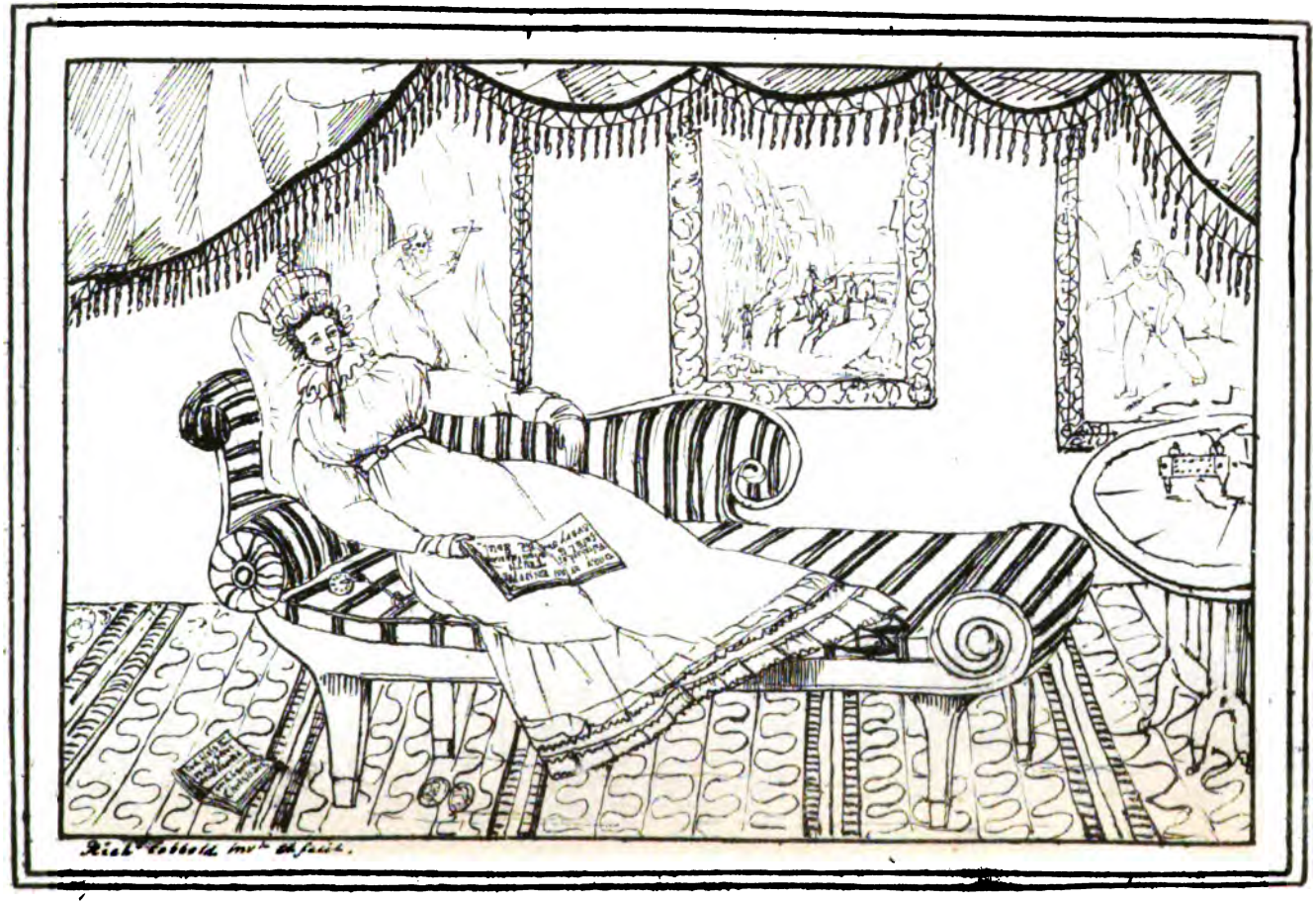
But methinks I espy now a creature of grace,
With a word on her lips, and a smile on her face:—
"Come, Sir, come you're severity's self my dear Crit!
You must own there's some point, if you call it not wit;
The designs you remember, pray don't be demure,
Are not done by an Artist, a mere Amatuer;
Now I'm positive too, if in love you should be,
With yourself or another, perhaps with poor me,
You will find in the moral a lesson worth keeping;
I see now a glance from your features are peeping,
Which declares I speak truth! Now your smile is enough,
And you will not, you cannot, pronounce it such stuff."

The Critic smiles when Woman pleads a cause,
Drops his harsh pen, and joins the just applause:
When Ladies smile on Virtue, Love, and Truth,
They have the Poet's thanks!—The zest of Youth.

THE KNIGHT-ERRANT.

YOUNG Sir Ardent return'd from the horrors of war,
Is arrived at his castle. He journey'd from far;—
Both by night and by day, in the midst of attack
He was never unguarded, and ne'er turn'd his back.
To the maiden he lov'd, he had vow'd to subdue
All the monsters he met with, and these were not few.
"Fair creature," he said, "If I prosper, 'tis thou
"Both my heart, and my hand, and my home, that
shalt know;
"'Tis for thee that I hasten to conquer, not fly,
"'Tis for thee I seek competence, prosper, or die.
"To the summit of Industry's hill I must go,
"And combat the sluggard who revels below;
"In the midst of attack, O believe me, dear girl,
"Whilst the spear I shall rest, or the javelin hurl,
"'Tis the Spirit of Love that shall prompt the brave
deed,
"O believe me, such Spirit will make me succeed!"

He departed, and prospered, and fought against Pride,
And returns with success, to receive a rich bride.
But he gain'd not the prize without valor and worth,
He was noble, tho' humble, was brave from his birth;
He contended with foes, such as none could subdue,
But the honest in heart, and in love too, the true;
But he prospered!—Sir Ardent, the brave and the young,
Is return'd to his castle, the fort is made strong.
Let the man who likes wisdom accept this last rhyme—
God will speed the true Lover, at every time!


Richd Tebbold inv.t et fecit.

THE ENNUYEE.

'Tis all in vain! books, scenes, pens, pencils fail;
'Tis all in vain! my work, my sight, my mind;
'Tis all in vain! my senses will prevail;
E'en words, are nothing. In the day I find,
Ten thousand thoughts incessantly inclin'd
To call me back, to pleasures past and gone;—
To vow's no longer mine!—I've none, I've none.

O what are men? One man, whom nature graced,
And Virtue seem'd to nestle in his heart;
One man, from memory O ne'er defaced,
Who acted strangely, a deceiver's part.—
This line, if conscience makes the guilty start,
May chance to strike him; He was all to me,
And now, though all, as nothing he must be.

How long I suffer, or am doom'd to live!
How long I sorrow, 'till in earth I lie!
How long I wearily must weep! I'd give
The world to tell the moment I must die.
To-day with pleasure could I wish to fly
From earth to Heaven; but it must not be,
I am not fit,—a wretched Ennuyee.

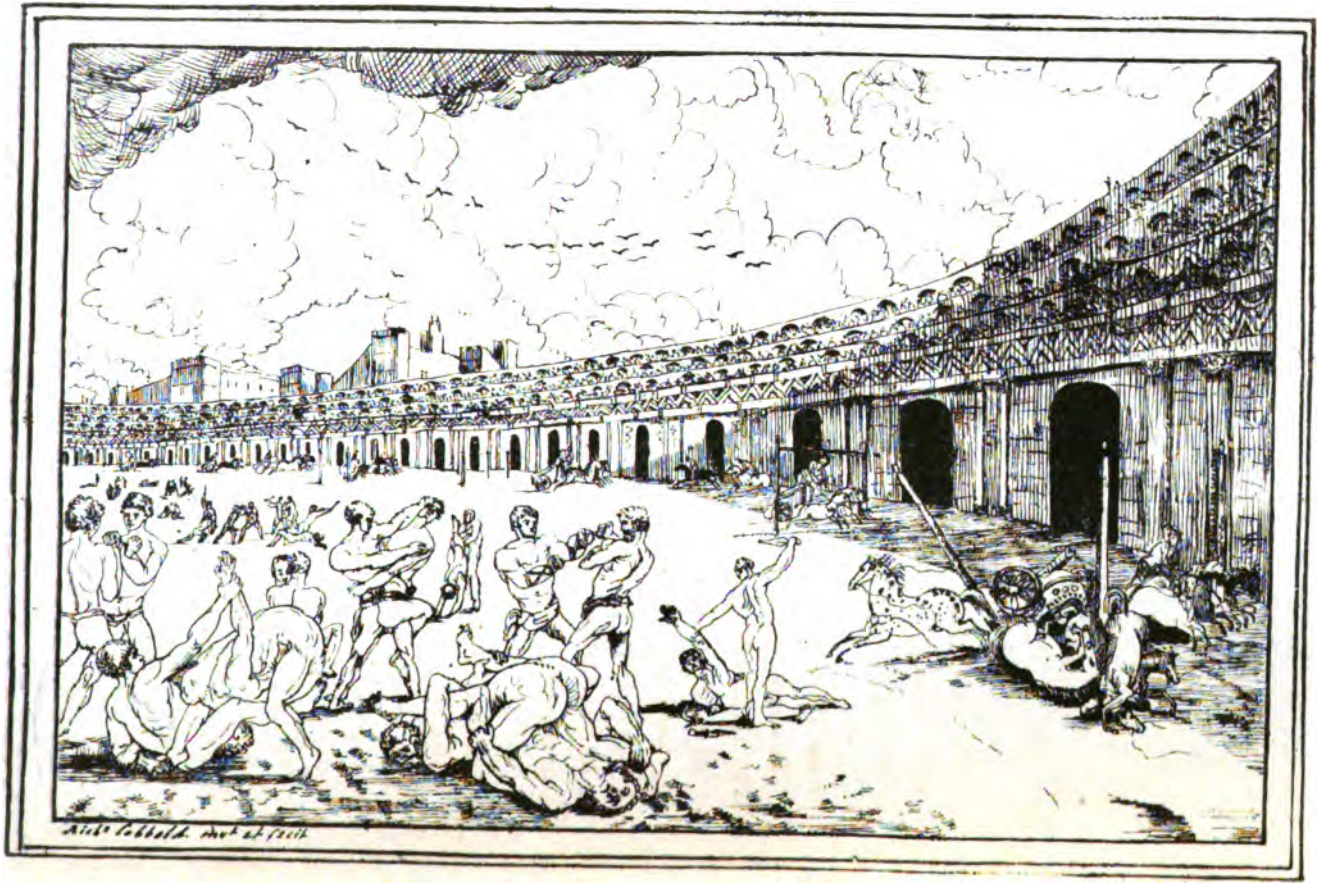
And is it so! Young Woman, take advice,
Rouse thee this instant from a scene of woe;
Wail not, but come, I'll tell thee in a trice
How to cure sorrow! for I truly know:
'Tis vain, such languid lifelessness to show,—
I feel not harshly; write a line to me,
I have receipt to cure the Ennuyee.

IPS WICH

A HAWK IN THE AIR.

How justly the treacherous man might compare
With the subject before us; a Hawk in the air.
Hast thou seen one? O often in youth's artless day,
Have I noted his progress; hast thou, Sir, pray say?
Aloft on his pinions he whirls his dread flight,
With an eye ever watchful, rapacious of sight;
Whilst his talons are ready to pounce on his prey
And his wings are extended to bear her away.
O see, how he hovers, and sweeps o'er yon plain,
With his victim in view! Ah, my heart has felt pain!
To the dark dismal forest, he bears his poor bird,
And the note of complaint, like her song, is unheard.

Who resembles the Hawk? not the tipstaff, O no!
Nor the far fam'd John Doe, with his friend Richard Roe;
These are enemies often to Hawks of the day,
Who hover around for their innocent prey:—
But the man without feeling, I justly compare
With the picture before us—A Hawk in the air.

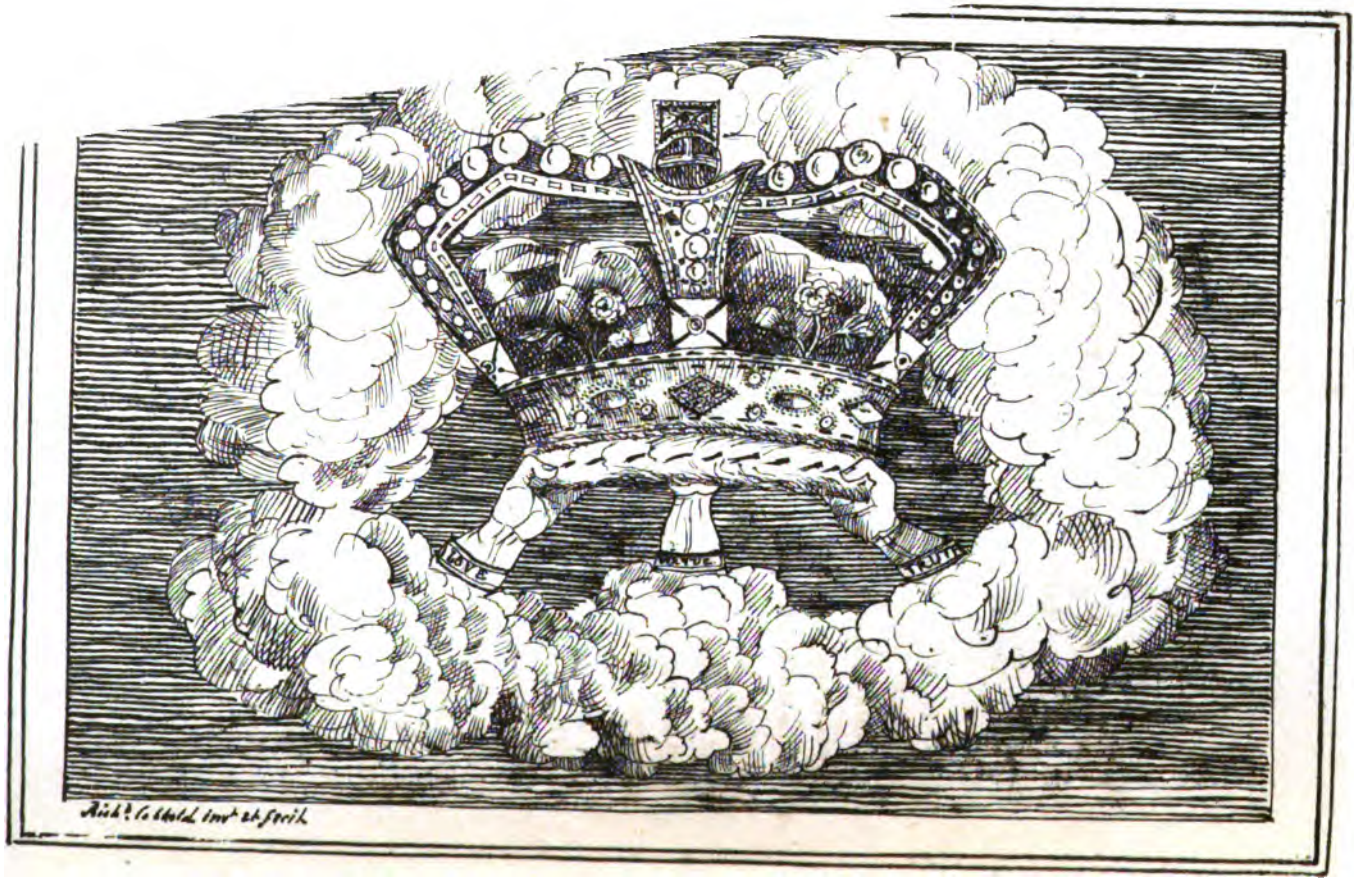


THE CIRCUS.

Stirs there not spirit in the breast of man,
To rouse him into action to excel?
The ancient Circus, such a notion can
At once, undoubtedly its virtue tell;
We need not retrograde to Grecian plan,
The modern Britons have the charm as well!
O let but Virtue be the true and noble aim,
Our native land is Circus, suited for the game!

Spectators plenty round our Country bide,
All eyes on England bend the glance of thought;
Contending parties here and there divide,
And come in contact when together brought.
Stand firm, ye brave! for Wisdom will decide,
How oft experience is dearly bought;
Stand firmly now! Let honor, love, and credit stand.
Fear not, ye foremost, fear not! Love your native land.

The Coliseum moulders into dust,
A stately fabric, raised by human skill,
And so will England, when a want of trust,
A want of confidence betrays ill will;
Be wise, ye senators, be wise and just,
Good government, the structure strengthens still.
The Circus, God preserve it, 'neath our Royal Guelph,
Has faithful combatants,—those who can conquer self.

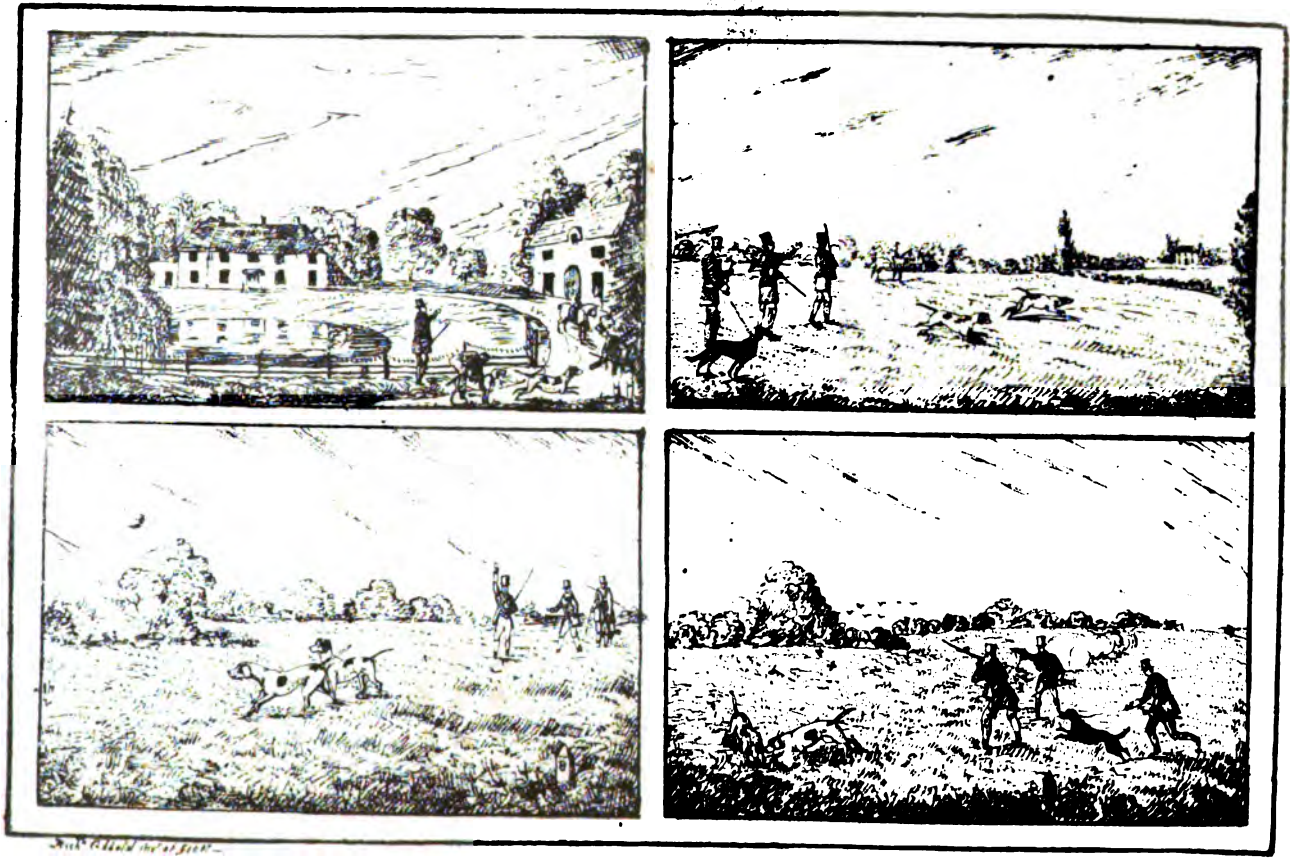

Richd. Cobbold inv. et fecit

THE CROWN,

SUPPORTED BY THE HANDS OF VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

Emblem of Glory! Honor's brightest gem!
A Nation's pleasure, England's diadem!
A Crown supported by the hands of youth,
Firm in the cause of virtue, love, and truth.
Kings are but men, though first of men on earth,
Their Crowns, but ornaments denoting worth;
But thus supported, worthy they must be
A nation's love, a nation's loyalty.

Virtue is valor, intrepidity in peace;
Love, is attachment which will never cease.
In time of peace, let Virtue bravely prove
Thine heart's attachment is not selfish love.
Wouldst thou be wise, and have thy children clad
In coat of warmth, in fervor's warmest plaid,
From golden fleece of never-fading Truth
Thy clothing make, and wear it in thy youth.
The Crown, by Wisdom so supported, must
Honor a King, and prove his people just.



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

The morn is fine, the rising sun
  Proclaims a cheerful day;
The Sportsman takes his dog and gun,
  And hastens him away.

But ere he's off, a word of joy,
  A lively smile is seen,
He calls his dog, his man, or boy,
  And chats upon the green:—

"The scent is fine, the grass is wet;
  "Old Ponto, poor old dog!
"Good fellow you will do as yet;—
  "Boy, loosen off that clog!—

"Now Reuben, take the partridge-bag,
  "Put panniers on the mare;
"We must not stop, or talk, or flag,
  "I like this morning air.

"Come, come, my friend, we lose our time,
"Come, let's be off I pray.—
"Now Poetry a perfect rhyme,
"Old Ponto hie away!"—

Now see them off,—the stile is past,
The field is enter'd now;
The keeper with the dog in haste;
Boy, by the hedge's row.

Ye sportsmen, tell me, have ye known,
Perhaps ye may remember,
That some such feelings were your own,
On merry First September.

O such were mine! but ne'er will be
Again the sportsman's lot;
I do not quarrel with the g.ee,
Believe me, I do not.

But other things are now my sport,
And other views my game;
Although a shot, 'twas not my forte,—
My pleasure I could name.

But still I see with cheerful face,
The sportsmen in the field,
And memory can strictly trace,
To none in love I yield.

Judge by the line how much 'twas so,
Ye sportsmen, hark! I hear
The word of joy, "toho! toho!
"The covey's somewhere here!

"Toho old dog! toho! toho!
"Now steady, steady Don,
"A pretty point! aye truly so
"The game's but little on.

"Now, Sir, walk up." They walk in haste,
How anxiously they tread!
Pray Sir, for sporting have you taste?
Do think the poet sped!

The covey springs, pop bang! pop bang!
"That bird is mine and this!—
"How prettily the covey sprang!
"Ah! pray Sir, did you miss?"

How oft I've seen the first shot ta'en,
  How oft have seen the joy!
And often of the first bird vain,
  Have thrown it to the boy!

How often too, when others hit
  And I have miss'd my aim,
My nether lip in sorrow bit,
  And eyed the flying game!

They load again; no whip, no flog!
  "Come Reuben, kill'd my first!
"Well found, well stood, my dear old dog,
  "This satiates my thirst."—

Again away, away they range,
  The well-train'd pointers speed;
'Tis fact, however much 'tis strange,
  There's something, Sir, in breed.

'Tis true a shot will make a dog,
  Perhaps may make him stand;
I hate to scold, to kick, and flog,
  To get him in command.

A noble breed of any kind,
  Well nurtur'd and well train'd,
Assuredly you'll ever find
  The best to be retain'd.

Their heads are high, their hearts if good
  Will never know delay,
But prompt to speed as good ones shou'd,
  They ever hie away.

I love to see a pointer stand,
  A senator as firm,
Well-backed upon their master's land,—
  How like you, Sir, the term?

"Ah ha! look there, his nose is low,
  "His body twisted round.
"A hare, a guinea Sir, 'tis so,
  "I know it by the ground."

Away she bounds, "Ah ha! well done!
  "You shot her, Sir, in style,
"Methought, however, she was gone,
  "You let her get a mile.—

"Go pick her up, boy, take the hare.
"Look yonder, mark! mark! mark!
"Two coveys; boy, bring up the mare;
"I heard a gun; Hark! hark!—

"Reuben, who's that? just go and see,
"A trespasser I fear,—
"Confound him, whosoe'er he be,
"What does he poaching here!"

"'Tis Mr. Cobbold, Sir." "Indeed,
"Pray ask him in to mine;
"Good morning, Sir! What sport? what speed?
"I hope you'll come and dine."

"I thank you kindly, I must bend
"My steps to B.'s to-day;
"'Tis Mr. C. my sporting friend—
"Good morning:"—"Hie away."—

Away again, again they find,
Again they bag their game;
The young ones sometimes lurk behind,
And old ones do the same.

The day grows hot—the pointers flag,—
The sportsmen take their lunch;—
The boy brings home the well-fill'd bag,—
The dogs the biscuits crunch.—

A little brandy, wine, or beer,
A piece of bread and cheese,
At such time are the best of cheer,
And always sure to please.

Refresh'd, they walk.—Some better shoot,
Some cannot kill so well;—
Some have a thorn within their foot,
A sprain or strain to tell.—

How often have I walk'd along
Through heat, and drought, and sun,
Unwilling, as I am this song,
To leave it when begun.

How often wish'd at close of day
To lengthen out the space,
To have it in my power to say,
"I've shot, Sir, my ten brace."

But full as oft been forc'd to yield,
At evening sun's decline,
The pleasure of the sportsman's field,
For that of home and wine.

How often there in pleasant talk,
Recounted shot and miss;—
Proposed a day;—another walk—
Another such as this.—

Ye sportsmen all, the cheerful song
Of love and peace remember;
Be just and good,—And may ye long
Enjoy your First September.

Rich.d Cobbold inv.t et fec.t

THE INFANT'S KISS.

In Nature show me sweeter bliss,
Or purer innocence than this,
The rapture of an Infant's Kiss?
There's none I vow.

In Nature can the world afford,
To those who love, and feel restored,
A sound more dear than prattl'ing word
Of Infant? No.

The Infant's Kiss, 'tis innocence,
'Tis nature's purest recompence,
Love's darling pleasure and defence;
Indeed 'tis so.

You'll find it such, perhaps, one day,—
And truly, Sir, I wish you may
As happily with infant play,
As I do now.

Richt. Cobbold. sculpsit.

THE

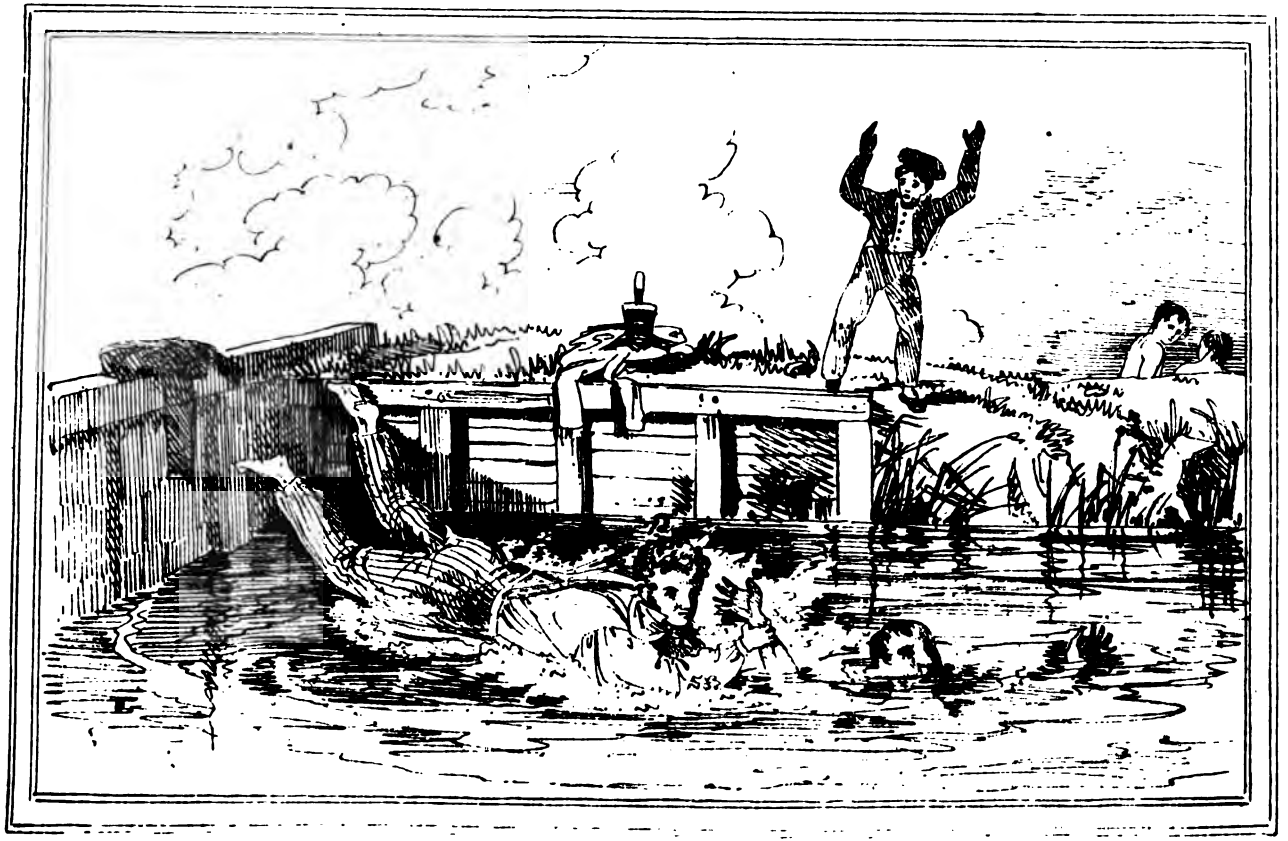
SCUFFLE FOR THE STANDARD.

Ye sage Connoisseurs, I may chance to convince ye,
This picture by famed Leonardo de Vince,
Long lost and forgotten, is now to be seen
At the house of the Poet, St. Margaret's Green;
There with Edelink's print, it will hang in my view,
As for years it has hung. On my word it is true.

But the subject, 'tis horrible! horses and men,
By the spirit of phrensy o'ertaken, I ken;
For the sake of a standard, a flag on a staff,
Were it not for the horror perchance I might laugh,
With the grin of destruction and gasp of quick breath,
Seem determined to welcome a violent death:
'Tis to me a sad sight, for I never could kill,
Yet believe me, a martyr to truth, ever will

With a steady firm foot, and a single clear eye,
Keep a quiet straight course never fearing to die.
In the scuffle, I know it, through life we must fight,
With ourselves, with our passions, with spirit of might,
For the mighty must struggle for standard of truth,
'Tis the humble will conquer, if zealous in youth.
Go then! fight for thyself, and victorious prove,
Conquer evil with good—be triumphant in Love.

NOTE. This picture is now supposed to be only known by the print of Edelink. The sketch, as any gentleman may perceive who possesses the print, is not taken from that, but from a painting which has been in the Author's family for some years, and which was obtained under curious circumstances. From internal evidence, there is strong reason to suppose that Edelink's print is not executed from the original picture, but from an inferior copy. There are some strange inconsistencies in his print, not to be found in the painting now in the Author's possession, and certainly not in the original picture wherever it may be, supposing this is not it. The Author would be most highly gratified by a communication with any gentleman upon the subject. At all events, a sight of one superiorly executed, would be sufficient to console him under the idea of his not being the original.

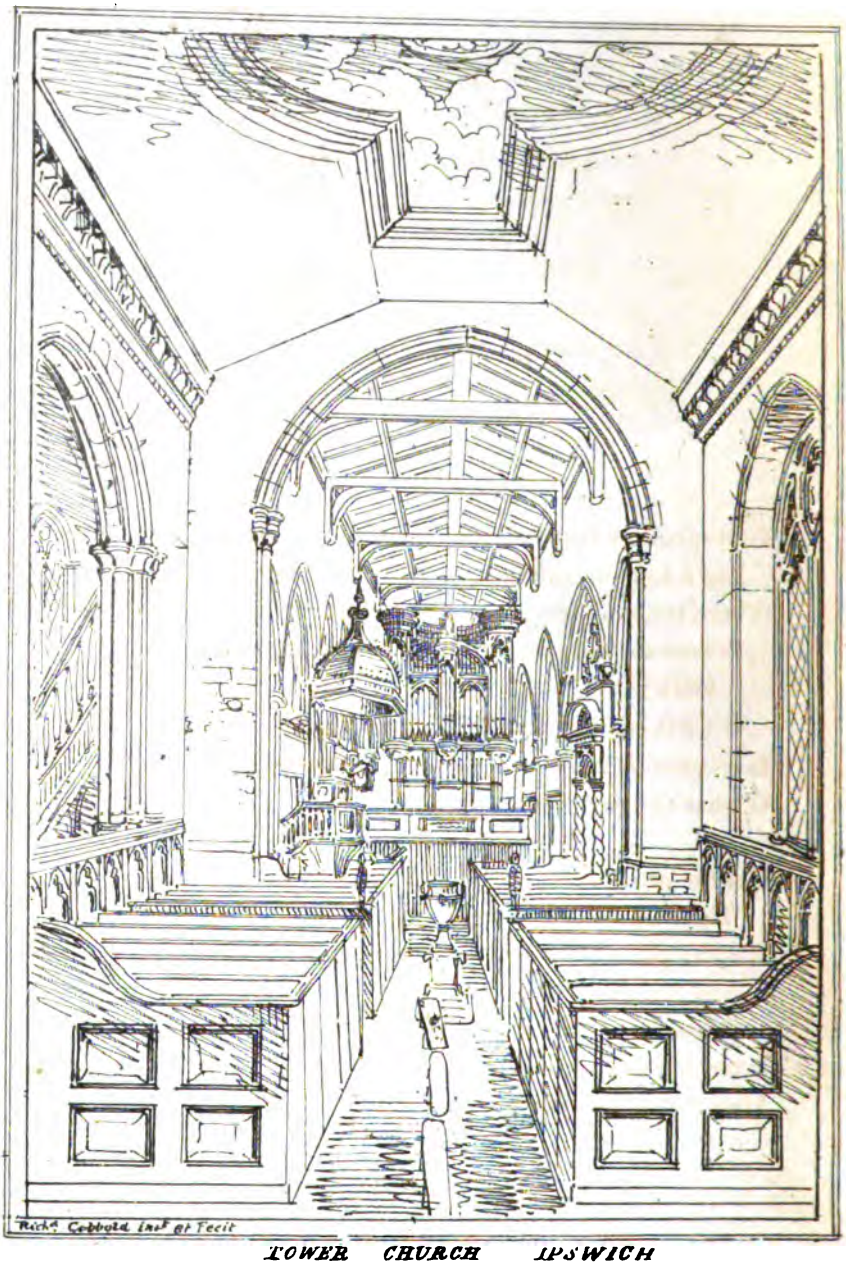


THE BRAVE ACTION.

YOUNG Acton passing o'er the Gipping's wave
In peril's hour, was just in time to save;
He heard the cry, and rushing at the shock,
Beheld the suff'rer drowning by the lock:
One instant more, the wretched youth had sank,
And left the surface, as 'tis mostly, blank.
Nature was prompt, the spirit stirr'd within,
This brave young man undauntedly sprang in;
At risk of life he siez'd the Soldier's hand,
And bore him safely to the wish'd-for land.
The deed is past, but honor shall remain,
And virtue teach the Poet to explain,
How justly they who imitate the same,
Deserve the laurel at the hand of Fame.

'Tis well, 'tis well! whenever sons of men,
Are prompt to rescue, and protect; the pen
Of ardent Poet, shall not fail to raise,
The just reward in line of love and praise.
For what on earth would Christian wish to have,
More pure than this?—In peril, power to save.

NOTE. A handsome silver medal was presented to this young man by the Ipswich Humane Society, in token of admiration of his conduct. What is very singular, the individual whose life was saved, had been a respectable clerk in an attorney's office: In a fit of desperation, on account of his friends having objected to his marrying an amiable young woman, he enlisted as a private in the 82nd Regiment. These circumstances came to the knowledge of the Humane Society, who to their credit be it recorded, were instrumental in obtaining the discharge of the soldier, and of restoring him to his family, and to that which appeared dearer to him than every thing else, the woman he loved.



TOWER CHURCH IPSWICH

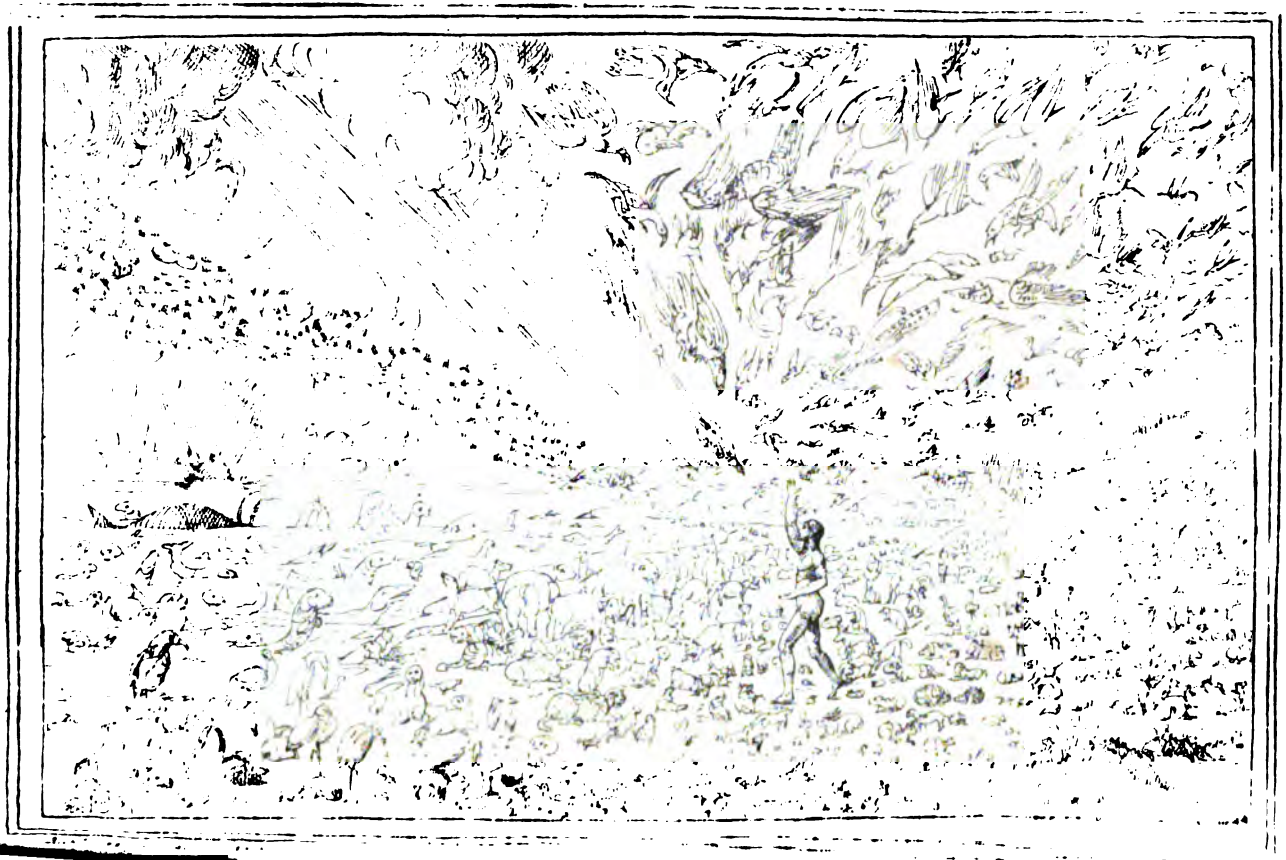
MY CHURCH.

Thou place of reception, where spirits shall be
For a time disunited from ties of the earth,
Where the soul like a bird to the heavens shall flee,
Where the thoughts of the heart to devotion give birth;
O what can the hand of a creature, whose worth
Is as nothing but dross, merely arrogant clay,
O what can such creature sufficiently say?

'Tis the province of virtue, 'tis piety's shrine,
'Tis the palace of duty, the house of our pray'r,—
'Tis the place of devotion where spirits entwine,
And the Deity listens and lessens our care.
O long may this spot, which to me has been fair
From the day of my boyhood, be dear to these eyes;
May it long be revered by the good and the wise.

Are monuments feebly denoting the dead
  Respected as sacred, as tokens of love?
This line of the living respectfully read,
  The feeling of transport may faithfully prove,
  The building is sacred to Spirit above:
May the children who enter united remain,
And join with the soul in devotional strain.

My Church is my glory:—not this built by hands,
  Though respected and hallowed by thoughts of the good;
But the Church, all good Christians, my spirit's commands
  Are to love and esteem, as I faithfully shou'd:
  In this, my dear friends, be the line understood,
All who love are included, not me, a strange youth,
But who love the pure precept, the structure of Truth.



MAN.

WOMAN, behold! how great, how grand, how good,
Man when created midst the creatures stood.
To him in earth all living beings bow'd,
Their names distinctions to his wisdom ow'd;
Created lovely, godlike, pure in mind,
To nature, virtue, love, and truth inclin'd,
His was a paradise of health and soul,
A conscience free from burthen of controul:—
As o'er the vast-created far-devoted throng
Of humble quadrupeds, he cast along
The glance of thought, his spirit sought to find
Some sweet companion suited to his mind:—
For him the creatures of the earth might move,
Pass, come, and go, they could not talk of love;
They could not dwell on elevated thought,
By sight of wonder, sight of nature taught,
Instinct was all, and instinct bade them pay
Devoted homage to the man of sway:—
'Twas thee he sought,—he sought thee not in vain,
God gave him thee,—thou wast his joy his bane.

Woman for thee, O lovely, lovely maid!
Man's spirit writes not vainly to upbraid,
For thee he suffered in degraded sphere,
The loss of bliss,—for thee he first felt fear.
Weep thou, O no! Be glad, be good, be pure,
Man will continue all things to endure,
Still cherish thee; he knows that perfect bliss
On earth, can never certainly be his;
Still in thy love whilst life is sweetly given,
He will abide, and move with thee to heaven.
As sin of thee first found its way to man,
So love of thee has made affection plain.
O woman, kindred spirit! mayst thou be
Beloved of man, of man who would be free.
May he respect, be ardent, be sincere,
And thou, companion of his heart, be dear,
As much he lov'd thee ere the morn he fell,
The eve's Atonement bids him wish thee well.
The day will come, when love exalted shines,
When spirit with the body so combines
The life with liberty, that thou and he,
In love united, shall be ever free.
At present wait thou; man with thee will wait,
Patient in honor, patient in his state;
As God to him is merciful in love,
So he to thee, as merciful will prove.

DEAR CLIFF

Richd Cobbold del. et fec.

DEAR ORWELL

PLAIN REASONS FOR PLEASURE.

The Tiber, the Tigris, Euphrates, and Nile,
Those rivers of classical glory may smile;
The Thames or the Medway may sparkle with glee,
But the Orwell is loveliest river for me.

The Xanthus, or otherwise noted Scamander,
Through valleys of Troas may placidly wander;
The Humber, the Clyde, or the Avon delight,
But the Orwell for me has the loveliest sight.

The Niger, the Rubicon, Cios may flow,
The Garatas glitter, the Ladon move slow;
The Danube, the Ister, the Elbe, and the Rhine,
They may all have delights; but the Orwell is mine.

The Inacus, Imbrasus, Palus Linterna,
The Arcadian Styx, call'd the Palus Inferna;
The gentle Limæa and Lisson may be,
To their poets delightful: The Orwell for me.

But why has this river such charms for mine eye,
The world cannot give such another, ah! why?
For reasons as plain as a precept of truth,
I have liv'd and have lov'd on this spot of my youth.

The banks where my footsteps in infancy's day,
Had delight to be roaming in innocent play;
The kiss of affection was given and ta'en,
On the banks of the Orwell.—Ah pleasure has pain!

As over the waters, or banks, I still roam,
As yet they are lovely, as yet are my home;
The Reason for Pleasure assuredly is,
That I ride, sail, or walk, and the Orwell has bliss.

A Reason for Pleasure no nature can give,
Till man learns to profit, to love, and to live,
To act a good part, to be firm, faithful, kind,
And to cultivate friendship, religion, and mind.

FATAL JEALOUSY.

Tho' Ovid wrote in rich harmonious strain,
Replete with passion, full of joy and pain,
And made of men, his deities like man,
I shall not follow his deceptive plan,
But give to mortals what is mortal's due,
The praise of virtue, when their love is true.
Truth was howe'er obscured by idols vain,
Full often ground-work of the Poet's pen.

This might be fact, for jealousy in life,
The youth may feel, the maiden, or the wife;
And lynx-eyed fear may prompt suspicion on,
To deed of folly, as by Procris done;
Still love, the harbinger of heart and soul,
Should keep us all in honor and controul.

That man, who cruelly provokes the spleen
Of woman's nature, he deserves no screen
To hide his treachery. May poignant dart,
Strike dêep conviction to the faithless heart!
What can he hope, whose savage eye can see,
A lovely woman, stung by jealousy;
Provoked, with cause, to call her Lord unjust,
His plighted vows, his honor to mistrust?
Does eagle tear from bleeding lamb the heart?
Does life-blood from the wounded bird depart?
Does shark rapacious seize the swimming prey?
More cruel man, who trifles in this way.

Beware of jealousy, ye gentle fair,
Of Procris' fate, young maidens, O beware!
She thought her Lord indulged in secret shade,
The interchange of love with favor'd maid.
A giddy swain, who heard him call on air
To soothe fatigue, convey'd it to the fair,
With certain declaration, that he heard
The gentle accents of the lover's word.
Prompted by fear, by doubt, by love, by life,
The young, the doating, yet suspicious wife,
Hasten'd away, and hid herself, to see
The pictur'd object of her jealousy.

Alone, young Cephalis was passing by,
And heard the rustling of the branches nigh,
Quick flew the dart! which never miss'd its aim;
Alas, the dearest of the dear, his game.
The feeble cry of Procris told the truth,
And left distraction to dismay the youth.

Beware, ye maidens! if the soul of man,
Be not of honor, woman, never can
By means of jealousy, prevent his will;
Suspicion only must increase the ill,—
But trust in truth. May man of honor 'bide
In Woman's love, and virtue be his bride.

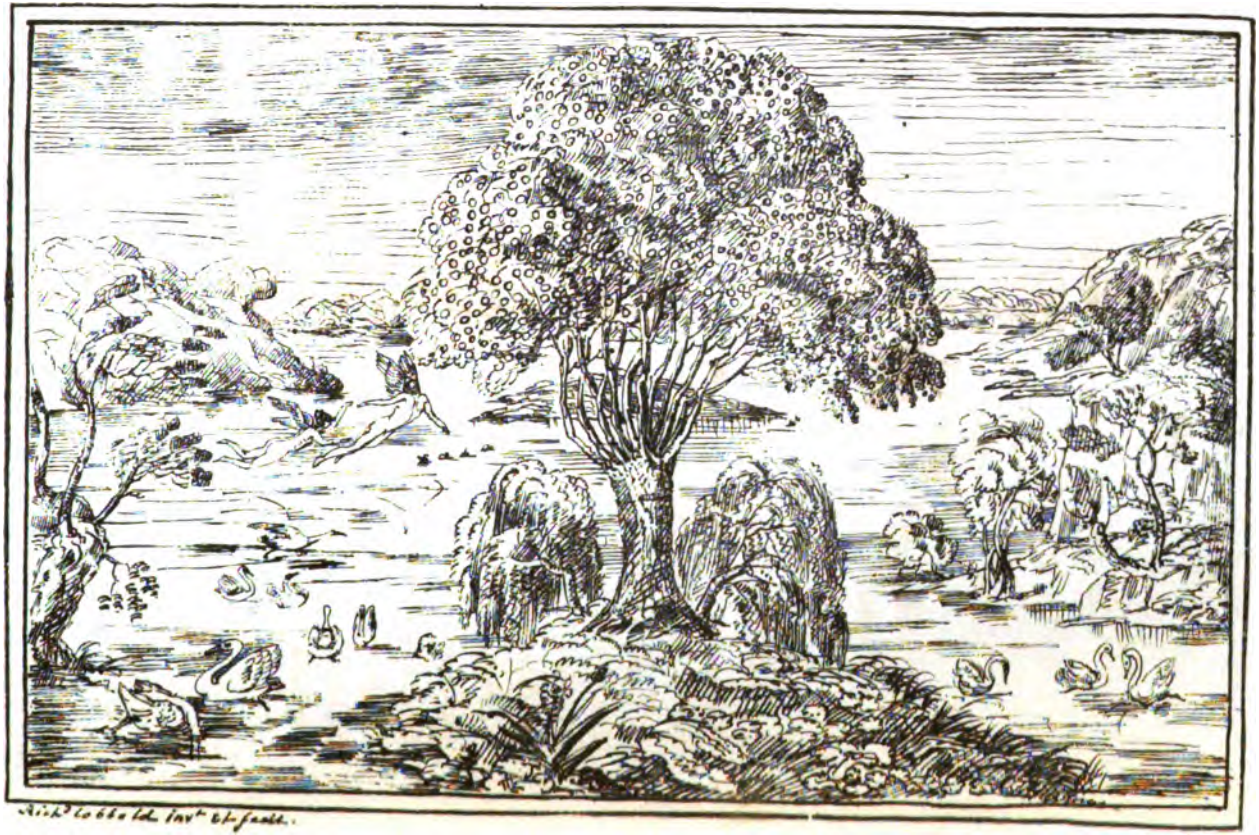
THE BEAR ATTACKED.

Come hunt with me the rude rough bear,
Be bold, be valiant, if you dare;
And hasten to the mountain's brow,
And lay the greedy monster low.
Ye youths of spirit, to the chase
I bid you welcome! not the base.
He lives a terror to the deer,
And keeps the neighbourhood in fear;
He growls at those he cannot kill,
Delights to subject at his will;
Grows fat, and haughty, big with pride,
Has insolently love defied;
At noble creatures turns his nose,
And deems the poorer ones his foes:—
His grin is grisly; voice is gruff;
His coat is shaggy; skin is tough;
His paws on places, such as shou'd
Support alone the brave and good,
Have torn asunder tender ties,
And fill'd the country full of spies.

To horse, ye brave! come, come with me!
Our triumph be in victory.
O I have seen his savage look,
Another's state which cannot brook;
The mountains round him must be his,
Or he ferocious has no bliss,
And ev'ry creature there below,
Must bend his knee, and make his bow;
Forward, my friends! attack the bear,
The rude rough tyrant do not spare.

Candour, my horse, come gallop well
Through yonder bold and broken dell,
The spur of spirit prompts thee on,
The deed of honor must be done;
For yonder brute, for baseness fam'd,
Must forcibly be caught and tam'd.
Courage, heroes! courage now,
The monster shall be humbled low.
We'll have a muzzle on his jaws;
We'll clip the talons on his paws;
We'll teach him how to dance and walk;
Perhaps to read, to write, or talk;
For wonderfully now a days,
The savage race obtain the bays.
Come on, come on! ascend the hill;
Onward! onward! onward still.

Hold! hold! enough. The bear is caught,
And may by wisdom, Sir, be taught;
For all who would be good and wise,
Must never fear their enemies,
But boldly brave, 'gainst savage race
Pursue in truth, affection's chase.
The haughty, not with haughty frown,
By noble candor are put down.
The rough, with gentleness pursued,
Become at length by love subdued;
The purse-proud mercenary soul
Forgets that riches are his whole,
And seeks to render others merit,
Loves the gentle gen'rous spirit.
If such the chase, who would not dare,
To venture and attack the bear!—



THE DREAM OF BLISS.

I wander'd with the maiden of my mind,
On wing of spirit, o'er the glassy lake:
We sweetly flew like swallow in the air
In sunny morning; one while, skimming near
The smooth and placid surface, then again
At other, rising to the pure blue sky.
We bent our way instinctively along,
Not knowing whither; over hills and meads,
O'er rocks and groves, and rivers; light and shade
So gently blended, that one glorious gleam
Of splendor, full of beauty, seem'd to play
In lucid loveliness. And yet we flew,
Onward proceeding, with unconscious wing,
Attracted forcibly we knew not how,
Nor felt unwilling. Dangers there were none,—
Nor interruptions, sorrows, or sad words,
Looks full of peace, contentment, and delight,

Dwelt in our smiles, as chasing each in turn
The other playfully pursued. We past a range
Of lofty wooded mountains, and at once
Descended on a lake so clear and bright,
That every fish of gold and silver hue,
Bespang'd the sparkling deep.—Ourselves were seen,
The very maiden match'd with Spirit's form,
So like mine own, it seem'd to be the same;
And nought but passage of the finny race,
Could so disturb the likeness, we could tell
Those forms were shadows. Now we seem'd to pause,
And hunger came upon us, mix'd with thirst;
We spake our wants, but resting not our wings,
They bore us straightway to a standing tree
With fruit o'erloaded, but methought not fair,
Not speck'd, but whole. We look'd around again,
To see if other more of comely kind
Were nigh at hand; but disinclin'd to fly,
I took and ate; and oh, I cannot tell
How sweet the food! Extatic was the dart
I gave that instant, to the kindred soul
Which hover'd near me;—bade her take and eat;
'Twas sweet beyond the compass of delight,
And when she ate, O never could the sun
More lovely seem! We look'd upon the tree:—
Twelve branches rose aspiring from one stem,

Each stem, produced twelve thousand full-siz'd fruit,
And where we took another grew again,
That nought were wanting. We were soon refresh'd,
Refresh'd indeed.—New vigor seem'd to breathe
A food of life within us, whilst our minds
Expanded to the study of ourselves,
And every moment newly fram'd ideas
Pour'd in incessantly; and, strange to say,
Not one was lost, but every one we gain'd
Some beauty added to the rest attain'd.
Alas, my soul! alas I look in pain,
For such a Dream of Bliss to come again.

Αἰ, αἰ, ταν Κυθέρειαν απωλιτο ΚΑΛΟΣ ΑΔΩΝΙΣ .
Rich.d Cobbold inv.t et fecit

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

No Venus is on earth, though many fair,
Shine lovely images of Wisdom's care;
No young Adonis, though in honest truth
Full many a fine, intelligent, brave youth:—
Ye fairest creatures of a mortal race,
And you, ye noblest sons of virtue, trace
In this the heathen's story of true love,
From nature painted, what can nature prove.

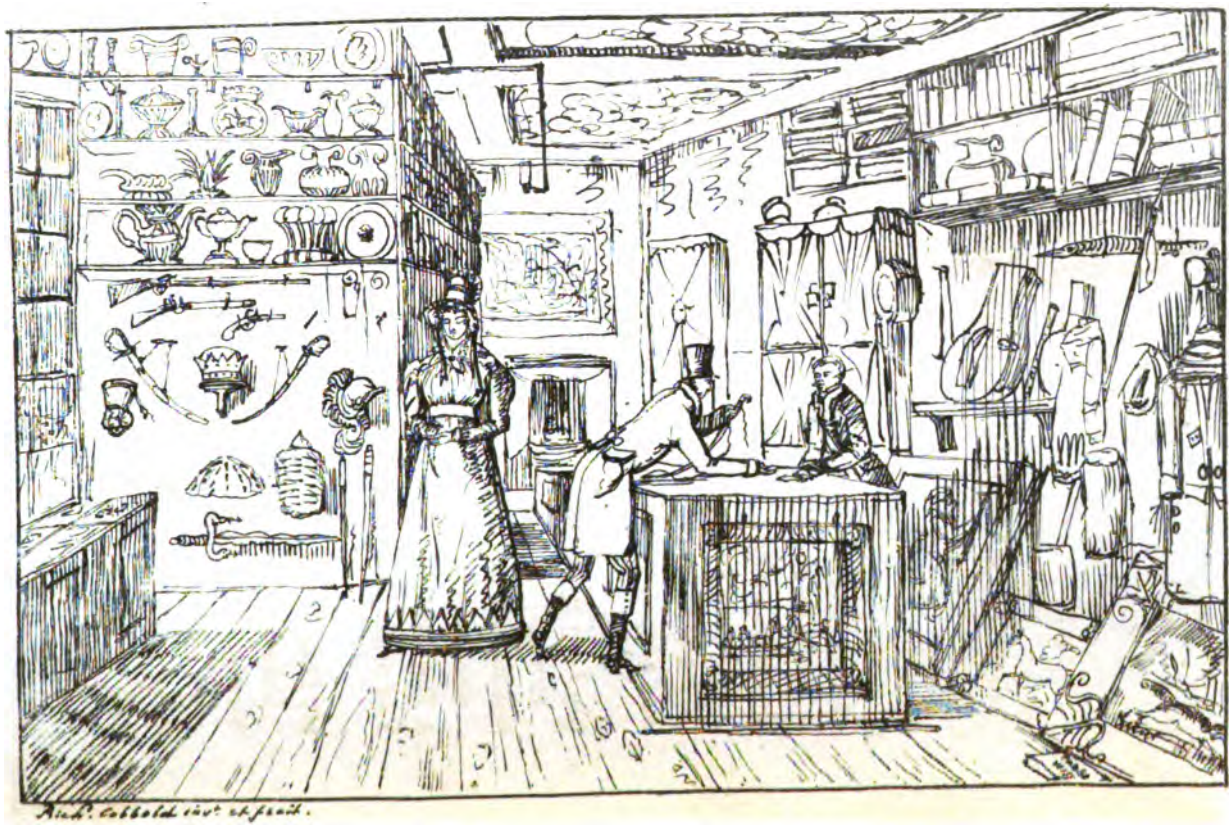
Alas! the maiden hanging o'er the bed,
Of lover, long beloved!—alas! when dead;—
Can nature ever to the soul of man
Present more agony? she never can.
Once gain the heart of woman, who can feel
What 'tis to love; the wound will hardly heal
Which tears thee from her, yet a cure is given,—
The hope of meeting in the highest heaven.

Heart-broken lovers, lift your heads again,
And look ye for the spirit not in vain.
Aye look, and love, your constancy shall know
The sweetest recompence for mortal woe.
'Tis but on earth we find in lover's kiss,
The taste of happiness.—Celestial bliss,
From font of knowledge, wisdom's purest source,
Flows undisturb'd a current of such force,
That nature owns, when human passions end,
That cherish'd fountain, was our nature's friend.

Oh! I have seen in life, believe me, seen
The unexpected sorrow intervene
In midst of pleasure, when the heart was high,
The youthful soldier summon'd but to die;
Yet not in battle:—trumpet gave no call;
Nor flew in strife the hostile musket ball;—
By hand of friend the blow untimely given,
Which sent from earth, the spirit up to heaven.

Oh! I have seen the tender parents woe,
The brother's grief, the sister's sorrow flow;
Tears of such love, the very soul would melt,
And weep for bitterness!—I've seen and felt:
But never, never can I wish to see,
Again such pangs, again such agony.

But O methinks, if sister's soul could show
Such depth of suffering, ah! what the woe,
When one deprived of kindred spirit's tie,
Sees the fond lover stricken near her lie?
Enough!—I dare not, lest my heart should break,
Of such a sorrow, such a horror speak.—
The line was written not to urge again
The thought of past, though not forgotten pain;
'Twas written thus to soothe, and plainly tell
How much the Poet wishes lovers well;—
How much he feels for nature; how much more
For spirit's triumph when their grief is o'er.


Rich. Cobbold inv. et fecit.

THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

How many pledges in a day,
  Are ta'en and given here?
As many, we may truly say,
  As lovers insincere
To maidens make, to give and break,
And keep or not for pleasure's sake.

My Lady B. has lost a ring,
  O would it might be found!
She has not pawn'd it! no such thing,—
  She hates the very sound.
A Pawnbroker! O shameful tale,
You might as well propose a gaol.

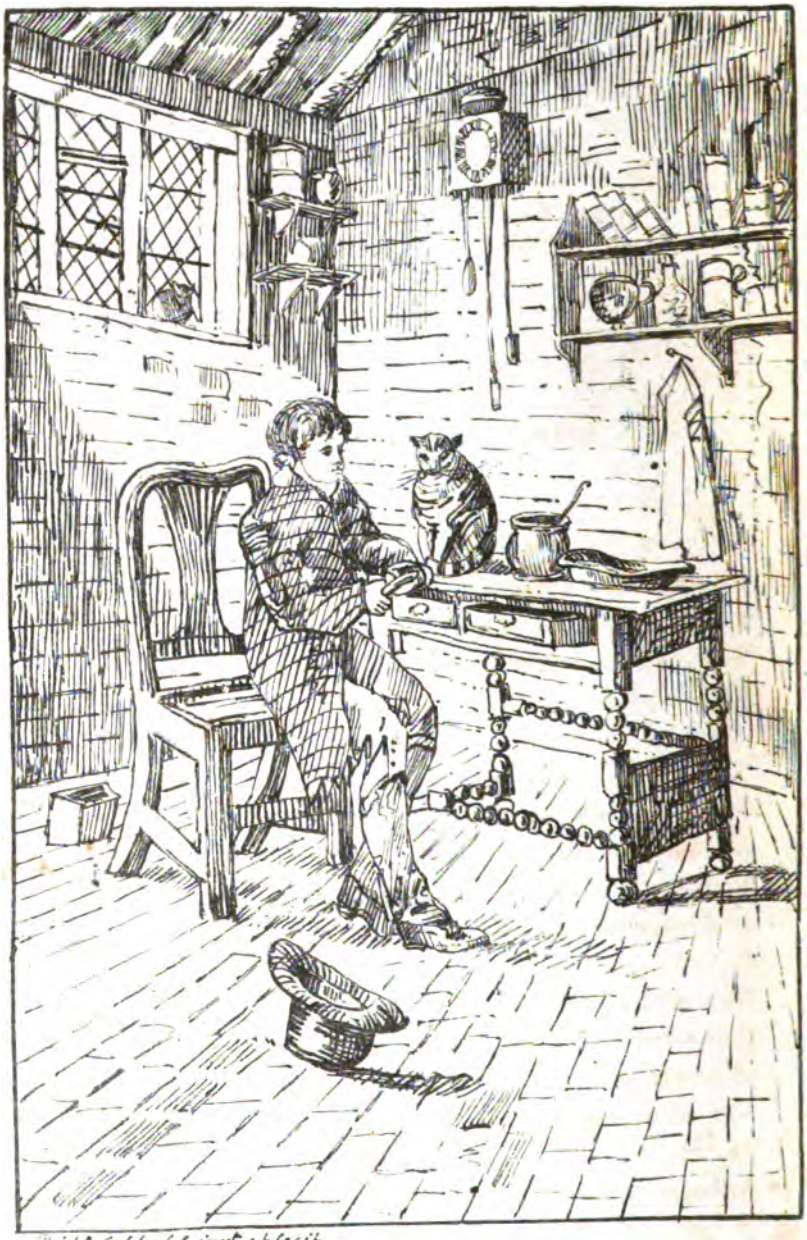
My Lady C. has lost a pearl,
  Unlucky, hapless lot!
'Twas such a gift, from such an earl,
  His name I have forgot;
If any one on Christie calls,
He'll see it at the Golden Balls.

Lord X. has lost a rich estate,
But money must be had;
He pawns his studd, himself or plate,
And probably goes mad.
He throws the die! unlucky cast,
Veloceped, has come in last.

A lovely girl! 'tis really true,
A tear was in her eye,
Look'd more than once, as forth she drew
A locket with a sigh:
"He gave it me!" she faintly said,
"I pawn it for the sake of bread:—

"And yet if money can be found,
"I'll work both day and night,
"Thou dearest pledge, 'tis deepest wound
"To tear thee from my sight;
"Yet go, necessities compel,
"I will redeem thee! fare thee well."

Ah me! 'tis money makes us all,
For want of wisdom want:
A little prudence, who would fall,
Or pawn, or fawn, or cant?
May all from usury be free,
And live and love in liberty.



Richd Cobbold inv.t & fecit.

THE COTTAGE BOY.

Ye statesmen, senators, ye men of birth,
Look ye on this, a picture of some worth;
Ye great and learned, rich, behold in joy
This humble-minded, happy, Cottage Boy.

Poor Ben, how oft in independent day,
When free as billow, I could bound away,
And haste to call thee from thy humble home,
To take thy stick and hat and quickly come,
And rouse the rabbits from the hedge or fern,
Or carry this and that, my game in turn;
How oft I've seen thee at thy frugal meal,
Contented sit, and murmer not at weal
Of others, fed with richer, finer fare,
Not better off, nor freer from life's care.
Thy cat thy cosset, aye, as dear to thee,
As horse or hound could ever be to me.

I saw thee die :—Six months a ling'ring foe
Around thee hovered, 'twas consumption slow.
But mark, ye mighty ! not a word of wail,
No sign of discontent could once prevail—
No word of doubt ; a meek and quiet mind
In hour of suffering to love inclin'd.
How oft as kneeling on the clean brick floor,
Beside the window or the cottage door,
In Spirit's prayer commended to the Lord,
Thy humble soul, through merit of his Word.

How oft the sun descending brightly down,
On me and thee his red rays sweetly shone :
That sun sets still upon the western hill,
Shines on thy cottage window, shines there still.
Thy sister, brother, mother, father see
The same sun sinking, and forget not thee ;
Nor shall I either, till no longer mine,
On me departing he shall cease to shine.
Who loves the hall, who loves the cottage door,
Is kind at home, and gentle to the poor,
That man shall live in midst of life's alloy,
And die as happy as this Cottage Boy.

THE NARROW ESCAPE.

YOUNG B. sat musing by his College fire,
When Horace call'd to welcome him from Town;
The rap of visitor was made in vain,
For no one answered him, "come in! come in!"
Again the rap,—but silence left the mind
To doubt of welcome. Never yet denied,
Young Horace enter'd:—His surprise increas'd,
When lo! before the fiercely burning fire,
His friend in attitude of thought profound,
Sat deeply meditating. So intent,
His senses rivetted on inward care,
No outward object occupied the eye;
All was within like being when entranc'd;—
He saw not, heard not, yet his eyes and ears
Retain'd their faculties to see and hear;
He sat him down to contemplate his friend;
He looked for motion, but the fiercest flame
Glared on the eye-ball, and appear'd to play
With no more twinkle than reflection gave.

How long the reverie had lasted thus
Had no one interposed, 'twere hard to tell;
But Horace, thinking that his brain would crack
Or vision grow imperfect, spake aloud,
But spake in vain. The waggons in the street
Along Cheapside, or passing down Pall Mall,
Make just as much impression on the mind
Of those inhabitants who live thereby,
As Horace did when calling on his friend.
His voice was vain, then starting from his seat
With sudden blow of welcome on his back,
His hand fell smartly. But the instant start,
The horrid gaze of half-distracted face,
As full of dismal and terrific dread
As if a monster had with grasp of death
Cut ev'ry nerve of life, made Horace feel
The rashness of his step. Alas! his friend
Fell prostrate, groaning, on his college-floor.
The agony can better be received
By thought, than narrative. Suffice to say,
That slow returning life revived his form
And sense again, midst tears and signs of fear,
And yet midst thankfulness for dangers past;—
Those dangers shall be told, and he who fell
Shall be narrator:—

"Horace thou art kind,

But hear my story :—'twas my lot thou know'st
To be in London on the evening past;
A single man of solitary turn,
Unused to bear the bustle of an inn,
For pastime's sake, I wandered to the play—
To Drury-Lane. There, ent'ring the saloon,
Midst fashions vot'ries, fickle, frail, and fair,
Midst sons and daughters of the thoughtless world,
I sat me down observant.—Some were gay,
Some giddy, proud, and flaunting; but alone,
Retir'd from flirting, sat a seeming mild,
Pensive, and thoughtful creature, with a face
As white as marble; and her dark black locks
In graceful curls of negligence disposed.
She saw my character, and glanced across
A look of interest. I know not how,
But o'er me, passion had maintained her sway,
And proved my blindness; thitherward inclin'd,
I talk'd and talk'd, till heedlessly o'erta'en,
In folly's hour, persuaded by the fair,
(Ah! fair in form, but sadly stain'd with guilt,
The most inhuman which could stamp disgrace
On sex of Eve) I wander'd with her home.
Onward advancing she pretended truth,
And told me, secresy must cause my step
To passby ladder into room above,

Whilst she circuitously tracing round
Would soon be with me. After weary walk,
Whither proceeding ignorant and blind,
We found the street. I found the ladder placed,
And unsuspiciously I sallied up,
And enter'd darkness. Groping now about,
Expecting light, I found at last a couch,
On which I sat; but feeling further on,
Most horrid fact, my fingers touch'd a face
As cold as death. The phrenzy of my mind,
It made me seize it; and from ear to ear
The throat was severed, and my madden'd shake
Of sudden fury, serv'd alone to tell
I could not be deceived. The ladder too
That instant from the window mov'd away,
I rushed, 'twas gone; and light and angry voice,
Approaching to the passage of the door,
Gave me one instant to expect my fate—
That instant seal'd it: with elastic spring,
At casement of the window I essayed,
And calling murder, tumbled to the ground.
I felt my feet; and running as for life
From street to street, I knew not where I went,
But onward kept, rejoiced to call a coach.
Such night of horror, shame, and dread, and prayer—
Such night of misery, of thought of past,

Of future resolution—kept aloof
Refreshing sleep. One deep lethargic dream
Of drowsy darkness, wherein shapeless things
Of forms most frightful, yet with woman's face,
Kept flitting round me; and my hands with blood,
(As stain'd they were) seem'd lifted to my view.
But here I am, escaped! O Horace! say,
Have I not deep occasion for the mood
In which thou saw'st me.—'Tis enough, 'tis o'er,
My friend reveal it, when thy friend's no more."

Accept the tale, thou hast it as 'twas told,
Recorded faithfully. Forgive my hand,
If now in love I offer to thy heart
The language of my soul. Beware, beware,
Of headstrong foolishness! Let virtuous life,
By thee esteemed, be recognized as such;
So call forth energy of mind and soul,
To keep thy senses in their just controul;
Ah! so shall Wisdom, sweetly freed from guile,
Protect the lovely, and on virtue smile.

Richd Cobbold invt et fecit.

THE ROYAL RIDDLE.

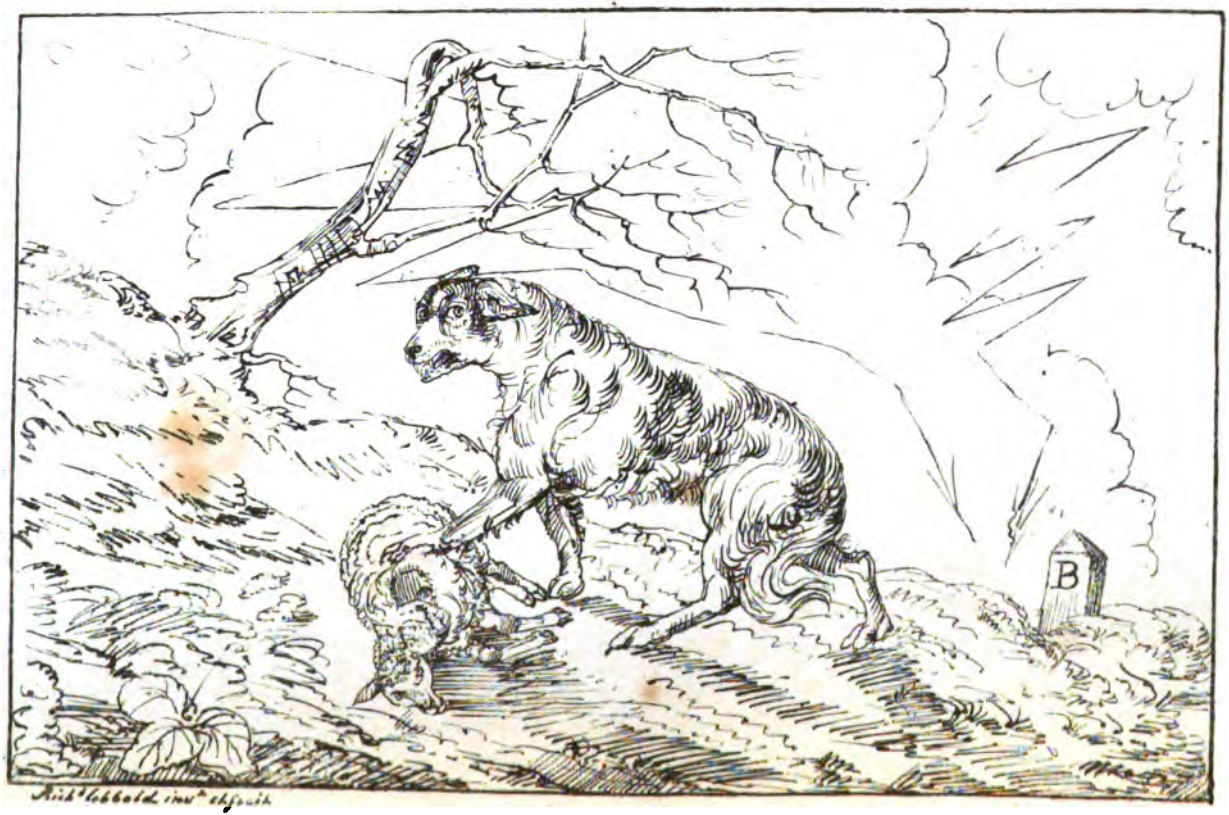
Men give a problem, to the wise of youth;
I give a drawing; thou, explain the truth.

Solve the Riddle if ye can,
In wisdom's way, pursue the plan;
I'll call ye somewhat wiser than
The Author, a composing man.

Look it o'er, and rap your pate,
Search your visions, morn and late;
You cannot guess the Riddle's fate,
Pray ask the Minister of State.

Methinks the Senator is scanning,
One while thinking, pausing, planning;
My Lady too, her features fanning,
Proposes it to Mr. Canning.

Perhaps he'll solve it in his mighty pleasure,
If not, I can, Sir, at my quiet leisure.


B

THE WORTHLESS DOG.

A shepherd's dog, 'tis really fact,
His master saw him in the act,
By night would kill the very sheep,
Appointed him to watch and keep :—
By day he meekly eyed the fold,
And bark'd whenever he was told ;
Would walk behind the shepherd's heels,
And fawn upon him at his meals ;
Yet strange to say, his master found
The dog grew daily larger round,
Look'd fat and sleek, would hardly share
His former homely frugal fare,
But daintily would leave the crust,
For other dogs to eat with dust.

Suspicion grew. Some sheep betray'd
The forms of havoc which he made ;
And one was found secreted low
In ditch, beside the hedge's row,

Or else beneath the blasted thorn
That stood alone, like man forlorn;
The Shepherd watch'd, and shot the beast
At moment of his nightly feast.

Those who pretend to guard and guide,
Should watchful be on ev'ry side;
Should faithful to their master's fold,
Keep off the wolves—be brave and bold;
Be humble too in mind and frame,
And seek to merit a good name.
Should guard their hearts, lest eye of fire
Be caught at moment of desire,
And so forgetting Master's pow'r,
Should study how they may devour.

The faithful man will truly find
Fidelity is never blind,
But infidelity will clog,
The heart with faults; like worthless dog,
By day deceitful, and by night
Be hateful to his master's sight.

THE ARTIST.

Work for a name! Go study nature well,
Each line each feature of expression tell;
Consider gesture, posture, gait, and mien,
And see how faithfully thy God is seen.—
Seen in those works where nature marks the hand
Of spirit masterly,—the world's command!
See how majestic, grand, beyond conceit,
Is nature's innocence; 'tis love complete.
The sky, the air, the sun, the stars, the day,
The clouds, the seasons, all their God display;
But man, most visibly in virtue's hour,
Displays the working of that mighty pow'r.
Go, study woman! thou wilt find in her,
Some vanity, yet virtue to prefer
The deeds of piety, more pure than man;
Thou'lt find her mind will compass what it can
With full as much facility as thine,
With full as much as ever poets line
Could run with ease, and tell in simple measure,
How woman's worth is man's delightful treasure.
Mark thou the outline of her graceful form,
Mark and remember man is but a worm.—

Hast ever traced the lineaments of ease,
The softly pencil'd features sure to please,
The eye of innocence, the smile of grace,
The lips of virtue in a lovely face?
Sure thou hast wondered at the silver brow,
The smooth and placid surface, nature's glow
In colours varying, yet always clear,
To man of honor, man of virtue dear.
Go study rocks, woods, hills, and shady dales,
Rivers and meads, glens, lakes, and pleasant vales,
Go study cattle, birds, beasts wild and tame,
House, castle, palace, anything with name;
Then conjure phantoms visionary schemes,
Days bold events, or nights attractive dreams:—
O study all! when perfect in their trace,
Return again, and study woman's face;—
For sure I am, there's nothing in the world,
Has so much beauty pleasantly unfurl'd.
Be brave at heart! be generous, be kind,
Learn to love virtue, Providence, and mind;
Thyself respect, and Woman soon will be,
Dear as thyself, aye, ever dear to thee!
Her spirit too, transcendant as thine own,
Will rise with thine, at coming day unknown.
Work for a name! thy pencil guide in truth,
Let wisdom prompt thee fearlessly in youth.—
Who studies nature, and improves his heart,
Will be an Artist of the noblest art.

GONE AWAY.

Gone away! gone away! yoix forward away!
Go to him! get forward! now bravely my bay,
Lift the head, glance the eye, tip the hurdle in style,
Gallop on! burst along! make the knowing ones smile.

O noble sport! how oft I've seen,
At rising sun, the morning keen,
The glowing fields, with dew are reeking,
The coming chase, good run bespeaking.
O tell me nobles, if ye can,
A braver sport for Englishman!

Gone away! gone away! hark forward my steed,
Yoix Ranger! good Forrester, capital breed.
Melanthus! Old Growler, yah! Stranger where now!
Hark the music! yoix forward, come join in the row.

Ah! who has seen the deep mouth hound,
When Reynard breaking from the bound
Of hedge-row, covert, wood, or heath,
First lift his head, and show his teeth,
Then hear his tongue, Oun! Oun! away,
The pack receive the old ones, bay.

Gone away! gone away! hark the crash of the stake,
See the pieces are flying! the blackbird's awake!
He darts from the thicket with shriek of dismay!
Yoix forward my boys! now then, that's it, away!

There's something brave in sport like this,
And nothing certainly amiss,
Provided hearts of hunter's view
The chase with honor, and are true;
They need not curse, and frown, and swear,
The beauty of such chase to share.

Gone away! gone away! now then, bowl it along!
Yoix forward! Ah ha! Tallyho! that's the song,
Tallyho to the view! Yoix Candor! take breath!
O bravely my steed, we'll be in at the death.

Now tell me Hunters, would ye say,
The Poet wish'd to go away ?
Believe the line, he wou'd, he wou'd,
Borne on the noble, free, and good ;
He wou'd, he wou'd, with panting breath
Come in most gladly at the death !

But gone away ! ah ! gone away from me !
Not with regret, the Hunter's well-known glee !
The chase I see, and many thousands scenes,
Break on my senses ! having past my teens.
Nature I view, and ardent dash along,
And sing with spirit, nature's lovely song,
Sports, works, employments, studies for the mind :—
In man, much mystery and love I find !
All living creatures, nay, the very ground
Is full of wonders, full of beauties found—
But most of all, forgive my prosing brain,
Nor think it hypocritical disdain,
Cant, cringing cant, or fawning base deceit,
The sluggard's weapons to cajole and cheat—
Most, most of all, ah, prithee do not start,
I study closely to improve the heart !
I mount my horse, and gallop where I will,
Thoughts of God's goodness will my senses fill.

'Twould seem sometime I hasten'd to the chase,
When all my speed is but for nature's face.
Free as the air! O thank my Father's love!
Who gave me independence so to move.
But hold my hand! my senses gently stay,
My dear young friends, behold the Gone Away!

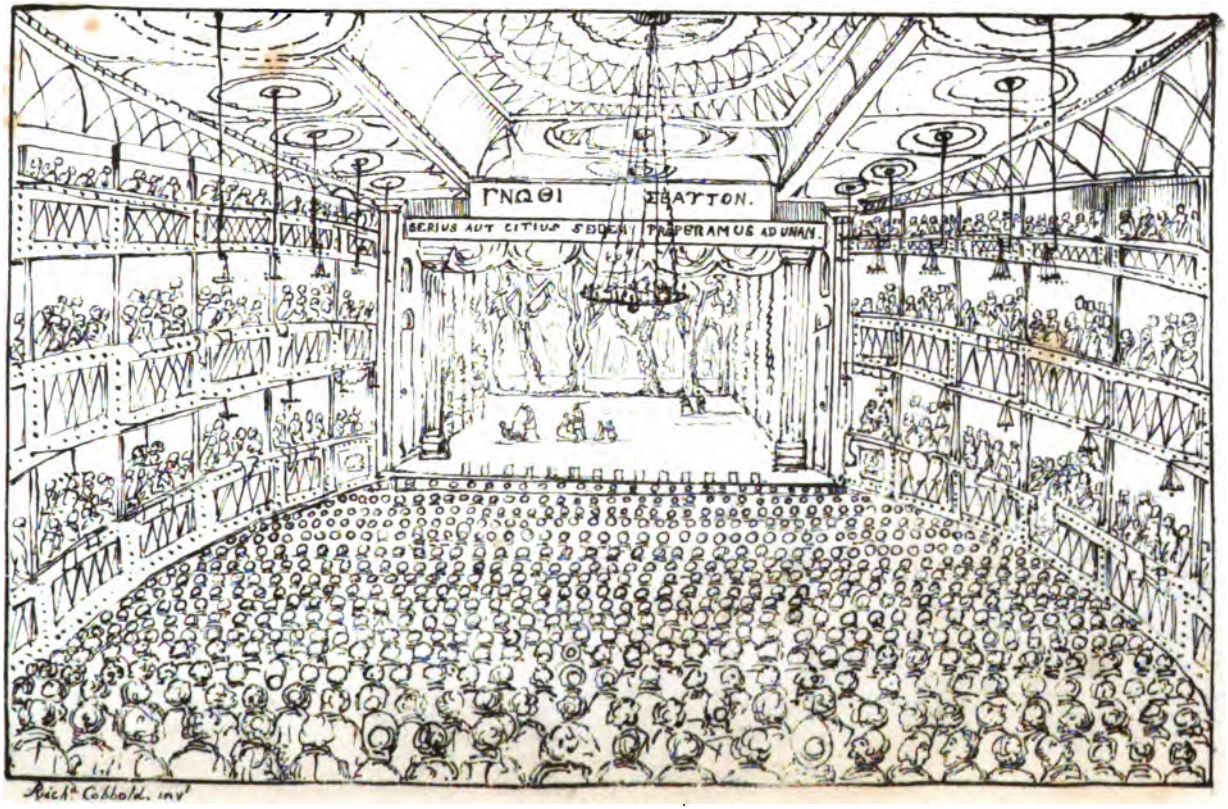
THE SKETCH OF A SKETCHER.

Some years ago, no matter how long since,
Such trifles surely no one need to mince,
The beaux and belles of this my native spot,
Were all assembled for a dance I wot;
A coxcomb officer with bushy hair,
Such (shall I call them gentlemen?) there are,
With boasted consequence, who strut and quiz,
And deem themselves of admirable fiz;
Who think their coats attractive to the eye,
And fancy ladies for their sakes must die.
I've seen some such, who lift their lofty brows,
Rattle their swords, their sabre-tash dispose,
Curl their mustachios, and assume the swing
Of fancied majesty! God bless the King!
But none of these have ever made me fear,
Nor would they had they thrust me with a spear.

Think me not proud, O men of war and fame!
I love and venerate the brave man's name,
But coxcomb impudence, in pride of dress,
Who would be great in midst of nothingness,
I cannot help it, sure I am to smile,
Whene'er I see them out of rank and file,
Strutting the gauntlet in the ball-room's blaze,
Self, self-important, swelling for the gaze.
'Twas some such man, his name, Sir, in the town,
Was formerly, and is so quite well known:
I shall not tell it, but my pencil's trace
May bring to mind the features of his face;
In dishabille, he entered with his friend,
A sir, sir Somebody! But pray attend:—
They look'd around on this, and that, and t'other,
Joked, laugh'd, and chuckled wisely with each other,
Their eyebrows lifting, then again compressing,
For no one caring, no one there addressing.
The talk of all, they seem'd to like the fun,
For sake of noteriety 'twas done.
The one in question, boasted of his skill,
At duelling a dab, was sure to kill;
And stood as high for some such mighty work,
As any Spaniard, Saracen, or Turk;
Some talent he possess'd, and so to show it,
Determined as I've done, the world should know it:—

So down he sat, and taking out his book,
Gave here and there significant a look;
Then in his hat he mark'd the faces down,
Some with a smile, and others with a frown;
The ladies blush'd, the gentlemen disturb'd,
Yet no one thought the monster could be curb'd.
At length, the doors unfolding in the room,
He saw a subject, aye! a prime one come!
'Twas Mrs. Cobbold,—true in outward gait,
(God bless my Mother now in better state!)
From habits mild, and generous, and kind,
The surest index of a noble mind;
From sedentary life, or happy tone
Of disposition, she was portly grown,
But never indolent; he little knew
How great a woman came within his view.—
The start of joy was kindled in his face,
And soon his pencil hasted to the trace.
Some ladies came to tell the hero's name,
His character, his rudeness to proclaim,
At last one said! "Look, look, he's sketching you!"
"Ah! is he? let him have a perfect view;
"Pray clear the way, I'll sit myself at ease,
"In any way for sketching he may please,
"And had I pencil, I would calmly try,
"Such impudence to baffle and defy."

Soon came the pencil, paper, to the scratch,
The sketcher found a sketcher was his match;
With steady hand she quietly began,
To mark the outline of this outré man;
They sat few seconds, (bless my gentle mother!)
Compos'dly, fairly sketching one another.
Till barefaced impudence outwitted blush'd,
And out midst hisses of the ball-room rush'd!
Brave woman! brave! thy wisdom gave retort,
In common justice, as a woman ought.
No angry frown, no pique, or pride, or fear,
No word of murmur spake disturbance near;
The deed was done in gentleness of hand,
By spirit prompted! Such deeds must command.
Who marks in justice, lives in mercy too,
Loves while he lives, is humble, quiet, true,
Will ever find he has it in his pow'r,
To put down impudence at any hour.


ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΤΤΟΝ.
SERIUS AUT CITIUS SEDEM TRANSEAMUS ADUNAM.
Richd Cobbold. inv.

THE STAGE.

The world's a Stage, all nature is the scene,
The actors, men,—spectator, God, I ween;
Death is the curtain, and believe thou me,
The curtain falls and soon will fall on thee.

Such was the motto years of boyhood made,
Long before pomp or pageantry betray'd
An ardent spirit into love of fame,
Long before youth had thought of care or name.
How oft the curtain falling on the plain,
Recall'd that motto to my mind again;
Nor see I aught to strike it from my view,
Aught that is false, unholy, or untrue;
Aught so offensive, that the proud man's eye
May dare disdain it, or its truth deny;—
Thou wilt not spurn it, gentle friendly maid,
Thou wilt not spurn it, nor my pen upbraid,

Nor think me sad, if serious or gay,
I write a poem, tragedy, or play;
All would be easy—easier to me
Than reading could be readily to thee?
I know the stage, the tricks the actors play,
And mark their characters as any may;
I see the world, and note in merry mood,
The diff'rent scenes, and make them understood;
I see varieties of parts men act,
And know by reasoning the false and fact.
The prompter speaks so loudly, he is heard
Through nature's theatre—he must be fear'd!
Behind the scenes, in thicket, castle, cave,
On mountain pass, or passing on the wave;
In palace gay, or poverty's cold hut,
The actors play, and acting mostly strut.—
There is not one upon the world's wide stage,
Don't rage ye actors of the present age,
Should I but see him studying his part
I know directly if he learns by heart.

Go, act thy part, and fearlessly proceed,
Take for thy master, Spirit, and thou'lt speed!
Study thyself! the nearer thou canst see
Thine imperfections, thou wilt nearer be
To wisdom's source; the actor of a part,
Where every word is prompted from the heart.

Tread thou the stage with manly step and mien,
And do thy duty in the passing scene.
The world's a stage where noble Christians pause,
And care but little for the world's applause;
They act their parts as wisely as they can,
At peace within, and fearful not of man;
But pressing on, the mark they would attain,
Is present hope and future well-earn'd gain.

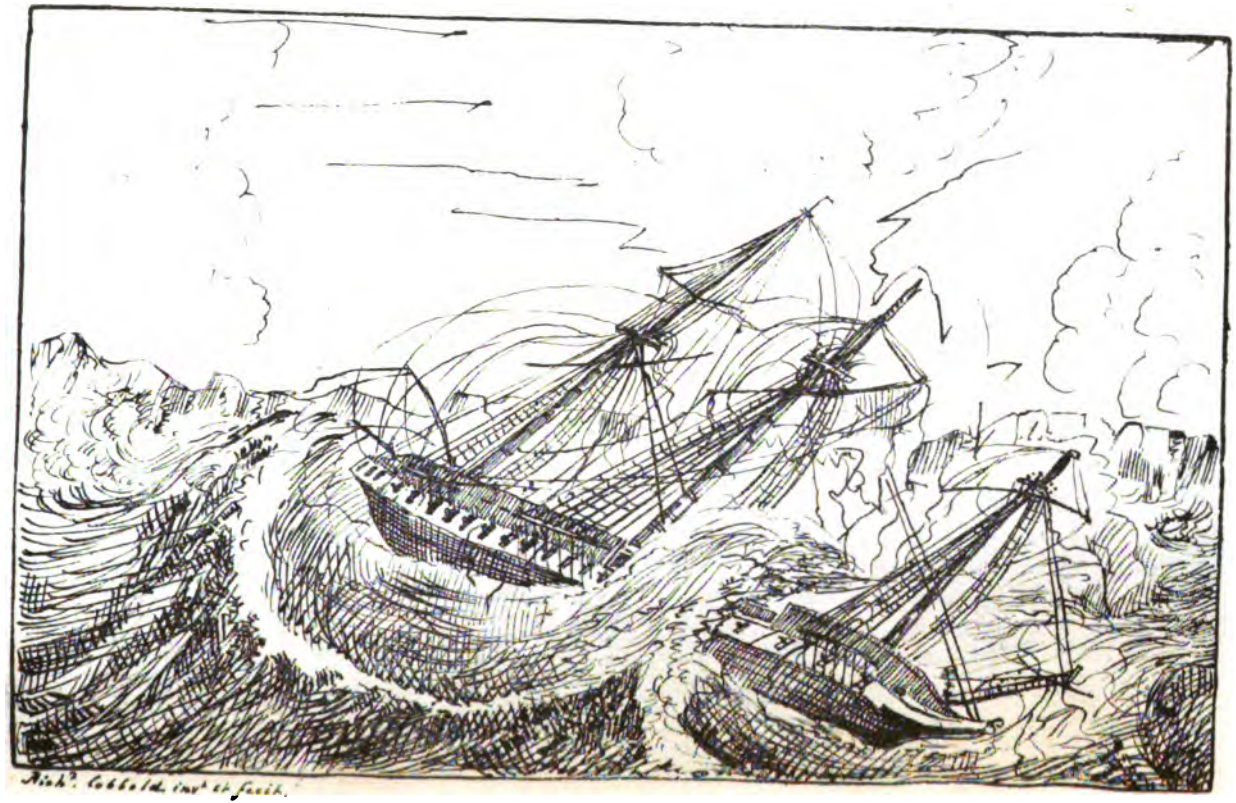
My gen'rous friends, I love ye one and all,
And wish ye happy at the curtain's fall;
Together act we;—Are we one in heart,
The stage will find we act a faithful part.

Rich.d. Gibbold inv.t et fecit.

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

Whose form is that upon the beacon-height,
Close where the pile has burnt throughout the night?
She stands alone, and casts her glance along
The bloody field, where yesterday the throng
Of marshall'd hosts in glittering array,
Stood awfully prepared for wild affray?
'Tis Henrietta's: o'er her darkling brow,
The dreadful thought of battle cast its glow,
More gloomy still, as mists of morning fade
And rising sun dispels the valley's shade;
Her eye was watchful, strain'd with horror's glance
Toward the frontiers of fated France;
There mov'd the fire of tenderness and woe,
In face of terror, fearfulness of foe,
Not for herself; O no! a Father's form—
Had it escaped the battle's dreadful storm?
Was he returning victor, crown'd with fame—
Or dead, and left her to revere his name?
Awhile, the mists were ling'ring in the dell
And cloth'd the valley! Ah! she could not tell,

But yet she look'd, and wish'd, and hoped, and sigh'd,
And felt as almost certain he had died!
Her dark black locks hung sweeping o'er a face
Which had been ruddy, but the feeling trace
Of deepest interest, made the features wan;
'Twould move with agony the soul of man,
To paint expression such a moment fix'd
On countenance where pain and hope were mix'd,
With all the sorrow suffering could give,—
Anxiety for parent: Could he live?
Ah! now she saw through dimly fading mist,
The legions moving, coming, talking, hist!
The mingled voices louder, clearer grow,
And now she hears them, more distinctly now:
The banners waving fan the morning air,—
Her father's regiment! Could he be there?
He was! he was! He saw his darling child,
And rush'd to meet her, with a spirit wild:—
"My Henrietta! thou my tender care,
"The first my victory to see and share,
"The danger's past, the battle's field is won,
"The foe is beaten, overthrown, and gone."
"God bless thee father! may contentions cease!"
"God bless thee child, God grant us lasting peace."


Nich.s Cobbold inv.t et fecit.

THE WRECK.

Is there a grief when o'er the foaming main,
The stately vessel labors in the gale;
When pilot's hand, or captain's voice is vain,
When billows rage and blasts o'er blasts prevail;
When ev'ry heave the stately timbers strain,
And burst the shrouds and rend the quivering sail;
Is there a grief, man's harden'd heart can check?
O view with awe the melancholy wreck!

Ye sailors, tell me? I have seen your smile,
Your looks of joy observant on the sea,
When homeward-bound the vessel comes in style,
And nears the harbour or the well-known quay;
O tell me, tell me, sons of England's isle,
Who yet have hearts to suffer and be free,
You who have trode so gallantly the deck,
Is it not grief to contemplate the Wreck?

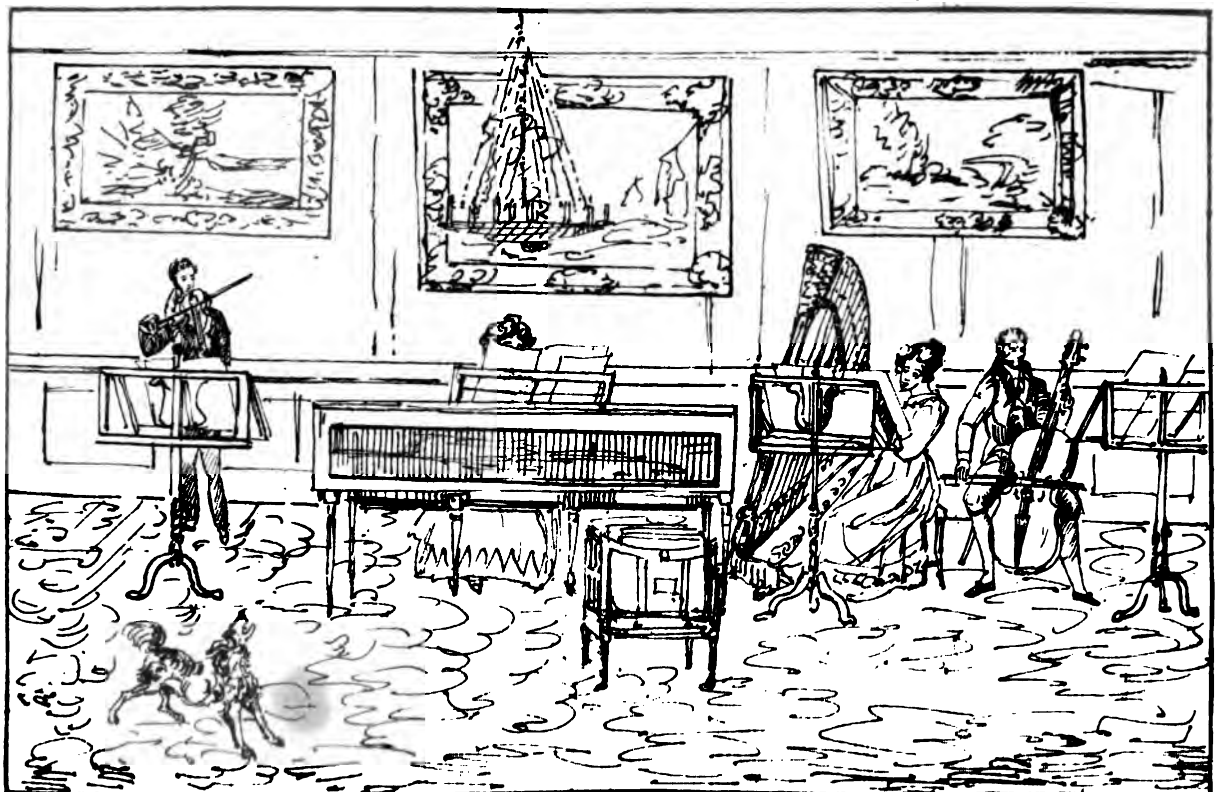
Ye know the value of the stately frame,
Ye know the beauty of her shape and make ;
Each cord, each sail, each tackle ye can name,
The care and caution, wisdom it must take,
To plan, to build, to launch, to steer, the same,—
Ye know all this, and feelingly awake,
Must own in truth the distant lovely speck,
A melancholy aspect when a wreck.

If any work of human skill and hand
Be truly noble, or appear to view
Of humble mortal positively grand,
(I speak in wisdom positively true,)
A first-rate vessel must the sight command,
And man acknowledge wisdom must be due.
A moment pause, thy senses take the beck,
Behold the change, a miserable wreck.

Hearts must ye have, for sailors ever feel,
Think then a moment of the Poet's line,
He wants no praise, his heart is not of steel,
He writes in wisdom : Never be supine,
But look on man as melancholy keel.
Whatever noble, drunk with strife and wine,
Forgets his honor or his passion's check,
Resembles this—a miserable wreck !

A lovely woman, O my heart! my heart!
So fair, so handsome, form'd in beauty's frame!
To see her false, I cannot bear the smart,
To see her faithless, wreck'd without a name,—
A lovely woman act a worthless part,
Lost to herself, her family, and fame,
O sight of horror! All my senses queck!—
She, most of all, is melancholy wreck!

Can nature feel? O think, my gentle friend,
If thinking ever can thy heart controul,—
If man, a builder of a vessel, bend
To see the ocean o'er his fabric roll,
What must the Maker feel, to see the end
Of one unhappy self-devoted soul.
Think thou in time, in time thy senses check,
Lest thou become a melancholy wreck.



Richd Cobbold Invt et fecit.

THE QUARTETT.

I'm now, Sir, in a merry mood,
  Perhaps I should be sad,
I cannot help it if I wou'd,
  My line is very bad;
But pardon it, you must not fetter,
One day perhaps you'll get a better.

The tale I tell, 'tis often told,
  And tells against the teller,
To some 'tis truly stale or old,
  Like music to a seller;
But never mind, at least I mean,
Look over all that may have been.

Your pardon, friends, wherever now
  This line may catch your eye,
I suffered more than you, I vow,
  Accept apology!
And ladies, though you frown'd on me,
You must not frown, I honor ye.

Well, well! the tale!—One day I sat
  In lodgings at a village,
Be sure 'tis fact, I always hate,
  From others works to pillage;
I copy no one! still forsooth,
I'll imitate whatever's truth.

My bass was busied by the bow,
  My hand was on the string,
I play'd a hymn, be sure 'twas slow,
  Perhaps God save the King!
No matter, 'tis enough to say,
I play'd it ill—I could not play.

Rap at the door; away went bass,
  I wish away went sin,
I popt it in the open case,
  And then I said, "come in!"—
A gentleman! he made his bow!
"I hope you're well, Sir." "How d'ye do."

"I heard the bass, don't let me stay
  "Your practice, pray proceed,
"I'm fond of music and I play;
  "Of players we have need!"
"I wish I could," said humble I,—
"You do, you do, so don't deny."

"You're fond of music, will you come
"Some evening up to mine,
"My daughter and my wife are home,
"Perhaps you'll come and dine?
"Your instrument with leave I'll borrow,
"Pray say you'll come!" "I'll come to-morrow."

True to my word my case was sent,
A woeful lot befel me,
I went; my cousins also went;
The same they all can tell ye:
Alas! alas! I wish'd that day,
Had never been for me to play.—

The ladies at the harp, piano,
The gent the violin,
"I cannot play." "You can." "I can? No."—
"Pray now, pray begin?
"Come, come, he plays now, does he not?"
"I've heard him play, I've not forgot!"—

"Indeed I do not know a note,
"I am but a beginner,
"On harmony I ever dote,
"Alas, a luckless sinner!
"I would in earnest if I could,
"But truly cannot if I would."

"You're very cross! you might as well,
"Good players want most pressing,"
"I pray you do not longer dwell;"—
But still they kept addressing.
"Come try, now try! oblige us pray,
"I know you can, you can, Sir, play!"—

One, one and all, my cousins too—
O cousins, you were clever!
Ye back'd each other, as ye do,
And may ye do so ever!
Ye bother'd, bother'd me to play,
And made me angry; "give me way,—

"Well, well I'll play." So down we sat,
I really in a rage,
And wish'd most heartily for hat,
To leave the troubled stage;
Assuming Lindley's very air,
One instant made me master there.—

Now play'd we this, now play'd we that,
Could Lindley play, sir, better?
Astonished were they, I was flat,
And warm, sir, as a fretter;
Yet still I played, with inward fret,
Through many a page of fam'd quartett!

That day, O! what was my condition,
I know not what my praise,
I was, O quite an acquisition,
Was certain of the bays!
O quite adored, I played in style,
But never player played more vile.

A note! not one! when they played loud,
I pull'd away the bow,
And seem'd of harmony quite proud,
And then again played low;
But as for music! O my brain,
Be never such delight again!—

A hoax! a hoax! a hated hoax,
I could not bear my strain;
It served me right for playing jokes,
I'll never play again.
But such a scrape it got me into,
You cannot think it. 'Tis in print! O.

Another day I played away,
A music-master there,—
And so astonished at my play,
He could but look and stare,
Ah! well he might, he clear'd the mote,
And said, I never played a note!—

The joke is past, I suffered much,
As men of heart will do,
Whoever dare to venture such
A foolish outward show.
That very night I went to bed,
And sent for surgeon and was bled.—

O never, sir, attempt to shine.
If passion, nature urge,
In way quite foreign to your line,
Lest nature play a dirge!
Do what you can, and do it well,
And never fear the truth to tell.

— Τρόπαια ἱδρύεται
Παντευχίαν ἔχοντα τῶν πολεμίων.
Πολλοὺς δ' ἀριστεῖς, πρωτόλεια Ἑλλάδος
Αἰχμῇ φέροντας, καὶ σποραῖς ὠγκωμένους
Αἱ σαὶ καταξανοῦσιν ὄμβριμοι χέρες.
— Πᾶς δὲ λυγαίων λεὼς
Ἐσθῆτα προστρόπαιον ἐγχλαινούμενος,
Αὐχμῷ πινώδης λυπρὸν ἀμπρεύσει βίον.
Κρατὸς δ' ἄκουρος νῶτα καλλυνεῖ φόβη
Μνήμην παλαιῶν τημελοῦ ὀδυρμάτων.

GREEKS AS THEY WERE

AND

GREEKS AS THEY ARE.

Ye sons of Atreus, whither are ye gone?
O Agamemnon, Ajax, Peleus' son,
Nestor, thou wisest of the Grecian host,
And thou, Ulysses, whither is thy boast?
O Diomed, thou hero of the brave,
With heroes like thee, thou hast found thy grave.
Ye mighty Greeks, methinks I see ye now,
Assembled warriors, I hear you vow;
Aye more distinctly than the gods of old;—
I see your numbers, chiefs in phalanx told,
Prepared for battle; Surely were I one,
Some deed of honor had been boldly done;—
My speech partaking of the ancient strain,
Had poured forth fluently as pelting rain.

To arms, to arms! ye Grecians! sons of war,
Yon host advancing, bids ye to the car!
Your legions rally! hark Misenus sounds,
Greeks to the battle! ev'ry hero bounds!
Leaders, advance! address your men of fame,
Call on your warriors by god-like name!
O bright Minerva, goddess of the day,
Grant to thy servants strength to cut their way!
O Mars, great Mars! yon ranks of Trojan foe,
Grant we may prosper in their overthrow!
Ye sons of war, by every noble tie,
I bid you combat, tremble not to die.
By all the hecatombs of holy fire!
By all the honor of a Grecian sire!
By all the victories your swords have won!
By all the deeds your ancestors have done!
By Helen's charms! ye suitors, by your vow!
I bid ye rise! and show your vengeance now.
Ye warriors, who hold your honor'd lives,
As dearly precious as your loving wives,
The gods above have seen the Grecian fame,
And now avenge your Menelaus' shame!
Come then, advance! let ev'ry soldier feel,
As sharp in battle as his well-tried steel,
Behold the foe, and where ye make your stand,
Step on a step, or lay ye on the land.

Hand to the hilt, the body to the sword,
Greeks, be ye Greeks, by gods and men adored!

Such was the spirit when the gods inspir'd,
And heroes slew till fairly they were tired;
'Tis mighty well, to traverse o'er a plain,
And cut down thousands, then to cut again;
'Tis mighty well! but blood of ancient fray,
Ne'er flew so freely as of later day.
Think what has flown within the last few years,
Ye know me not a coward, I've no fears!
But were I mad, I'd strike the hostile blow,
And glory in the slaughter of the foe;
O I would bear me bravely on my steed,
My arm should strike or I would nobly bleed;
War should be mine, be made for man or me;
I am not mad! but christian-like am free.

But what of Greece? Let Grecian poet tell,
How luxury destroy'd her. Ah, 'tis well!
There scarce was one who fought for Helen's name,
That was not blind to passions much the same.
What virtue mov'd in great Achilles' breast?
A libertine was he;—and what at best—
Save here and there a solitary man,
Nestor or Hector,—every ancient clan?

But what of Greece? A church was planted there,
And flourished freely 'neath the christian care;
When Rome had vanquish'd them, though Grecians fell
More by their indolence than foeman's spell,
A christian church was planted in their land,
And Greeks were free! their freedom is at hand.
But where is Greece, or Rome, or haughty Spain?
Where are their glories? Will they come again?
Their nobles linked in chains of slavish pride,
Revelled in luxury and shame defied!
Gamesters, and what—I will not stain the line,
Pollution foster'd them, they now repine.
Greeks as they were; Italians Romans were;
Greeks, Romans, Spaniards, tell me what they are?
Corruption came, reduced them in the scale,
Corruption cannot very long prevail;
Where now is Babylon? Egyptian fame?
Where now is Ninevah? they have but name!
Where are the Greeks? O England, shame to say,
Thou hast been backward, backward in the day,
When foremost bravely in a noble work,
Ye might have spoken boldly to the Turk.
Was it through gratitude, distaste of war,
Ye let the infidel proceed so far?
Or was it as Franciscan friar saith,
Your noble reverence for christian faith?

When christians care not for a christian brother,
How keep they faith with any or each other.

'Tis past! but other things will come to pass,
Stability no doubt will keep the mass;
But take the warning Britons, Christians too,
Do as ye would, ye would have others do.
Look sharp at home!—When nobles, men of fame,
Statesmen and senators, all men of name,
For gambling lust, and lusting more for pride,
The good of others feelingly deride;
When warriors in tinsel pomp arrayed,
Seek but the glory of a vain parade;
When joint-stock companies for cent per cent,
From noble patrons take the gambling bent;
And sad luxurious, enervating schemes,
Fill with debauchery their midnight dreams;
When wisdom sleeps, and virtue has but name,
Where will be glory? where be England's fame?

O call the Poet, mad dissembling fool,
Brought up at home in hypocritic school;
Call him a knave, a pedant, what you will,
You cannot silence him unless you kill;

For no contempt, nor any human scorn,
Cares he one atom,—he is free—free-born;
Nor cares he either whilst he lives on earth,
To leave this place the province of his birth.
Still will he cry to christians of the land,
Be good at heart, for glory is at hand;
Remember Greece! Of Babylon beware!
Greeks what they were! O see them as they are!

R. Cobbold inv. et fecit

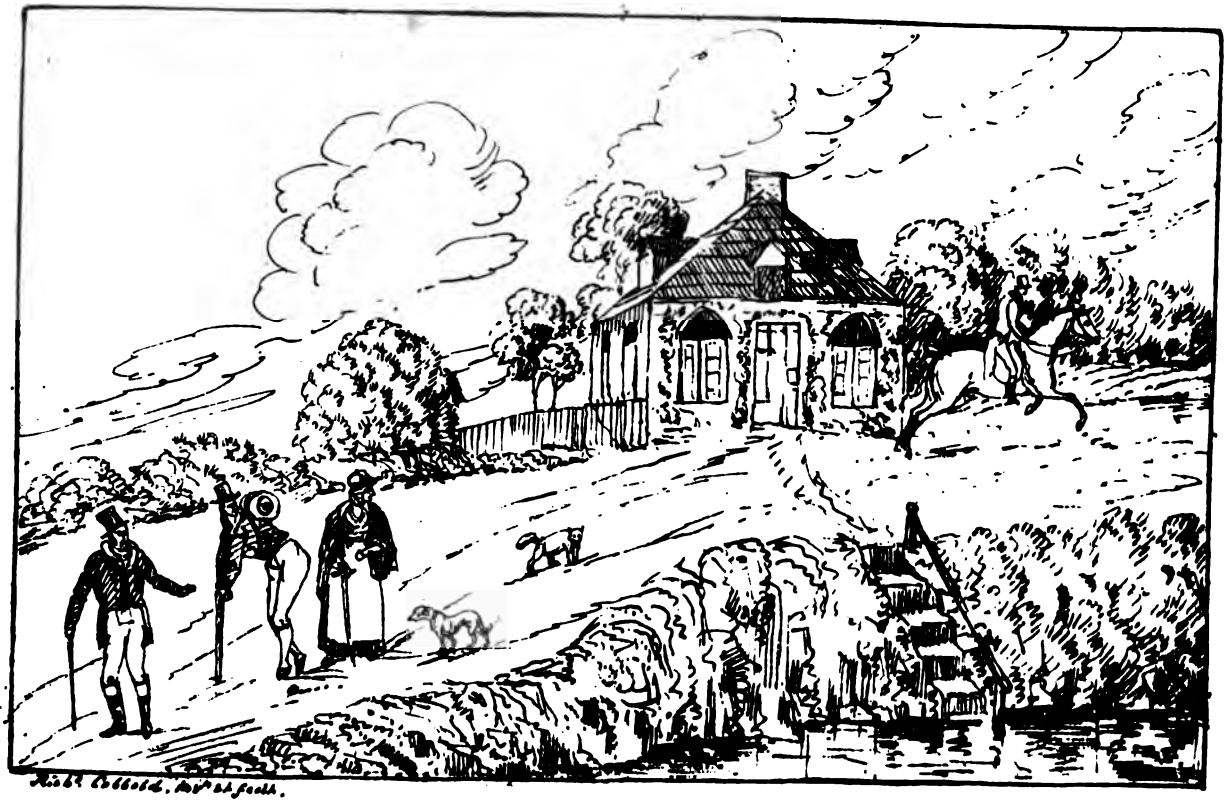
THE DANCING-MASTER'S BALL.

How prettily foot it, the innocent throng,
O lightly and brisk as the stream,
Which flowing successfully murmurs along,
Like the visions of night's pleasing dream.

O childhood! how happily passes the day,
In innocent frolic delight;
Your troubles are trifles, your sorrows ne'er stay,
They are past as a watch in the night.

Thou dear little throng! O I long to express,
How tenderly fluttered my heart;
I long'd to applaud, or to give my caress,
For so prettily dancing your part.

Go on little children, through life dance as well,
May your visions of happiness come;
May your Master be pleased, and your holidays tell,
That your hearts are contented at home.



THE REMOVAL.

The poor old Cottager must bid adieu;
Of house, home, garden, take a parting view;—
His work is done, his day of woe is come,
The parish workhouse now must be his home.

Poor Johnny! many, many a happy day,
Thine has been lot to saddle the old grey,
Let loose the dog, and ope the gate hard bye,
And see thy master down the valley hie.

Oft hast thou smiled, when college days were o'er,
To see that master and his steed once more;
To welcome one who never gave thee frown;
The old white steed, again to rub him down.

Say, is there grief to visit in decline
An aged servant, who had once been thine?
To see the struggle 'twixt the hope and pain
Of active spirit, which would work again?

Say, is there grief to note his anxious look?
Scarce will the generous such moment brook;
But sad necessity the truth must tell,
And poor old Johnny too must say, farewell!

To see each day some furniture depart:
There stood the clock! O poverty, thy smart!
First goes the time-piece which will click no more,
And then the carpet, or the cupboard's store;

The neat brass candlestick is taken down,
The chairs are vanishing, the fender's flown;
The plates are gone, the walls are getting bare;
The poor old woman too is full of care.

Hard is the struggle to obtain relief,
And deep the suffering of honest grief!
O would that industry when full of pay,
Would lay by something for a rainy day.

I wish that wisdom could propose a plan,
To keep from poverty the working man;
To make them club, in proper time to save,
And satisfy when indigence would crave.

O I should love to see the hardy race,
Resume that English, independent face,
Which loves the cottage of contentment more
Than idle laziness at workhouse door.

But poor old Johnny, 'twas in vain for me
To give my pittance to necessity;
Thy hopes grew less, and sighing thus 'twas said,
"To leave this place will kill me, I'm afraid!"

Mine was the lot to soothe, to lessen woe,
To bid thee fear not, if the word 'must go,'
"Must go, dear master," must be said again.
"O take thou comfort in the midst of pain."

The day is come, removal must be made;
Far, far away, thy destiny was laid,
The parish-officer had spoke the word,
To keep thee longer no one could afford:—

"My cottage! where so often I have known
"Joys which are past, for ever, ever flown;
"My master!" poor old fellow 'twas the sound,
"God bless thee, master! I am homeward bound!"

To see the tear, yea, see the tear of woe
Adown the cheek of aged vet'ran flow,—
Bear it I could not, so I turn'd away,
And gallopp'd homeward to record the day.

Be sure of this, dear maiden, thou hast heart,
I never wish thy lover may depart.
'Tis some such feeling I shall one day know,
When leaving Ipswich, I shall say, 'must go!'
May'st thou be happy, take the Poet's line,
O may Removal be to heaven thine!

Richd Cobbold lith.

KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

Honor the King!—Pray tell me, tell me how?
Must worship him as God? O no, no, no!
Kings are but mortal! honor lasts its day;
His Majesty and ministers must pass away.
If ranks of men for mutual support,
To laws of wisdom happily resort,
With one consent acknowledging a King,
Their lord and governor, and kindly bring
The grateful tribute in affection true,
Say not they pay him grudgingly his due.
Kings have great cares, temptations more than we,
Much to discharge to make their people free.
No common lot the sway of England's crown,
In times of trouble ministers have known;
Long may they know that wisdom is a plant,
More strong in structure than the elephant;

Swift as the horse, as patient as the slave,
Free as the light'ning, fearless as the brave;
Sharp as the sword, more subtle than the snake,
Alive to liberty, to love awake :—
Long may this knowledge actuate the great,
Preserve the King, his ministers, and state.

Say not, ye furious, I write this line
To flatter any one, to seek to shine,
To court the great, to praise the rich and proud,
To gain the plaudits of the assembled crowd;
I write for love, and rather would I crave
Good will of one, that one in spirit brave,
Than court for Sov'reigns what I could not bear,
Or say a word with sycophantic air.
Pause then my friend, and whilst thou view'st the King,
Thine heart's affection tribute let it bring.

Hast thou a father? has he been to thee
That which a parent to a child should be?
The King had his, who was to him as much,
And had he children would himself be such.
King George the Third, the father of his race,
My pencil's touch can ill describe his face.
Ne'er saw I Majesty!—Some stately tree,
Oak, ash, or maple, has appeared to me

Of form majestic; but a mighty king
I never saw one—never saw such thing!
King George the Third! report, or love, or fame,
Has stampt amongst us honor on his name;
In life domestic, he was lov'd of those
Who lov'd themselves, and fought against his foes.
Thou lov'st thyself.—I pray thee let us sing,
With hearts of honesty, God save the King!

THE BALL ROOM.

Ye beaux and belles, be angry if ye will,
I cannot help it;—burn my silly line,
You'll find again I'll mend my weary quill,
And write another, quite a superfine.

"Ah, how d'ye do; I hope you're well;
"Is Lady A., that merry belle,
"So gay to night all love disarming,
"So young, so novel, and so charming?"
"I vow my Lord you've lost your heart,
"You've felt the wound of Cupid's dart;
"The Colonel says, if not a scoffer,
"That truly you have made an offer."
"'Tis true I have, to go to France;—
"Your Ladyship perhaps will dance?"
"No, not to night, I am indeed
"At best as yet, an invalid.
"What sort of ball will be to night?
"Is Lord Excessive wrong or right?

"A silly matter was it not?
"But silence, I had nigh forgot,
"Your Lordship may a party be,—
"I blush for my temerity."

"Ah, Mr. Fortune! you from home,
"Pray tell me, are the stewards come?"
"Not yet, Sir William dines to-day,
"With Horace Riot on his way.
"But Lady B. what brings you here?
"I hope you are not insincere."
"Could not withstand, could not forego
"The hope of meeting fashion's beau;
"The great Sir Peter's coming down,
"With Lady Ann and Lord Renown,
"And how could any one refuse
"To meet the lover of the muse;
"Ah! well, good bye,—I see your glance,—
"You're looking for Miss M. to dance."

"Sir John, you're well! the war's begun,
"The troops are sail'd, the rebels run;
"Come tell me now, was that report,
"Of Mr. D. of fashion's sort?
"Or was it fact? I'm sure you know!"
"By Jove I do not,—May be so,—

" I never knew the fellow much,
" I always thought he would be such,—
" The Admiral can tell you best,
" He dined to-day with Captain Test.
" Pray who's the belle? Is Mary Gay,
" With Lady Faceall, here to-day?
" Upon my word a lovely girl,
" Fit for a waltz, a nimble whirl;
" But hang that duchess her duenna,
" I wish her farther, at Vienna.
" Is she not in ev'ry feature
" Quite divine? a lovely creature!
" Come tell me plainly, do you know
" A girl with such a pretty toe?
" Her arms, her fingers, 'pon my word
" I almost wish myself a lord!
" And were I single, I would fain
" For such a girl be tied again."
" Come, come, Sir John! I'll go and tell
" My Lady Vixen.—Fare ye well."

" Mamma! mamma! it is too bad,
" The stewards make us very sad;
" Sir William said we need not fear,
" At ten precisely he'd be here;
" 'Tis now eleven! what a shame,
" To have it said he never came."

" Hush, hush, my dear! pray not so loud,
" You're over anxious, 'tis a crowd,
" You cannot see about the room,
" He is perhaps already come.
" They will not wait whenever D.,
" Appears as usual in glee,
" The dancers then may trip away;
" Don't be alarm'd,—don't pout I pray."

" What Charles! ah, Charley! how d'ye do!
" Where sat ye down? Hey, hey! I know,
" I'll bet a guinea you've been slaying;
" Didst win or lose by Blackmore's playing.
" How many birds hast shot as yet?
" Not many brace I'll make a bet."
" 'Tis ten to one! ah! ten to one,
" I like than this some better fun;
" I wish for all these dancing dames,
" They'd let me play my merry games!
" O William! such a run to-day!
" Old Hunter's hounds, sir, went away
" From Froston heath to Froggey moor;
" And then to Narrow-neck, and o'er
" From Bluster wood to Blunder hill,
" And after all we did not kill."
" O dear! O dear! a good night's rest,
" For all this tripping it, is best."

"Upon my word, a pretty lass!
"Tom d'ye see her? take your glass!
"A pair of eyes will make you feel,
"Unless your substance be of steel!"
"A doll! a doll! a pretty doll!
"En passant, pretty well, toll loll!"

"I hope Miss Fidget's pretty well?"
"I have not seen her, cannot tell!"
"Not here to night?"—"No, no, not out,
"You saw her at an evening rout.
"But ladies must not come among
"Us fashionables when so young,
"Good time for her these many years,—
"Excuse a guardian's tender fears."
"O certainly, you're very kind,
"A woman of such taste and mind,
"She must I'm sure be truly blest,
"You do at all times for the best."
"Why yes, as well as guardians can,
"No little care to keep our plan."

"Miss Knowall, pray do see that romp,
"I saw her give the man a thump;
"Was ever such a shameful sight
"Beheld on any other night?

"Pray see, there's Miss De Pauper here—
"Her father's bankrupt—bad I fear;
"Methinks propriety would say,
"Young lady you should stay away.
"Observe Miss Rattle's swing and bounce,
"Miss Raggit's top, Miss Folly's flounce,
"Do see that minx so sweetly pure,
"So diffident! ah, pshaw, demure!—
"She smiles when red-coats praise her name,
"So seeming innocent of shame!
"Look, look, a match! I'm sure 'tis so,
"He's just the man, the very beau."

"Your humble servant Mrs. E.
"A famous ball it is to be.
"A moment look at Lady X.,
"She loves to dazzle and perplex,
"Her jewels worth ten thousand pounds;
"They say Sir Thomas sold his hounds
"To pay her debts; good husbands will
"Forgive our ventures at quadrille.
"My Mr. T., a dear good lord,
"Must never say a single word,
"He lost at T's in twenty rounds,
"The sum of forty thousand pounds!
"I won at Lady Fancy's rout
"A hundred, some where there about!"

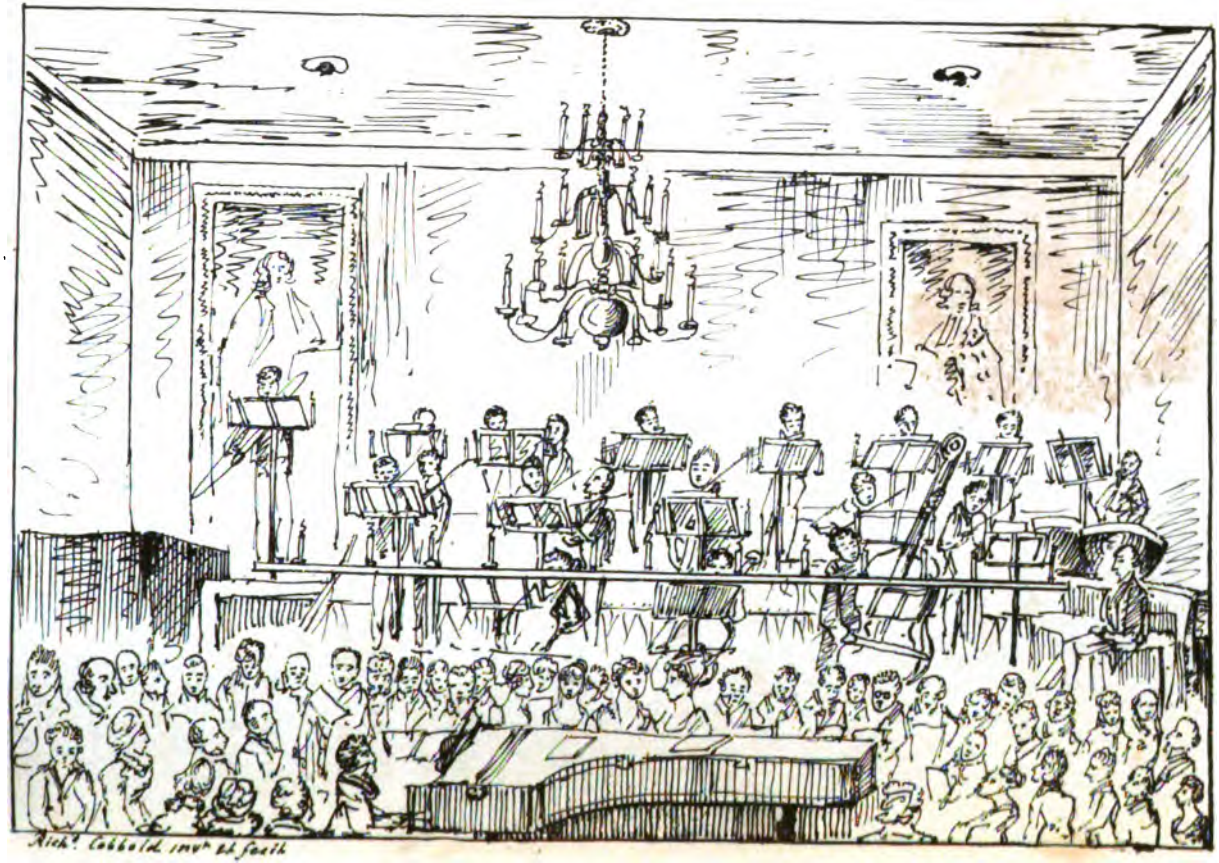
" You cruel creature, I have heard
" Your favorite is now cashier'd,
" Ah well, I need not try to smother,
" You'll just as quickly find another."
" She is not handsome, pinched so tight
" She makes herself appear a fright,
" She's like a stick; how any man
" To call her features handsome can,
" With eyes that positively squint;
" Her fortune, were it all the mint,
" Would never make her change that gait,
" Which I know what, will be her fate."

" Ah, Mr. Broker! what's the news?
" You live within the land of Jews.
" Pray how are stocks, a rise or fall?
" Are Spanish bonds in hand at all?
" What says that minister of cares,
" Our friend of France and foreigners?
" I cannot bear such depth of planning,
" I always studied Mr. Canning.
" He's very elegant no doubt,
" Can twist his lingo too about,
" But as for wisdom, split my brain,
" He's fit for minister of Spain.
" Now look ye, there's a heart of oak,
" That man, 'tis more than pleasing joke,

" For twenty years a midshipman
" Has sought promotion, but in vain,—
" Spriggs of fashion, bits of blood,
" Extravagant of course and good.
" With Melville interest, arise,
" Pass o'er his head,—but no surprise!
" The day since England's glory fell,
" Interest is all, no principle;—
" There never was at any day,
" So great a want of that display,
" Of British spirit in our Lords,
" Or wisdom in the Commons words,
" Of honesty in People's hearts,
" And nature in the best of arts.
" Hume becomes the Grecian tool,
" Rebuked by well-tried Liverpool.
" Huskisson with due parade,
" The monarch of the Board of Trade.
" But hold my tongue, there stands one near
" Who tells me what we have to fear!"
" And pray what's that?"—" I know it well,
" The minister of state can tell.—
" Good night, good night." " What off so soon?
" Your flight is fast as air-balloon!
" You stay a moment to delight us,
" And leave the vision to affright us.

"Ah well! you will be always killing;
"Go, go! I say adieu, unwilling."

Most willingly I speak and write,
Dear friends, adieu! Good night! good night!
I hope and trust the poet's ball,
May give you pleasure, please you all.
No scorn, ill-nature, hate, or spleen
Dwells in the house, St. Margaret's Green!
Your partners here, where I preside,
Must promise this,—to put off pride.
A gentleman can always be,
A gentleman of honesty;
A lady always may be known,
More by her manners than her gown.
With love and truth, again I write
The parting words,—Adieu! good night!


Rich.d Cobbold inv.t et fecit

THE FINALE.

How grand the orchestra, where all in tune,
Play to the end harmonious strain of love,
Where Perfect Leader, with a grace triune
Stands to direct on eminence above!
How sweetly chaunt the choral joyful throng,
In praise of harmony the heavenly song.

But we on earth contented must remain,
To play at present an imperfect strain.
Think'st thou the talents wisdom has bestowed,
Become not perfect in the blest abode?
Who speaks of nature? Will the Poet's line
On earth confin'd, when wisdom comes to shine,
Have less and less of inspiration's tongue,
Or, he be called to sing a simpler song?

O no! the spirit panting in his form,
Tells him the truth,—he is at best a worm.
E'en now, when music wakens in his mind,
The diff'rent feelings of a state confin'd;
In ev'ry chord some sympathy is found,
Responsive movements in his bosom bound.
The grandest overture can call his soul
From selfish feeling, and expand the whole;
The whole of spirit, generous and brave,
That loves to feel how providence can save.
How oft, when mortals drawing forth the tone
Of numbered instruments which seem but one,
The strictest harmony in concert made,
Where none digress, where none their parts evade.
How oft his soul aspiring to the High,
Has dwelt on love, on thought of Majesty.
Methink me now, if Christian's could but play
In perfect friendship through the present day,
How truly faithful would their wishes blend,
And love bring on the promised, sought-for end.
A Grand Finale! glorious in peace!
Will make in triumph every discord cease,
And mortals changing from a war-like strain,
Arise to harmony and live again.

But hold my heart. Here something must be said
For imperfections, both to man and maid.

'Tis true that harmony is formed of love;
'Tis true that virtue is from God above;
'Tis true that truth should ever be preserv'd;
'Tis true from duty we should none have swerv'd;
But all have fail'd; the very best of all,
Have something to remember, to recall,
Something to wish they never had begun,
Something to say they wish they had not done.
Who plays a passage even to the letter,
And finds not some day he can play it better?
Who prints a book, and when the type is stampt,
Finds not in parts his genius is crampt?
Who sees not errors in himself, must be
The farthest off the truth and piety.
But imperfection is in ev'ry plan,
In ev'ry work, in ev'ry task of man;
I'll show ye some in ev'ry book I read,
Save that of Faith, the Christian's Holy Creed.
The closest reasoner, not always terse,
Is oft obscure, especially in verse;
The man of theory will one day find,
A false position pictured on his mind;
The critic's judgment often may be found,
Too like his flesh, conceited and unsound.
But this I know, wherever error is,
The best excuse and argument is this:

Be not too proud, in wisdom feel a zest,
And fear not christian-like to do thy best;
Hope to improve, and mind what others say,
Still use thy judgment and pursue thy way;
In time thou'lt find conviction will set forth,
That which is wrong, and that possessing worth.
Forgive my errors;—take the line of friend,—
I wish thee happy even to thine end.
Imperfect work, amusement of the year,
Speak thou the sentiments of one sincere,—
Succeed or not, or please, or rouse thee ill,
Some will caress thee! yea, I know they will,—
Say but one word, one feeling humbly tell
In charity to all,—O say, farewell!

FINIS.

Printed by E. Shalders,
IPSWICH.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
1827

ERRATA.

Dedication, *for* independantly *read* independently.
Page 19. line 7. *for* heroes *read* hero.
65. line 9. *for* fort *read* forte.
95. line 1. *for* afflictions *read* reflections.

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